A Singular Path through the 20th Century

The Memoirs of

Alfred H. Hausrath Jr.

[Alfred Hartmann Hausrath Jr. (May 1, 1901 to April 8, 1986) initiated this autobiography in 1976 at age 75. At the time of his sudden death, the manuscript was found with some additional annotations by the author, but still in rough and unfinished form, as well as some added notes indicating his desire to include still more material and write the missing chapters.

In 2004, his sons, Alfred III, Dean, and Don, and with great editorial help from Don's wife, Sydney, compiled their father's original material into the following form, adding photos and their captions and other historical data. Any editorial comments by these editors are indicated by the use of this font. Otherwise, they changed only typos and misspellings. His son, Al, has contributed his remembrances of his father's Iowa experiences between 1924 to 1940, one of the missing chapters. His youngest son, Don, has summarized the years, from the start of WW II to Dad's major contributions in Operations Research.

Our father's dedication follows.]

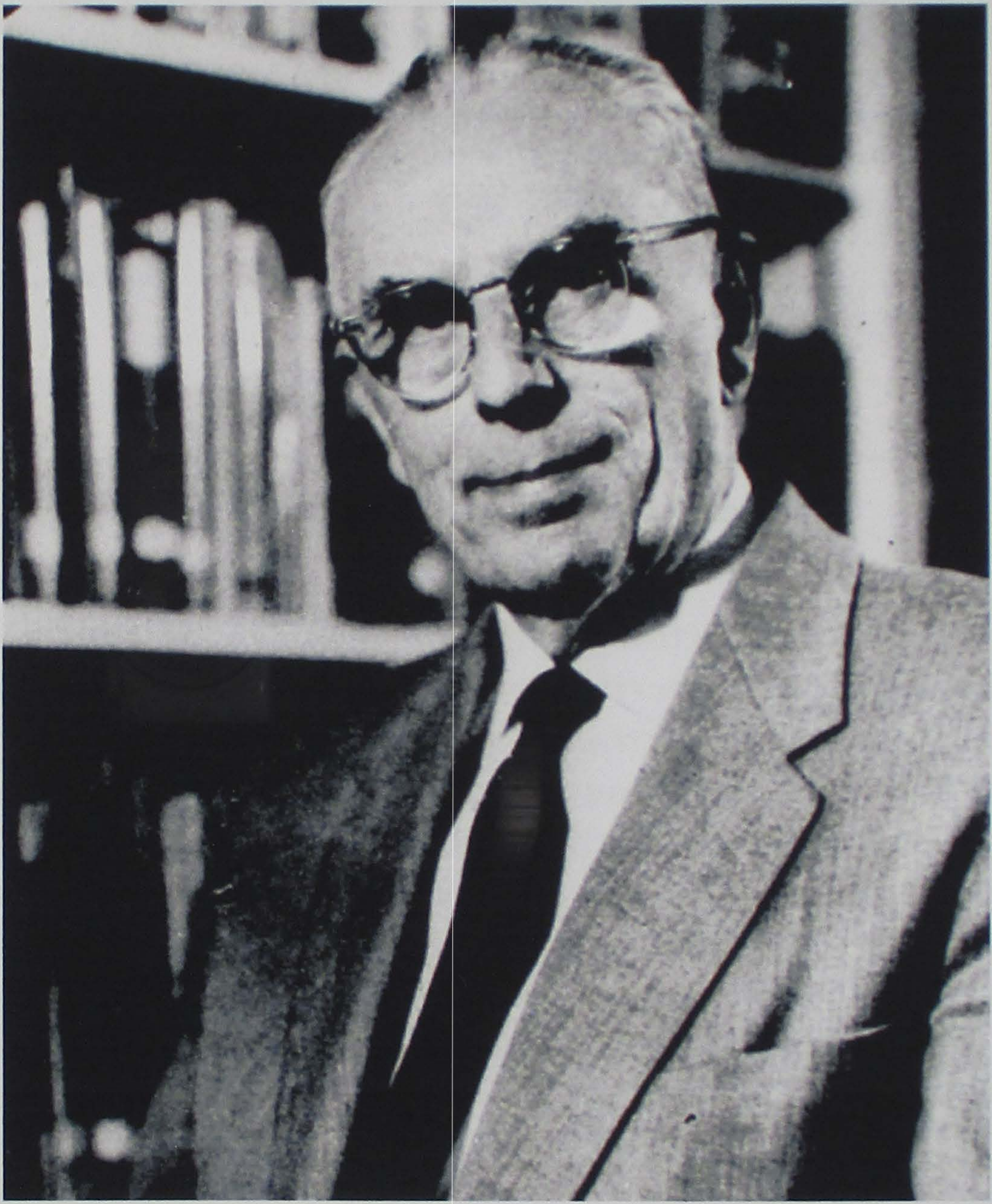
October 4, 2004

Ames: p. 34, 64

The Incredible Twentieth Century
A Personal History

This record will attempt to give a series of sketches or reports on my experiences and observations spread over the first three fourths of the Twentieth Century. Its purpose is to provide something of a personal view of one person's encounter with the 20th Century, and a record of possible interest to my contemporaries and to my family. If such a record should prove worthwhile, it can be continued by my sons, now in their middle years, and by the grandchildren, into whose custody the remaining years of the century will fall.

Silver Spring, Maryland
1979



The Gift of Life

To each is given a gift of life
And a span of time
To accept the challenge or to shun the chance
Of opportunity great or small
With a fist of seed and a place to stand
To develop and nurture or to squander and waste
To plant and tend and reap a crop
With joy and tear, love and work
To nourish a tree which will bear the fruit
Of richer lives and a better world
To mold a career, raise a family
And fill a niche in God's great Plan
And to leave a heritage of immortality
In offspring to carry on
And at the end to toss the torch
To abler hands with confidence and trust
To pay one's way and make life count
In a thousand unseen ways.

AHH / MM 3-26-85

CHAPTER 1

Forebears

Most of what I know about those of my ancestors who had passed on before I was born came from chance remarks and conversations on other subjects. To my knowledge, no family member at that earlier period made any genealogical inquiry into earlier family origins. Like so many other Americans whose forebears came to this country in the days when communications were slow and difficult, contacts with those who remained in the Old Country were soon lost.

What I know about earlier family members came from my grandparents, who had migrated to America while they were in their teens or early adulthood and who remembered their family elders from personal association and stories passed on by them. When exploits are reported over the years, and stories are passed from parents, or uncles, aunts, cousins and grandparents to younger members of a family, the accounts are often improved. Accordingly, we must allow for a liberal sprinkling of salt to improve the porridge. With such caution, there seems to be some substance to the principal components, but the garnishments may have been added to serve up a tastier dish.

There is little question but that the family, for at least four generations earlier than me, lived in portions of Western Europe, principally in Germany and France

The Hausrath Line

We pick up the ancestral trail on my paternal side starting with my great great grandparents in the early eighteen hundreds. I recall hearing nothing about my great great grandfather, but perhaps there is a clue in the name Hausrath. In the seventeen hundreds and the early eighteen hundreds, much of Europe was presided over by kings and dukes each of whom exercised control over a fiefdom and lived in a castle fortress. There were incessant quarrels and wars between and among these rulers presumably to protect their domains or expand them and at least to exalt their station in life. Gradually many of these fiefdoms by conquest or treaty were consolidated into larger units, first into smaller Kingdoms like Bavaria, Hesse, the Palatinate, Alsace and others. Moreover, each of these kingdoms was presided over by a royal family, often referred to as "The House of Hanover," Hesse or whatever. In each of these so called Houses of a noble family, or a kingdom if you prefer to call it that, the head (king) of the House had an official household, a special family composed of his own relatives by blood lines or marriage, but also supported by a lesser group of minor officials. Each House or Kingdom usually would have a professional advisor and staff who would see to the details protecting the interests of that Kingdom and refer to the King those matters which needed his action or decision. This is where the name Hausrath comes in. Literally, it means "Counselor" or advisor to the head of the House (King) or noble family. In later years and in larger kingdoms as in England that advisor or counselor to the head of the local state the family name might be called a Prime Minister.

On the maternal side of my ancestry, four generations back, a bit more information is available. My great great grandfather was named Frederick Burr. His name has come down to the family in America in three different spellings, Bur, Burr and Berr. His ancestry was French and he appears to have been a colorful personality.

Frederick Burr was director of a "Gymnasium" which is the name used for an educational institution somewhat equivalent to a Senior high school or college as the name is today. Frederick Burr was also the director of an affiliated School of Music. Both the "gymnasium" and the School of Music functioned in Paris. In addition, it was reported he was a leader of Napoleon's band, and lived in the French Emperor's Palace, the Elysée. In fact, his daughter Amelia was born in the Elyseé Palace. This must have been about 1812. Somewhat later Frederick Burr was killed in the Elyseé Palace. Here the account is a bit confusing.

One version was that he was murdered in bed while asleep in the Palace and that the murderer stole all of his musical compositions, which presumably included many military marches. The murder weapon, a jeweled dagger somehow was passed on within the family for several generations but was finally lost. Yet another account of Frederick Burr's death was that he had been killed in a duel fought on the walls of the Elysée Palace. If the murder weapon was the jeweled dagger as reported, then the murder story is a bit more credible. Who ever heard of a duel fought with jeweled daggers?

Frederick Burr's daughter Amelia is reported to have been a lady-in-waiting to Napoleon III's Queen at the Elyseé Palace. Amelia Burr and Frederick Hausrath were married, probably about 1830. Frederick Hausrath was a disabled war veteran from Bavaria.

From this point on the ancestral chain is more complete. Frederick Hausrath and his wife

Amelia had at least three children (that I know of). Frederick Eugene was born Feb. 9, 1836 in the Elyseé Palace in Paris, France. I believe I recall my grandfather, Frederick Eugene, referring to an older brother, who may have been Joseph or Charles, or perhaps both were older. When Frederick Eugene was 16 years old, he migrated to the United States. That was in 1852. He took passage on a sailing ship, which took almost three months to make the Atlantic crossing. In fact, his pinewood sea chest, in which he kept his belongings during the voyage, is still in my possession. My grandfather also reported at one time that one of his fellow passengers on this sailing ship was H.J. Heinz of later fame as a pickle merchant with his *57 varieties*.

Frederick Eugene's brothers, Joseph and Charles both came to America, but whether they came on the same ship at the same time or at different times is unknown. My grandfather reported on occasion that he had some casual contacts with Joseph or Charles through the years, but the family members were not close to each other. Brother Charles is reported to have died in New York, where Frederick Eugene had settled. Some later genealogical research may trace some of the dispersed Hausraths in Western New York State, Michigan and else where, back to brother Charles or Joseph. One may have remained a bachelor if my vague memory on that point is correct.

Frederick Eugene in his later years

Somewhere along the line the Napoleonic household was broken up and scattered and at that time Frederick Hausrath and Amelia moved to Germersheim, Germany. As a disabled war veteran Frederick Hausrath received some sort of a pension and this may have taken the form of a job. It was reported that he was director of a private library in Germersheim. Napoleon had been loyal to his officers and soldiers and provided for them when in need. It is quite likely therefore, that Frederick Hausrath, as a pensioner, was assigned some job as director of a private library, perhaps on military matters and records in Germersheim.

Frederick Eugene became a U.S. citizen in the late 1850s. He was an artist, mural painter, active in fresco painting — which was very popular in the more elaborate residences and mansions in New York during those years. He also designed wallpaper patterns according to comments by him and other family members. I remember my grandfather's artistic talent as a painter of landscapes and action scenes such as the mounted Arab warriors that hangs in my home today, one of the very few paintings of Frederick Eugene that have come down in the family. His oldest son, Robert, also was a talented artist. One of the son's prize-winning paintings — a bust of Apollo against a maroon background — hung in my parental home on Cedar Avenue.

I remember, when I was about 8 or 9 years old, visiting my grandparents, Frederick Eugene and Elizabeth Hartmann Hausrath, at a family reunion held at the grandparent's home in East New York in the State of New Jersey across the Hudson River at the top of the Palisades. In fact, I remember clearly the large garden in the back of my grandparents' home that extended almost to the edge of the Palisades Cliff. My cousin Grove Wilsey, a year or two older than me, also remembers this reunion and visit. In fact, a photograph taken at that reunion was published in a family history prepared by Alice Hausrath Heim in July 1967.

During his heyday, when it was all the rage among affluent families to have their homes decorated with mural paintings and fresco art on the walls and ceilings, Frederick Eugene Hausrath was in much demand. Apparently, he had many commissions from New York's wealthy: and was paid handsomely for each. His wallpaper designs also brought fancy prices. Although it is only a guess, Frederick Eugene's income in those years must have topped $10,000 annually, a very tidy sum in the late 19th century. However, his income had dropped near zero and. soon he was penniless, necessitating that his sons and daughters assume support for himself and their mother.

By 1911 or 1912, Frederick Eugene and his wife Elizabeth Hartmann Hausrath had come to make their home with my parents at 2144 Mapes Avenue in the Bronx. It was there that I remember watching with fascination as my grandfather painted at an easel in the corner of the family dining room, next to a window. At that time there seemed to be a ready market for colorfully painted Indian heads in their full-feathered Indian headdress. Grandfather F.E. usually painted on leather with fringed edges. These painted heads were commonly used to adorn a small table — often holding the family Bible or Photo Album — in the parlor of fashionable homes of that period.

I remember my grandfather painting these

Indian heads more than life size. He would copy all of the great chieftains popular at this time such as Sitting Bull, using as models colored post cards that he would clip to his easel.

My grandmother, Elizabeth Hartmann Hausrath, was born in Germersheim, Germany about 1836. She too migrated to America when she was still a young girl, perhaps 16 or 17 years old. I remember stories of her difficult sailing ship passage, buffeted by Atlantic storms, blown far off course and the voyage taking much longer than anticipated, over three months, so that food ran short and had to be rationed.

Both Frederick Eugene and Elizabeth Hartmann may have known each other in Germersheim but they did not cross the ocean together. It appears that Elizabeth followed Eugene in 1853 and they were married later that year in New York. Eight children were born to this union. The first was Robert Eugene born in 1854. He was an artist and later a music store manager in San Francisco, California. The next three children were girls and the last three boys. The next to the youngest was my father, Alfred Hartmann Hausrath, born July 2, 1871 in Brooklyn, later a part of New York City. The family members appear to have had a considerable interest in art and music. Two of the girls were teachers, and the two younger sons were professional musicians.

Now let us shift to the maternal side of my ancestry. Much less information came to me on my mother's forebears. In fact, I have no information earlier than my mother's parents. My grandfather on the maternal side was named Emil Bleyer, and he had been born and educated in Wuerttenberg, Germany, trained as an engineer, migrated to the U.S., became an engineer in the employ of New York City. Among his engineering activities, I recall, was involvement in the layout and construction of New York's Central Park, planned by that first great landscape architect, Frederick Law Olmstead. Grandfather Bleyer also was responsible in some way for the construction of the American Museum of Natural History just off Central Park in New York City.

Elizabeth Hartmann Hausrath, l, with the baby Alfred Jr., Anna Frederica Bleyer Hausrath, and Esther Belle with her mother Anna Belle Prescott Hausrath

He was married twice. Four daughters were born to his first marriage: Emma, Lena, Amelia, and Blanche. Then there was an interval after the first wife's death before he married again. Three more daughters were born to this marriage: Anna 1876-1954, Henrietta 1878-1954, and Marie (- 1928). The second wife died in 1892. Of the six daughters, the three older ones had married and had homes of their own. The three younger daughters were in their teens. Therefore, after the death of the second wife, the three youngest girls were taken in by other families. Older sisters Lena took Henrietta and Emma took Marie. Anna, my mother, was taken in to live as a daughter in the family of her best and closest friend, Gertrude Willson. The Willson family was headed by T. Edgar Willson, a neighbor living in the Morrisania area of New York. (It was New York County at that time) Later it became a Borough, the Bronx, when New York City was expanded in the early years of the 20th century.

T. Edgar Willson and his father before him were journalists. The Elder Willson was an editor of the old New York World newspaper, published by Joseph Pulitzer, and his later duties at the World were the charge of the newspaper's library and reference service. He also invented 'the Want Ad' and for a long period was the originator, compiler, and editor of the World Almanac.

His son, T. Edgar Willson, was editor of a trade magazine, the Jeweler's Journal. From all reports this was a happy period in the life of Anna Bleyer. In those days, families took in youngsters to live as part of the family without going through the formalities of adoption.

Gertrude and her sister Molly Willson were compatible friends, enjoyed each other, and maintained a close association throughout the rest of their lives. The Willson family also provided a stimulating and congenial environment, which must have had a considerable influence on my mother, Anna. Gertrude never married. Molly married Fred Ernst, a teacher in the New York School System, and later Associate Superintendent of Schools for New York City. Fred Ernst had a sister by the name of

Agnes. She married Eugene Meyer, and thus Agnes Ernst Meyer became prominent in Washington D.C. life when her husband Eugene Meyer purchased the Washington Post in 1933 and published it until his death in 1959. She continued to publish the paper after his death and now her daughter, Kathryn Meyer Graham is owner and publisher of the Washington Post.

To recapitulate. My parents, Alfred Hartmann Hausrath–born July 2, 1871, married Oct. 30, 1899, died at the age of 97, Dec. 6, 1968, and Anna Bleyer Hausrath, born Oct. 23, 1876 (the Centennial year of the U.S.A.) died at the age of 82 on May 23, 1958. I, named Alfred H. Hausrath Junior was born May 1, 1901 in a flat at 979 College Avenue in Morrisania, a section of the lower Bronx, at that time a rather fashionable middle-class residential area. I was the only child born of this marriage. I remember little or nothing of the Morrisania area until years later when it was a concentration of piano factories and the site of Hell Gate Bridge with its 977 foot span, then the longest steel arch bridge, built in 1917, and used as a railroad bridge, and still later as the area in which the million dollar Yankee (Baseball) Stadium was built in 1923.

Now it is something of a slum area, saturated with low-income blacks and recently migrated Puerto Ricans. But the Yankee Stadium, *The House that (Babe) Ruth Built* continued as the active home of the fabulous Yankee Team and its greats of baseball fame, Ruth, Gehrig, DiMaggio, and others (for fifty years) until 1973 when it was closed for the modernization process which cost more than one hundred million dollars before reopening for the 1976 season.

Alfred Hartmann Hausrath and Anna Bleyer Hausrath. Photo taken at their 50th wedding anniversary in 1949

Whatever the status of my paternal forebears in Germany and France, my grandparents and parents fit into middle class America: definitely lower middle class economically; perhaps restrained upper middle class in tastes, intellectual interests, and living style. Principal occupations, recurring through the generations, were concentrated in the fields of art, music, teaching, and tie-ins with religion. None of those fields was financially rewarding. In fact, only astute resourcefulness and more careful household management enabled the families to make ends meet. It was the female side of the family, which possessed these latter talents in large measure and exercised them, who made substantial contributions to a wholesome family life in a gracious style of living.

My father, Alfred H. Sr. was a musician, a pianist, organist, and choirmaster. He earned a marginal living giving music lessons, piano, voice, and occasionally organ and as a church organist and choir director. With his church organist and choirmaster salary and income from the music lessons he gave, it is doubtful if my father ever earned as much as two thousand dollars in a year. He composed music, quite good I believe, and tried ceaselessly to get it published by Theodore Dresser or Presser, and other music publishers of his time; all without success. Even after he was 90 years old, he kept at this self-satisfying activity, but never with any financial encouragement. A collection of his own musical compositions remains in the family possessions, carefully stored in my attic, as part of the family archives. One of his compositions was *Wedding Morning*, a wedding piece, especially written for my son's marriage (AHH III) to Mary Elizabeth Lush, and played by him on the organ at the Collegiate Presbyterian Church in Ames, Iowa, during the wedding ceremony on September 3, 1949. [Note: It was also played at the San Francisco wedding of his grandson Don to Sydney Clark on December 19, 1964 at the Kit Stewart Chapel of Calvary Presbyterian Church. The organist, referring to the piece, commented, "It worked."]

Over these earlier years, the musical activities brought many music-centered visitors, relatives and other interesting persons to the old family home in the Bronx. Often they would arrive in late afternoon, and would invariably be invited to stay for dinner and the evening, invitations that were usually accepted with enthusiasm. My mother, Anna B. H. somehow managed to set and serve an attractive table of tasty dishes, concocted from the most economical foods in the market. A productive and well-tended garden in which my father, like his grandfather, took much interest, and at times a small flock of chickens contributed to the family table.

My mother never worked for wages after her marriage. However, about the time I entered high school she became active in Women's Clubs, particularly the Bronx Woman's Club. In time, she became a long-term president of that club — perhaps for 25 or more years and a First Vice President of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs. Never a woman's liberation disciple, she never the less was active in a number of community and philanthropic organizations, holding certain ex-officio or honorary positions in them. One such connection was on the Board of the Bronx and Greater New York area of the Boy Scouts of America. In those activities, many honors came to her and she was well known among the leaders of such organizations.

Alfred, in his later years, playing his Steinway

Out of her club and civic activities many friendships developed. Among them was one with a Mrs. Hodson, widow of an Episcopal minister. Mrs. Hodson was a generous public-spirited person. She and my mother became very close friends. Mrs. Hodson had shared in the family wealth accrued by the DeVoe paint fortune and was very comfortably situated. Her own tastes were modest but she took special pleasure in her benefactions. One of these was the gift of the large old DeVoe family mansion in the Fordham area of New York to the Bronx Woman's Club as a club headquarters and meeting place. She also asked my mother to be her guest and traveling companion on a Mediterranean Cruise, and again on a Caribbean Cruise. From time to time when Mrs. Hodson made changes in her East Hampton Long Island and Greenwich, Connecticut homes and estates, she would offer some of her displaced furnishings to my mother. Thus, among other pieces, a fine Steinway Parlor Grand Piano came into the Hausrath home. Mrs. Hodson also provided a modest trust fund, the proceeds of which were to provide a regular supplementary income to my mother, enabling the latter to dress, entertain and move more comfortably in the social circles and among the more affluent friends and associates in club and public activities.

Another friend, who had no living relatives, left her a little lakeside summer cottage, at Wells in upstate New York. My parents enjoyed this retreat from New York City summer heat for several summers, finally selling it in their advanced years.

Thus, the lives of this circle of family and close friends were individually and collectively enriched. Others who shared their own greater abundance of material comforts matched the hospitality and companionship provided by my parents. As is so often true in the realm of human values, it appears that this sharing and mutual interest was a case of love and affection overshadowing material wealth.

During much of my younger years the family circle included my parents, two grandparents, a maiden Aunt Hattie (Henrietta) who was an assistant millinery buyer at B. Altman Co. in New York (a fashionable 5th Avenue store) and Aunt Marie Keates and her husband, the former a store clerk also at B. Altman, the latter always on the verge of a good job that never materialized for long. Being an only child, I brought the dinner table places to eight, to which two or more guests were usually added. The two Aunts, of course, contributed to the household expenses. Thus, somehow, the family lived well and without extravagance.

Later, Father Time removed from the family circle first the Grandparents, and then the Aunts, and then I went off to college. These household vacancies were filled and their rooms occupied by paying guests, some for room and board, and others as roomers only. These arrangements proved very satisfactory, whether by luck or astute selection. Among them were instructors at nearby New York University, and their wives, a few who held supervisory positions or were retired craftsmen at the nearby shipyards, and at least one long time family friend, Annie Haeseler, who was a language teacher in New York City high schools. Almost all who came to live at the family home became lasting friends and maintained contacts through the years after they moved on to homes of their own.

Finally about 1956 advancing years required my parents to give up their large house at 1866 Cedar Avenue in the Morris Heights section of the West Bronx. They then moved into an apartment at Fordham Hill in the University Heights section of the North Bronx, about a mile north of their former home, both residences overlooking the Harlem

River and the Washington Heights area of northern Manhattan Island. Here they lived until my mother died in 1958, at which time my father, with his Steinway Grand piano, came to live with us in Silver Spring, Maryland. There he lived out his final ten years, passing away in 1968 in his 98th year.

Alfred H. Senior had been active as a musician throughout his long life. He spent almost 70 years as a church organist and choir master in several Protestant churches, but principally in Dutch Reformed and Lutheran. It is believed that as the longest serving, he was the Dean of N.Y. City church organists.

At the time of his death, Alfred H. Senior's lifespan covered more than half the life span of his native country, the United States of America.

The Expanded Family

My father had four sisters: Emily (1856-1955); Bertha (1859-1948); Elise (1861-1910) unmarried, died of tuberculosis; and Matilda '"Tillie" (1863-1942). Emily was a skilled dressmaker. She married Charles Mason who was born in England, completed a seven-year apprenticeship as a grocer, migrated to the U.S. as a young man, was naturalized and settled into a long time position as a bookkeeper, a term which in those years applied to the manager of someone else's business. They had two children. The son, Charles, was an artist and became an advertising account executive. It was he who originated that famous and enduring symbol and slogan of the Fisk Tire Company showing a boy in a nightgown and carrying a lighted candle with the subscript *Time to Retire*. The daughter was Maud who became a schoolteacher in Brooklyn, New York, a position she retired from about 1949. After retirement Maud and her widowed mother, Emily, moved into a low cost retirement colony, Roosevelt Village, in Millville, New Jersey. They built a small four-room cottage in the colony (limited to $4,000 maximum cost), and moved in to live out their days on Maud's pension from the New York City school system. Maud died of cancer in 1952. Emily continued to live on in the cottage until her death at 99 years in 1955.

Matilda became a kindergarten teacher in New York City and never married. She was an artist of some skill, loved teaching, and died about retirement age. Bertha, like Elise, was frail and chronically ill most of her later years. She had married Benjamin Wilsey, a carriage builder who also built up a thriving carriage manufacturing business just in time for horse-drawn carriages to become obsolete with the advent of the motor car of Henry Ford's era. Three sons were born of this marriage in Mt. Vernon, New York: Henry Edmund (1895-   ), Grove Eugene (1898-   ), and Robert Benjamin (1900-1937).

Henry, the eldest, became a draftsman for the International Business Machines Corporation at Binghamton, New York. He was versatile and ingenious, with many scientific hobbies, and was a skilled craftsman. For example, he ground the lenses and mirrors and built a five or 6-inch reflecting telescope and became a creditable amateur astronomer. He was also an active and talented amateur photographer. He is now retired and continues to live in Binghamton with his wife, Frances. Their two daughters married and now have families of their own.

Grove, the middle son, did not enjoy the robust health of his brothers, and like his mother always was conscientiously cautious of his health. He never married and continuously sought outdoor work. For several years he worked on a farm. Later he was an outside salesman of a number of household appliances, and still lives at the YMCA in Jamaica, New York, where he has had access to the Y gym and pool. He is also an avid reader of science, and enjoys high fidelity stereo music. Both Henry and Grove served in the U.S. Army in World War I.

Robert became a toolmaker and an enthusiastic beekeeper and worked up a honey business as a sideline. He and his wife, Helen, moved to Long Island, and a few years later both of them were killed when their car was struck at a railroad crossing of the Long Island Railroad.

My father also had three brothers: Robert Eugene (1854-1922), Frederick Oscar (1866-1940), and Ralph Dayton 1873-1937). Robert E., an accomplished artist migrated to California as a young man, settled in San Francisco, married Wanda Duering (-1924). Their two children: Ralph Eugene, born Dec. 26, 1888, never married; and Elvira, born Jan. 28, 1890, married Herbert E. Stone; all of San Francisco.

Frederick Oscar married Anna Belle Prescott (1861-1937) in New York, and moved later to Mt. Vernon, N.Y. where their four surviving children were raised. Anna Belle was a descendant of the Prescotts of Boston, Massachusetts, One of the Prescotts is remembered for his part in the Bunker Hill battle early in the American Revolutionary War.

The children of Frederick Oscar and Anna Belle were: Robert Prescott (1890-   ) later a long time resident of Miami, Florida; Frederick Wait (1892-19   ) later of Lowell, Mass.; Edna Josephine, born January 18, 1896, later Mrs. Henry Schiffel, and still later Mrs. William Walther, all at Mt. Vernon, N.Y.; and Esther Belle, born Dec. 19, 1899, later Mts. Leon Vanzo, and still later Mrs. Valmore Griffith, a farmer of Plumsteadville, Pa. After her husband's death, Esther Griffith moved to Katonah, N.Y.

Ralph Dayton as a child had a brilliant future.

He was a very talented musician and even as a seven-year-old he and his nine-year-old brother, Alfred (my father) were featured in piano duets in concerts. Ralph was popular and in considerable demand as an accompanist for concert vocalists. He married Annette Knight and they had one son, Ralph, who died at age ten. Ralph D. became an alcoholic and that ruined his career, his own life, and that of his family. His wife left him, being unable to cope with his irresponsibility. For the latter part of his life Ralph lived precariously and often on the generosity of his relatives and earlier friends.

My Cousins

A few of my cousins lived close enough in the New York area during their younger years to have been included in frequent family reunions and developed mutual interests. Most of them have been mentioned previously. Among the others with whom I maintained contacts were Blanche Pfeiffer Bates (ca 1899-1955) of White Plains, N.Y., a beautiful, vivacious woman who, with her husband, Andrew Bates, shared enthusiasm for motorcycles. I remember their "Pope" and Harley Davison cycles. Andrew was a plumber and later the plumbing inspector for the City of White Plains, the county seat of Westchester County. Andy later purchased a used Cadillac sedan that he kept in mint condition. I remember riding in it at a family funeral when the car was 29 years old. It is probable that Andy used it for another ten or more years. Blanche and Andy had one child, named Althea, who was as beautiful as her mother was. Althea met a tragic death. While a child of seven or eight her clothing caught fire outdoors and she died of the burns.

My mother's older sister Emma Bleyer Weiss had married Albert A. Weiss, an independent thermometer manufacturer of Brooklyn, N.Y. Their son Albert Junior married Martha, and continued the thermometer business. He was an owner of automobiles when few had them. I remember his early Hupmobile, and later, a REO. They had three children as I remember, but only Martha, now a widow, has maintained contact with me.

Closest contacts among all of my cousins have been maintained through recent years with Edna Hausrath Schiffel Walther, and her sister Esther Hausrath Manzo Griffith. Edna's first husband, Henry Schiffel, was a plumber and a very ingenious artisan with a passion for flowers, gardening and children. His yard was a show place and he delighted in showing it and color slides of his choice varieties of roses and other plantings. One of his many innovations, which impressed me greatly, was the "lolly-pop bush" he contrived for the little girl whose back yard adjoined his. Henry had soldered up a branched "bush" of lead tubing, the end branches of which every so often would mysteriously "blossom" with lollypops, after it had been transplanted in the little girl's back yard, just within reach over Henry's fence. Henry died of a heart attack in the 1960s. Later Edna remarried William Walther. Her second husband was a long-time active member of Edna's church, and a widower. Edna and Bill liked to travel, have made many trips together to the Caribbean and elsewhere, and have frequently been guests or hosts to my wife Mary and me.

Mary and I have also kept in close touch and have visited back and forth with Edna's son Arthur Schiffel and his wife Jeanie Genelay now of Eastchester, N.Y. Arthur operated an independent oil heating service business. Their two daughters, Linda and Sandra, are now married and live elsewhere. Jeanie is active in many community, civic and school organizations, and is a Christian Science practitioner as is her mother-in-law Edna Schiffel Walther, and both are very active in their church.

More than casual contact is also maintained with Alice Evelyn Hausrath Heim, one of six daughters of Robert Prescott Hausrath of Miami. She is a journalist and music teacher in Port Washington, Wisconsin. Her two daughters are now married: Leslie Heim Herkamp of Arlington, Va. and Lauren Heim of Chicago.

Family Dispersal in the U. S.

The family name Hausrath has appeared in a number of localities spread throughout the country. Some places have family branches of known relationships: New York City and State, Maryland, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Florida, California, and at times in Michigan, New Mexico, Iowa, Illinois, Pennsylvania and Virginia. However, in addition, untraced Hausrath families occur in such places as Amityville and Massapequa on Long Island, Rochester and Buffalo in New York, Homestead and Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania, Cleveland Ohio, and Detroit Michigan.

European Branches

In Europe where the family originated, there have been genealogical studies but these studies did not follow up the early migrants to America and other continents. Prima facie evidence such as common areas of family residence, some family resemblances in early photographs, and a repetition of certain given names in different generations, indicate links between the known European and American Hausrath families. One contact with the European Hausraths came by happenstance, as reported below.

When I was in Europe in 1959 on a research study, I hired a Hertz Rental Car in Heidelberg, Germany. The rental agent commented that the Hausrath name was "quite famous in Germany." She referred to Professor August Hausrath (1806-1848) of Karlsruhe (University), his son Adolph Hausrath (1837-1909) Professor of Religious History and Literature at Heidelberg University from 1867 to 1899, and the latter's daughter, Schwester Lilli Hausrath (1882-1965)

The title Schwester indicates a professionally trained nurse. Schwester Lilli was then living in Heidelberg at Zeigelhauser Landstrasse, 17, in the family home built by her mother's father in 1842. I visited Lilli, then in her 77th year and learned about other family members. Schwester Lilli's house faced on the Neckar River and her living room looked out upon the Old Heidelberg Castle and Heidelberg University directly across the river. It was located just a couple of hundred meters upstream from the Old Heidelberg Bridge. Sometime shortly after 1842 a duplicate of the Hausrath residence was built next door, and that building somewhat later was the actual residence of the fabled *Student Prince*. Each of the twin houses was built of pink stone, like the Castle, and was four stories high.

The elder August and Adolph Hausrath were authors of a number of books, several of which are catalogued and in the collection of the U. S. Library of Congress. Adolph's children included August (1865-1944) Director of a Gymnasium (High School) in Heidelberg, Hans (1866-1946) professor of Forestry. Freiberg University, Laura (1867-1928), Mila Hausrath Tolly (1870-1934) whose husband was a surgeon, Paula Hausrath Sch--- (1872-1958) widow of a surgeon, T Marie Hausrath (1875-1893), Margarete Hausrath (1877- ?) a teacher at Freiburg, and as mentioned previously, Lilli Hausrath (1882-1965) a professional nurse, Heidelberg.

Children of Hans Hausrath were Erna Hausrath (?-?) an assistant in the Botanic Institute, Freiberg; and Gertrud Hausrath (?-?) of Freiburg.

Victor Hausrath, a brother of Adolph Hausrath, was a civil engineer and builder of railroad bridges. Children of Victor Hausrath included Herbert Hausrath (1876- ?) professor of Electronics and Chemistry, Karlsruhe University who lived at Euler Weg 7, Karlsruhe; and Helene who married Albert Osterrieth, whose daughter Helen became an American citizen, married Allen H. Nicol, a professional international geologist. Helen earned a PhD in Economics and recently retired as a Division Chief in the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare and lives in Washington, D.C. at 3001 Veasey Terrace, N.W.

Victor Hausrath had three sisters: Clementina(?sp) Hausrath Klein, whose husband was a pharmacist; Louise Hausrath Sandberger, whose husband was a professor in the University of Munich; and Gerda Hausrath Wiener, who was a professor of History at Karlsruhe University.

Thus the known branches of the Hausrath family which remained in Germany were centered chiefly in Freiburg, Karlsruhe, Heidelberg and Munich and were mostly on University faculties or were engineers, chemists or in the health professions. Girls predominated and hence their offspring carried many other family names. Because of this, the Hausrath name faded rather than proliferated in Germany.

Schwester Lilli Hausrath told me of one son in the Hausrath family who migrated to South Africa and was connected with one of the diamond mines, but she knew little about him. It is probable that other sons migrated to various countries in the new world, as was common in those days, and the family name may be present today in those countries although to my knowledge no record exists of who they were, when they left Europe, or in which countries they settled. Many Germans went to South America and to Africa as well as to North America in those years.

The foregoing account of the earlier Hausrath Family is as much as I can record from my memory and chance experiences, and without any systematic genealogical search and study. This brings the story down to my own generation, which is where the 20th Century record begins.

Now, an equally significant branch of the family history picks up with the forebears of Mary Glassford Hausrath. She, as my cherished wife of more than 50 years and the mother of our three sons, transmits the other half of their ancestry. Her devoted care and influence has contributed a strong but subtle effect of the ideals, goals, and attitudes of each family member, a heritage of richness beyond the power of words to express. She has been a treasure beyond price to me, as have our three sons and their families.

I hope that in the near future someone on the maternal side of the family will collect and write a similarly detailed report on the Glassford and Tupper family lines as they relate to the Hausrath-Glassford union.

The Glassford Line

I graduated from Iowa State College (later Iowa State University) at Ames, in December 1922, and took a job teaching vocational agriculture in Moulton, Iowa, replacing a teacher who was leaving in mid-year. Mary Glassford was graduated in March 22nd, 1923. The following day, March 23rd, Mary and I were married. The Dean of Women, Hazel Harwood, graciously made her on-campus home available for the wedding and the ceremony was performed by Dr. Cessna, the venerable and much loved College Chaplain. It was a fitting setting and culminating event for a campus romance.

This marriage was to be enduring and brought together two diverse family lines. Mary Glassford's parental lines both reached back to pre-Revolutionary days in America: the Tupper family on her maternal side and the Crandall family on her paternal side. Both sides trace back to English and perhaps some Scotch ancestry. Family records are more complete on the Tupper line.

The Tupper family traces back more than a thousand years to what is now Sussex County in England and the name derives from breeders of Southdown sheep. Thomas Tupper, born about 1578, was the first of the family to arrive in the New World, at Plymouth Colony in New England in 1621, as a crewmember and on later voyages in 1624 and 1631. He was a versatile craftsman, a journeyman shoemaker, a ship's carpenter, a bookkeeper, and later a town councilman and a lay preacher. In 1637, he started construction of the house which was to become known as the Old Tupper Home and which was occupied by descendents for 267 years. It stood until destroyed by fire in 1921. Also in 1637 with two other men, a goldsmith from London and a master mariner (ship captain) Thomas Tupper founded the town of Sandwich (in Massachusetts) served in various roles of leadership in civic and church activities and as a dedicated layman Puritan. In the absence of an ordained minister, he served as local preacher for many years.

From the Sandwich fountainhead where Tuppers still live, members spread to Connecticut, Vermont, Maine, New York, Ohio, Ontario, Illinois and other areas. A large number served in the Revolutionary War, and served with distinction throughout the war. Benjamin Tupper was with Washington at Valley Forge and rose to the rank of Brigadier General. Some members remained loyal to the Crown and migrated to Canada. One branch of the family seems to have been the manufacturers of Tupperware plastic dishes.

Another branch of the family settled near Harvard, Illinois. They carried on the farming tradition of the family. One large farm owner was Oliver Tupper, born in 1848. He was the father of Thusa Irene Tupper. She was born October 20, 1873, graduated from DeKalb State Teacher's College, and became a schoolteacher in Grand Junction, Colorado. There she met and married Jesse Crandall Glassford. To this union was born three children: Edith Irene, Mary Catherine Glassford Hausrath, and Jesse Junior. The latter died on his 21st birthday. It is through Mary Catherine Glassford Hausrath that the Glassford and Crandall family lines join the Hausrath line.

Dean Harwood's home on the Iowa State campus, where Mary and Al were married. It is now named the Sloss House after Dr. Margaret Sloss, a Professor of Veterinary Medicine

Jesse Glassford was born in New York City, March 16, 1867. Soon thereafter, his parents moved to Chicago where they lost all their property in the great Chicago fire of 1871, the entire neighborhood in which they resided being wiped out in the flames. At the age of ten Jesse began work as an office boy, later obtained employment in a Chicago bank, advancing to junior clerk. Next, he took a job in a marble works, where he contracted Silicosis from the marble dust. Because of this ailment he settled in the West, first at Denver and then in Grand Junction about 1890. At first he operated a hay and grain store, and then took up employment in the Bucklin Furniture store. Thusa Tupper's mother was Adelia Tupper, a relative of George Bucklin, who owned the store.

It was through this family connection that Thusa Tupper came to Grand Junction from Illinois, became a teacher in the local school, met Jesse, and their romance developed. Thusa Tupper's brother, Henry, also came to Grand Junction and became a prominent attorney, and Henry's son Harvey became a respected physician and surgeon in the city.

Sometime later Jesse Glassford became the local distributor for John D. Rockefeller's Standard Oil Company. This connection involved selling containers of kerosene, delivered by horse and wagon for the oil lamps of Grand Junction's households and business establishments. The business flourished. In time, Teddy Roosevelt's trust-busting crusade resulted in breaking up the Standard Oil Company monopoly into a host of smaller regional oil companies-, and thus the Continental Oil Company became the Colorado successor to the Standard Oil Company. Jesse Glassford rose to District Superintendent and Regional Manager for the whole western slope of the Rocky Mountain area for the Continental Oil Company, a position he occupied until retirement in the 1930s. In the meantime, Henry Ford had put the nation on wheels and created a tremendous demand for gasoline, which was now the principal product of the oil companies, and they had grown into great corporations. Jesse's duties took him throughout the mountain reaches of Colorado and into eastern Utah, and most of his travel was by means of a Model T Ford before the era of improved roads. The more he traveled the greater grew his love of Colorado and of its beauty and majesty. One of Jesse Glassford's special talents was a gift of writing poems, and he sang his love of Colorado with scores of poems, many published, and one set to music as a very popular song ***Loving Colorado***. Several large notebooks, filled with his poems, remain as family treasures.

Jesse Glassford

Jesse Glassford enjoyed active participation in the Grand Junction Lions Club. It was not surprising that respect for his management and leadership capability prompted his business associates to run him for mayor of Grand Junction, a public trust he filled with credit. In his final years, he operated a small fire and liability insurance agency. Visits to family and friends and driving his Chevrolet through his beloved mountains supplemented his other activities in his final years after the death of his longtime life partner, Thusa. He died at the age of 79 on September 17, 1946.

Little is known of Jesse's ancestors and relatives in the Glassford family line. Some casual bits of information identify other family members. For example news stories during the Hoover Administration and the eviction of the Bonus Army from Washington during the Great Depression Days reveal that the President ordered General Douglas MacArthur, then Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army and his Aid, Major Dwight D. Eisenhower to destroy the Bonus Army encampment on the Capitol Mall and evict the Bonus marchers from the city. The District of Columbia police assisted in preserving order even though the Chief of Police, Brig. General Pelham D. Glassford was sympathetic to the impoverished marchers.

Thusa Tupper Glassford

Jesse Glassford's maternal side, the Crandall family, is much better known through the published genealogical studies of A.R. Crandall of Alfred University in Alfred, New York and others. The Crandall family stems from Elder John Crandall who arrived in Boston from England in 1634 or 5. He was persecuted there for his Baptist principles; moved to Rhode Island where he became an evangelist of the First Baptist Church in America. With others in 1660, he purchased 100 square miles of land from the Indian Chief Sosa and founded the town of Westerly. His house was occupied by family members for over 200 years and still stood as late as 1900. Family members included preachers, teachers, doctors, farmers, a sea captain, and several military men who along with many other family members fought in the Revolutionary War.

Edith Glassford (June 13, 1896 - 1976) attended Colorado College in Colorado Springs (A.B. 1918), taught school at Montrose, Colorado, and married Ernest A. Johnson (1895 - 1959) of Ouray, Colorado on Aug. 18, 1920. He had worked in a supervisory position for Western Union Telegraph Company after graduation from Colorado College (A.B. 1918), took graduate work in economics and business administration at the University of Denver (M.A. 1924) and at Northwestern University (PhD in 1933), and accepted a position on the faculty of Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Illinois in 1924. A son, Robert Willard, was born in 1921, the only child of this marriage. By 1943, Ernest Johnson was elected President of Lake Forest College, a position he held until his death in May 1959 from leukemia. He was posthumously honored by the naming a new building complex on the campus as The Ernest A. Johnson Science Center. The center was largely due to the initiative and efforts of EAJ, and was completed shortly after his death.

Following Ernest Johnson's death the Board of Trustees of the College took action providing his widow, Edith, with an on-campus house as a permanent residence for her for the rest of her life. Edith continued to live in that house where she continued to share in the life of the college community primarily in association with long standing friends on the faculty and among the alumni. She also served for a number of years on the national board of the YWCA. In 1975, health problems necessitated her move into a nursing home in Lake Forest where she died 27 March 1976.

Robert Johnson, her son, earned a PhD in Economics, joined the faculty of New York State University at Buffalo, moved to Michigan State University at East Lansing, and then to Purdue University at Lafayette, Indiana. There he specialized in Consumer Economics with emphasis on Consumer Credit, authored a standard textbook on the subject and became a recognized national authority on consumer credit.

Mary Catherine and Edith Irene Glassford

Mary Glassford (Jan. 8, 1898 –April 3, 1983) was born in Grand Junction, Colorado, attended Colorado College, worked in Washington, D.C., during World War I as a clerk in the Bureau of Insular Affairs (concerned with the administration of The Pacific Islands mandated to the U.S.) under the Department of the Interior, and took some classes at George Washington University. Later she attended Iowa State University at Ames where she majored in Home Economics, preparing to teach that subject. She was elected to the honorary sorority Omnicon Nu, was graduated (B.S. degree) in 1923, and we married the following day. The campus marriage was arranged as a special recognition to the bride and because both bride and groom were from different, distant states. The event was front-page news in The Des Moines Register, the principal statewide newspaper. After the ceremony, we left for our new home in Moulton, Iowa, where I was then a high school teacher. From that point forward we lived a shared life and our activities will be included in later episodes of this narrative. It is through Mary Catherine Glassford Hausrath that the Glassford and Crandall family lines join the Hausrath family.

Thus the Hausrath-Bleyer-Burr and Tupper-Glassford-Crandall families and their descendents carried in their bloodlines the genes which accounted for a number of recurring occupations; farmers, religious leaders, musicians, artists, teachers, military men, businessmen, craftsmen, selectmen, and an occasional lawyer, doctor, engineer, sea captain, naval officer and several other government officials. There seems to be something of a pattern in each of the two main branches. The first named found their success in service occupations chiefly characterized by lack of business experience and limited financial reward; the second line was more successful in earning money while contributing to society.

CHAPTER 2

Early Years

Beaumont Avenue

The earliest of my memories date to about age four or five. The family lived in a two story "flat." A "flat" was a two family building; each family living on one floor called a flat. Usually they ware built in blocks or at least in pairs. Buildings sometimes were separated by a narrow alleyway for outside access to the rear door for deliveries, and sometimes with no alleys between buildings; but then with a street alley running the length of the block in rear of the back yards. Some flats had a one-story front porch from which a common entrance opened to a vestibule and it to a hallway to the first floor flat and a stairway to the second floor flat. Windows would be grouped in front and back, sometimes with an airshaft and about midway on one side; usually it would have two windows, one for the bathroom and the other for a small hallway room. Two full width rooms, the parlor at front, and the dining room at the back were connected by a hallway, upon which doors opened from two or three bedrooms, to a bath and a storage closet and the entrance door to the flat.

Al Jr. at age 6

This first rented "flat" was on Beaumont Avenue in the Central Bronx, near the New York Central Railroad right of way below street level, and near Public School No. 32. My memory at this residence centered on a back yard and garden, a concrete apron next to the house, ideal for hauling my toy wagon and riding my trike.

I also remember riding my trike to a street overpass above a below street-level railroad right of way, and accompanied by my father, we would watch the trains rush by below. This was a busy railroad in those days with passenger and freight trains, mostly electric, speeding along at frequent intervals.

In my boyhood, I remember seeing horse-drawn streetcars on the 14th Street across-town line. And in the early 20th Century steam locomotives pulled the trains on the elevated railroads. However, by 1910, all subway and street railways were electric. "Trolley cars" operated from overhead power lines. A double-deck bus system ran on Fifth Avenue.

One of my early childhood memories was that of riding the Elevated or El as everyone called it. There were several, each operating on a separate north-south street and thus designated the 2nd, 3rd, 6th, 8th Avenue lines. The trains of one line, perhaps the 6th Avenue, were on a high superstructure between 110th and 125th streets, so high that one could look into the fifth floor windows of the apartment houses on each side.

However, to me as a child the most terrifying aspect was that when in the El cars, one could not see any track or any structure that supported the track. Moreover, at two points the train of cars made a sharp 90 degree turn at a cross-town side street. Trains were known to jump their tracks, and in a few cases, one or more cars would fall off the trestle and plunge to the street far below, with casualties resulting. When these points were reached, I would tense until the El successfully passed that hazard. My early childhood fear of derailment and fall of El cars must have been quite profound because for years afterward, I remember frequent dreams of riding El trains which, in my dreams, traversed long distances, one or more city blocks in which there were no tracks and no structure to support the train, and the train would leap through the air in these gaps by shear momentum like a broad jumper. With luck the train would land on the tracks across the gap and continue on its way. The train always made the leap successfully in the dreams, but with real apprehension on my part.

I entered P.S. 32 in 1906 or 1907, which I attended from kindergarten through the 6th grade. Recollections of these years are sparse except for two grades. The 3rd grade was made vivid by a big, buxom teacher, a martinet, Mrs. Young, who terrified me. On the other side, my sixth grade teacher, Mr. Gillette, was a gentle, kindly, and inspiring teacher who won the hearts of all his students, including me at age 11. P. S. 32 only went through the 6th grade.

Mapes Avenue

During the summer of 1912, our family moved to a new flat at 2144 Mapes Avenue, in the East Bronx, between 181st and 182nd streets, and just one block west of the Southern Boulevard on which a trolley car ran, and which provided the western boundary of the Bronx Zoo. An entrance to the Zoo was less than two blocks away, at 182nd street and Southern Blvd. The Zoo with its extensive grounds and marvelous collection of animals was to become a favorite haunt of mine and a newfound chum, Warner Hauptli, the youngest son of a family of Swiss immigrants, whose father was a professional dyer.

Anna H with her 10 year-old son

In the fall, I entered the 7th grade in P.S. 44 near Tremont and Prospect Avenues. P.S. 44 was in the domain of a District Supt. of Schools, Dr. Taylor, who became a family friend. Dr. Taylor's son, Deems Taylor, became a prominent music leader, composer and critic in New York, a successor to and perhaps an understudy of the famous Walter Damrosh, who popularized classical orchestral music among all ages and had a long radio series in the late teens and twenties of the century. P.S. 44 was a happy school for me. The principal, Mr. Stevens, was a good and kindly leader. However, for me the highlight of P.S. 44 was my 7th grade teacher, Miss Korb, for whom I held real affection. Miss Korb brought out the full potential of her students and they universally admired her. Somehow, and I don't quite know how it happened, I was elected class president. The one act of this office that I remember was a visit with Miss Korb to Fordham Hospital to visit a classmate who was recovering from surgery after blowing off his left hand when he pounded a rifle cartridge with a hammer.

The 7th Grade in Miss Korb's class proved to be a short one for me because in mid-year at the end of Grade 7A it was decided I should move on into the 8th grade instead of continuing through the second half, 7B, of the 7th Grade. After that, I could always claim I had missed any important part of my education that turned up as a deficiency, such as mistakes in grammar or misspellings. It was a convenient excuse.

In PS 44 another classmate, I learned later, was a boy by the name of William Samuel Rosenburg who became famous in later years, after he legally shortened his name to Billy Rose, the brash, exotic, money-making entrepreneur, showman and promoter, and one time husband of Sally Rand, the famous Fan Dancer. You may remember Billy Rose staged the Aquacade at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933, another of his successful show-business ventures.

After graduation from PS 44 in 1915, Billy went to the N.Y. High School of Commerce, studied typing and shorthand with his usual drive to excel and winning a competition as the fastest shorthand writer in the city. He then found a job as in errand boy in Wall Street, where Bernard Baruch hired him as a personal secretary. Some of Baruch's Wall Street sagacity must have rubbed off on Billy, for he amassed a fortune through wise investments, and at one time was the largest individual stockholder of the American Telegraph arid Telephone Co.

Neighborhood

The Napes Avenue block on which we lived was almost on the fringe of the more densely populated areas of the Upper Bronx at that time. Homes were mostly one or two family type, with a generous supply of vacant lots, several of which faced on Prospect Avenue right in back of our flat. These lots provided play areas for the neighborhood children with improvised baseball diamonds and with plenty of room to dig caves and play at various construction activities. The block was also generously provided with boys and girls so that group games were readily organized. My own group of 8 to a dozen pals included Fritz and Frankie Platz, Vincent McDermott, Walter Bjorklund, "Boobie" (Anton), Elsie Sattler, Kurt Haeseler, Werner Hauptli, and a few others whose names have faded from memory. As their names suggest, several nationalities were represented: German, Irish, Swedish, Swiss and a few English and an Italian or two.

The neighbor children got along well with each other. One of my neighborhood friends, Vincent McDermott, walked to and from school with me rather regularly. We enjoyed each other's company.

Nevertheless, once a week or so an argument would develop between us. Often the argument became more intense and led to fisticuffs — always on the way home from school. The fight was vigorous and lasted until one or the other was overcome, a bloody nose being the usual result with about a 50-50 rate of success. Nevertheless, the issue between us was soon forgotten, and off to school we would go the next morning as friendly as ever.

Mapes Avenue was paved and some sidewalks were concrete, others flag stones, which provided good roller-skating, and that in turn provided for some games on skates, tag, Follow-the-Leader, races and such. One popular boyhood invention was the "skate or push mobile" built on a narrow board with half a roller skate in front, the other half at the rear end, and a wooden soapbox fastened on end at the front. These were formidable sidewalk and street cruisers on which one could get up thrilling speeds. They also made considerable noise somewhat like a rushing train, a further delight. Now, some 60 years later, skateboards are a popular successor.

The streets afforded a whole repertoire of street games. Among those games were "1-Out" or "work-up," an adaptation of baseball, usually played with a tennis or rubber ball; "one-a-cat" a game like "1-out" but played with a bat and a cat, both made from a broom stick, the bat being about 2 or 2½ feet long, the "cat" about 5 inches long and whittled to a blunt point at one end. It was played by placing the "cat" on the street, striking the tapered end with the broomstick bat, and as it jumped into the air, swinging at it with the broomstick to bat it into the field of play — much as one would bat a ball. One continued to bat until he or his side was put out.

Another favorite game was usually played with a lively rubber ball, preferably a golf ball. One would find a set of two or three concrete or stone steps. From a distance of about 8 feet, one would throw the ball toward the steps to make it bounce through the air back to the thrower who had to catch it before it hit the street surface. One continued to count up until he missed.

When evening came, and after supper, youngsters again would appear on the street for a different sort of games, better suited to the dark. Of course, the street was lighted by gas lamps, and the lamp lighter would make his rounds with his short ladder and his wax wick lighter stick, to turn on the gas valve and ignite the flame. (He would make his return each morning to turn off the gas light.)

Many of the standard group games of youngsters were played regularly each evening until parents would call their offspring home. Fox and Geese and such were among them, but one game the neighborhood played almost nightly was called "One foot off the Pickle Boat." Two sides lined up on opposite curbs with one foot on the curb, the other in the street. When the youngster who was "it" called "2 feet off the pickle boat," each would have to try to reach the opposite curb without being tagged by "it".

The girls had games they played among themselves: Hopscotch, and rope jumping, sometimes with two ropes rotated in opposite directions, were most common.

Early Movies

Less than two blocks from my Mapes Avenue home was a movie theater. My grandfather enjoyed the movies and together he and I attended rather frequently, perhaps once a week. In that 1912 to 1914 era "the movies," more recently referred to as "the flicks" consisted of newsreels, and one or two-reel features mostly thrillers like Harold Lloyd's escapades, and comedies such as the Keystone Cops. An occasional longer feature such as *The Great Train Robbery* or even that famous *Birth of the Nation* would be shown. Fatty Arbuckle was the comedian of the day, proceeding the Laurel and Hardy team of later years.

When such vintage movies are reshown in recent years, they are characterized by jerky motions of the actors, probably due to the slower speed film of the earlier days. However, to the moviegoers of those early days they seemed most acceptable. They were in black and white, even with a brownish tint, I recall, and of course, silent captions and conversations were spelled out in subtitles run at the bottom of each scene. Music was provided by a piano player who improvised with music to fit the mood of the scene on the screen. There was, of course, much occasion for thunderous dramatic music and for staccato accompaniment for the chase sequences.

Other features were the serials, usually blood and thunder, dangerous escapades such as *The Perils of Pauline*. My grandfather and I faithfully followed Pauline's (Pearl White) dilemmas from week to week. The theater we attended had two parts, indoor and outdoors. In those days before air-conditioning, the indoor theater was fine in the winter, and during the daylight hours. However, in summer evenings the outdoor theater was particularly popular, an all-family recreation opportunity. It was not like our Drive-In Theaters of recent times. People walked, but no one thought to call them "Walk-In" Theaters. Moreover, the screen was smaller. However, the best feature of those early movie theaters was the admission charge — 5 cents. That is why they were dubbed "Nickelodeons"

A Larger World

Werner and I did much "exploring" in the Zoo, and the Botanical Gardens north of the zoo across Fordham road, along the woods and parklands, bordering the Bronx River on the east side of the Zoo. One favorite haunt was along the right of way of the New York, Westchester, and Boston rapid transit railroad, then under construction. It was to provide high speed electrified transportation between New York and Boston, serving all intermediate points. One and two car trains were to be operated a few minutes apart throughout the day and night. It had an electrified third rail like the New York Central, New Haven, and Pennsylvania Railroads, not an overhead cable like the streetcars and the later high-speed interurban lines in suburban and rural areas, particularly in the mid-west.

The entrance to the Bronx Zoo

The New York Zoological Gardens, or the Bronx Zoo as it was more widely known, was visited often by Werner and me. We spread our interests over a wide variety of animals, but mostly the elephants, lions, bears, monkeys and reptiles. At the outdoor caged runs for the elephants some of them had their names on the fences. One of the largest was named Alice. Werner and I soon discovered that Alice would respond to her name. We position Werner at one and of her run and me at the other and then by calling her name, Alice would trot first to one end, then the other for the measly reward of one peanut at each trip. As others discovered this trick or prank, poor Alice was run ragged, and before long her name was removed from her enclosure.

Family Visits

Family activities also provided social experiences for me. The dinner table was one such focal point. After supper, with dinner table conversation often enriched by drop-in relatives and friends, the table was lit by a mantel-type gas lamp with a Tiffany-shade hanging over the table. The gas lamp was lighted and a card game ensued. Pinochle and 500 were the favorite card games, usually played with double decks to allow for large group play. I often participated and generally held my own in competition with the remaining all adult players. Conversation accompanied the play and topics of the day and the interests of the visitors were reviewed.

A devoted visitor of the Lion house at the Zoo was a sculptor who also dropped in at the Hausrath house quite often, and always in time to be invited to stay for dinner and the evening. I knew him only by the family nickname which my father gave him, Old Port, because his fondness for Port Wine was second only to his fascination for the big cats. Old Port had a way with the lions and tigers. He would enter their caged enclosures, push one around into a desirable position, and then sculpt a model. The cats seemed to cooperate willingly. Perhaps they enjoyed the honor. Old Port must have sold his little sculptures but I remember him as always down on his luck. One or two of his little statues of lions were around our home for years, and they seemed very professional in quality.

Among other frequent visitors, and there were many, a few were especially memorable, either because of their uniqueness or of special affection. Among the latter was my Uncle Fred, my father's older brother, and a favorite with all the family. He lived in Mt. Vernon, New York, a reasonable length trolley ride away. Uncle Fred was also an avid angler. He often arrived with a suitcase well filled with freshly caught fish to share with the family. He always seemed to know where fish could be caught in the waters around the East Bronx and Pelham Bay. His children, my cousins, and sometimes "young Fred," were good companions, always mutually enjoyed by the rest of the family, including me.

Mt. Vernon also was the residence of my father's sister, Bertha, her husband Benjamin Wilsey and their three sons, Henry, Grove, and Robert, another favorite group I enjoyed, especially when I trolleyed to their place. Visits were frequent too with other families. My mother, Anna B. Hausrath. had been raised in her late teen years in the Willson family, "Grandma" Willson, daughter Gertie, Molly, the other daughter, and her husband Fred Ernst and their two children, Burt and Nima, were seen fairly often.

Fred Ernst's sister Agnes married Eugene Meyer who later bought the Washington Post, and Agnes E. Meyer and her daughter Katherine (Meyer) Graham, became owners of the Washington Post and powers in Washington business and political circles.

Back and forth, visits were often exchanged with T. Edgar Willson and his wife, Mabel (a Barnard College graduate) and their son T. Edgar Jr. (Ed), close to my age. The T. E. Willsons lived at Demarest, N.J. and they were early possessors of an automobile, a Sterns Knight, later a Marmon, as I recall, so they could visit our family. They were avidly alert to problems of the day and a visit with them was like a Chautauqua program, with viewpoints strongly represented and persuasively presented, but strangely with sharply differing views as a regular diet of intellectual fare. T.E.W was a confirmed Republican, Mabel a dedicated Democrat.

CHAPTER 3

Intermediate Years

About this time in my life, I ventured beyond the immediate family to spend the summers "in the country." One of my mother's sisters, Aunt Blanche, and her husband, Carl Pfeiffer and daughter, Cousin Blanche, about 2 or 3 years older than me, lived in White Plains, in Westchester County, north of N. Y. City. White Plains at that time, or at least where Aunt Blanche lived, was more rural than suburban. A neighbor, Mr. McLaughlin, had a small farm with milk cows and other livestock. Cousin Blanche and I_spent many hours around the farm and with the cows, which were often tethered next to Aunt Blanche's unfenced yard. Her yard had been part of an old apple orchard with the result that applesauce was on the table three times every day.

White Plains and General Washington

Within 200 yards of Aunt Blanche's house was the remainder of the old apple orchard, which seemed to have no resident owner or caretaker. This was an ideal place for the McLaughlin boys and me to dig caves, often turning up arrowheads and occasionally 3-inch iron cannon balls. It was over this ground that some Revolutionary War battles had been fought, and in fact, only 100 yards away in a different direction was a building, a farmhouse, occupied by a neighbor family, which had been General Washington's headquarters during a winter campaign. That building still stands, and has been acquired and preserved by Westchester County and New York State as a museum and historic site, open to the public. It is furnished much as it was in those early days when it was operated as an Inn and Tavern. I must have spent 4 or 5 summers with Aunt Blanche, a real treat for a city boy.

Near Aunt Blanche's home were some hills — terminal moraines from an earlier glacial age. Each was perhaps 150 to 200 feet above the valley floor. At the base of one was a small stream, something always attractive to a boy. Its ponds were alive with frogs, turtles, minnows and some larger fish. In playing along the brook, I liked to catch turtles — for the fun of catching them, and to watch their behavior. I discovered an easy way to catch them. By tying a string to the end of a branch and then baiting the other end of the string with a small knot of red cloth, and passing the red cloth knot over the water, the turtles would lunge at it and swallow the knot — probably mistaking the red knot for a juicy insect. Once the knot was swallowed, the turtle could be pulled ashore and the knot extracted with a gentle tug on the string. The largest turtles so caught were usually 6 to 8 inches long. They were proudly taken home and parked in an improvised enclosure in the yard. Overnight the turtles would vanish, having made their escape and heading back to the pond. At least so I thought. Only now, after all those years, has it occurred to me that some adults may have assisted the escape of the turtles.

One time, being aware that General Washington had encamped with his army in this area during the Revolutionary War, I thought it would be interesting to some future turtle catcher if he should find a turtle with an historic monogram. Accordingly, I carved on a turtle's shell the initials, G. W. 1776, and turned the turtle loose again. I never learned if someone else found the turtle and had been fooled by it.

A Maryland Farm

Another summer a neighborhood friend, Alice Haeseler invited me to spend the summer with her and her brother Kurt and Sister Annie on her little farm on the Delaware/Maryland line on the Eastern Shore of Chesapeake Bay, about two miles from Henderson, Del. and 6 miles from Marydel, Md. The 45 or thereabouts acres were planted to corn, tomatoes, alfalfa and a variety, of truck crops. Chickens, pigs, a cow, and a couple of horses made up the livestock. Alice was an opera singer, and apparently a good one. However, she loved the farm and the country and spent her summers there with a caretaker looking after things the rest of the year until she retired.

Kurt and I found much to keep ourselves active on the farm and in the area. One time Kurt and I went turtle hunting at the "Mill Pond" nearby and in one day caught 273 turtles. All but one box turtle of the 273 vanished from their corral over night.

Later fire destroyed Alice's home when she was in her eighties. Undaunted, Alice herself, and working almost single-handed, built herself a new house, small but adequate and comfortable. Her younger sister Annie became a New York City schoolteacher and her brother Kurt earned his PhD in chemistry and taught and worked as an industrial chemist in the New York area until his death in his early fifties.

A Trip to Philadelphia

My Uncle Fred had moved his family from New York to the Philadelphia suburb of Chestnut Hill. My father had always been close to his brother Fred, and the two families enjoyed common interests. So one summer when I was about 10 years old, my father proposed a visit to Uncle Fred's. However, the trip was a bit unusual. The whole trip was made by "trolley car."

Electric trolley cars linked up almost all the New Jersey towns and it was possible to make the whole 100-mile trip by that means, and at a reasonably rapid rate of speed. Besides seeing the New Jersey countryside en route I remember other details. One was the gentle, almost rhythmic rocking of the trolleys from side to side as they swung along. Another was the trolley fares and their collection. Evidently, trolley routes were zoned into five-cent units, because the conductor would come through the car time after time, perhaps 30 or 40 times for the whole trip and collect a five-cent fare from each passenger each time. But after several hours the whole trip was completed and my father and I arrived at Uncle Fred's place, and were warmly greeted by the adults and the three cousins of my age group: Fred (Junior), Edna and Esther, all three more like boys in their interests and activities. There was much "exploring" in the adjoining woods along Wissihican Creek, and always activities around the home.

The Toonerville Trolley

One special treat for the youngsters of the Chestnut Hill neighborhood, was to ride on the free shuttle trolley, which connected the Chestnut Hill area with the end of the line of the regular trolley system of Philadelphia City at the city line. The ride was perhaps two miles long, the trolley a little dinky, almost a copy of the comic page *Toonerville Trolley* of that day. Of course, the shuttle was universally called the Toonerville Trolley. However, there were two special attractions of the trolley; one was its open windows. The other was the sort of rollercoaster effect the uneven tracks and rolling terrain provided. It was great fun, and all the kids enjoyed it. The kindly motorman/conductor had to impose one rule however. Each child was limited to one round trip a day unless accompanied by a parent on the way to and from the fare-paying city trolley system.

Science in a Closet

Being an only child and surrounded with adults in the immediate family, I developed some interests I could pursue on my own. The family gave me for my own use a little room intended as a storage closet, only about 5 feet square, but with a window on an airshaft. (My "bedroom" had to double as a waiting room for my father's piano pupils and was perhaps 6 by 9 feet in size), I promptly established this converted closet room as my "scientific laboratory." One of the family friends and a voice pupil of my father was a man named Fred Commentz, who had a beautiful baritone voice, was a soloist at Trinity Church at the head of Wall Street, downtown. Fred also was a valued member of the Gounod Musical Society, which my father had organized and led for many years, giving concerts a number of times each year. The Society met at my home, rehearsed, practiced, visited, and partied there. Fred Commentz had a daytime job as a bookkeeper at the Packard Pleasure Car Rental Company in downtown New York. Wealthy families would rent cars and chauffeurs for their excursions and social calls. Fred C took an interest in me and that interest was reciprocated. In fact, Fred earned an undying place in my heart when he brought me a discarded but functioning 2-cell storage battery. That battery opened a completely new field of study and experimentation for me, now 12-years-old. More of that will follow later.

The Quest for Power

Before that, staring perhaps at age four or five, I loved to build castles, houses, forts and the like with sets of toy store building blocks, which I acquired as Christmas or birthday presents. Then followed other toy construction sets — Meccano, and later Erector Sets, made possible towers, windmills, bridges, derricks, pull toys and even self-propelled vehicles powered with rubber bands and finally with electric motors. Ah! Electric motors! That was a turning point. That was before my home had any source of electric power. Lighting and cooking was done wholly by gas. However, electric motors required a source of electric power.

Once I was given a small dynamo — but what would spin the dynamo to generate electricity? One solution was tried: a water wheel, which could be attached to the faucet on the kitchen sink. The pressure of flowing water would turn the water wheel and by means of a belt, the dynamo could be driven. Sure enough, the current from the dynamo would light a miniature electric lamp of the kind used in flashlights. It would also make a telegraph sounder clack and by touching a wire to the instrument one, could make it sound like the telegraph receiver at the railroad station. Each such step led to the need for something else. After the telegraph came a telephone, made first from the two receivers of a head set, one at each end of the wires. However, this required a continuous direct current. Batteries were the only answer.

First "wet batteries" were constructed and used. These had a zinc crowfoot in the bottom of a jar with copper plates suspended above, all in a copper sulfate solution. They worked, but they were sloppy and did not give much power. Dry cells were better. So I graduated to the dry cells used principally to operate doorbells. However, each dry cell cost about 22 cents, an awful lot of money, not readily available to me. There was no escape; I had to have electric power for my experiments. And dry cells were the only practical and available source. However, how to get the money? This urgent need drove me into the money-earning world.

I found that if I had a Saturday Evening Post magazine route, I could buy the magazines for 3 cents each from a distributor, sell them for five cents each, making a clear profit of 2 cents on each sale. So I became a Saturday Evening Post boy, developed a route of regular customers and presto, I had an assured weekly income of about 50 cents a week. That just about financed the requirements of my laboratory. I could buy dry cells, wire, and other supplies about as fast as I used them up. No matter that the Post dealer, located at Webster and Tremont avenues in a stand under the stairway of the Webster Avenue elevated railway was about 3 miles away, and his customers were spread out over another three or four miles. Those seven or eight miles brought in the money I needed each week.

Experimentation and Discovery

During these early years of experimentation, I discovered a fascinating source of ideas in a monthly magazine edited by Hugo Gernsback and called The Electrical Experimenter. It was full of things to do with simple equipment, and was a continuing guide into the mystic world of electricity.

Somehow, I made another little discovery that almost met my needs for a source of electricity to carry on my experiments. It so happened that the family telephone line entered the house through my little closet laboratory. By some adroit trial and error I found that I could tap the telephone line and draw off a small trickle of direct current without interfering with the telephone operation — and without causing the telephone switch board to light up. But batteries were better. However dry cells (and wet cells too) delivered very little current, or if one required a heavier current the dry cell would soon go dead.

This is the point at which Fred Commentz came to the rescue, with his present of a 2-cell storage battery salvaged from one of the Packard rental cars. The acid-lead storage battery, when fully charged, would deliver a heavy current with all the sparks and sputtering one could wish. Now a new world of expanded opportunity opened up for experiments not possible before. By now I had also acquired a voltmeter and an ammeter, and I could measure the current flow in various combinations of series and parallel circuits, with lamps, motors, electric magnets, spark coils, bells, buzzers, telephone, telegraph instruments and other gadgets, mostly gathered from discards of Packard rental cars or neighborhood homes and stores. Somewhat later I acquired a 3-cell, 6-volt storage battery and found ways to get it recharged by friendly garage mechanics. Completely new worlds of discovery opened up to me. One example, clearly remembered, will illustrate:

When I connected my voltmeter across the 6-volt battery (it read 6 volts) and my ammeter in series with a 4-ohm telegraph sounder, 11 amperes would flow. By connecting to only two cells the meters would read 4 volts and 1 ampere, and when only one cell of the storage battery was, connected in the circuit then the meters would read 2 volts and ½ ampere. Here was a constant relationship. Ohms times_amperes equaled volts. Or volts, divided by ohms equaled amperes and volts divided by amperes equaled ohms. I had discovered on my own a fundamental law of electrical flow. It was some years later that I learned of a German professor by the name of George Ohm who hade made this discovery about 100 years earlier. He expressed it as E = I x R, that is volts equaled current times resistance. The unit of resistance was named "Ohms" in later years in honor of this discovery by Professor Ohm. My discovery was just 100 years too late to have my name immortalized as a unit of electrical measurement.

Adventure and Group Activity

When I was eleven, I had another boyhood dream fulfilled. A British soldier by the name of Baden-Powell in 1908 developed a very popular program for boys, which became known as Scouting and subsequently spread worldwide. By 1912, it was well established in the U.S. as the Boy Scouts of America, with its program of self-discipline, camping and nature lore, citizenship and moral principles. At that time, a boy had to be 12 years old to become a full-fledged Boy Scout. Cub Scouting for younger boys was a much later development. A dedicated retired U.S. Army officer, Captain Smith, who understood boys, gave inspired leadership as Scoutmaster to this newly formed Boy Scout troop sponsored at the West Farms Presbyterian Church. Captain Smith allowed boys to attend and participate in the troop meetings and trips during the year preceding- their 12th birthday. So I started to reap the thrills of Scouting when the movement was officially only one year old in the U.S. and one year before I was old enough to become a Tenderfoot. This introduction to Scouting was to carry through to Senior Patrol leader in the next few years and later, more than 35 years in all, variously as Scout Master, Merit Badge Counselor, and District Commissioner.

I attended Sunday School at West Farms Presbyterian Church and somehow became "secretary" for the school, keeping attendance and collection records, as well as participating in one of the classes and the whole-group sessions. There must have been about 200 in average attendance in the Junior Department.

CHAPTER 4

High School Years

And so the years passed until I was in the 8th Grade in Public School 44. Then I started to think about going on to High School. New York had many high schools (some 55 by count in 1950) and Morris High and DeWitt Clinton High were both within walking distance from home. DeWitt Clinton at that time or shortly after was the largest in the U.S. Both were academic types. However, by now I had become engrossed in science and wanted to go to a high school that offered more than the usual exposure to science courses. My teachers at PS 44 told me there was one high school that had a special curriculum that emphasized science. However, there were two obstacles to attending it. One was its location, way down in lower Manhattan — a long way off from the Upper Bronx. The other obstacle was that it was one of three special schools among all of New York's High schools that accepted students only by competitive examination. Nevertheless, that high school seemed to be the answer to my dream. With nothing to lose, and perhaps by some streak of luck to win admission, I applied for the examinations, took them, and was surprised and delighted to learn I had ranked high enough to be admitted.

Stuyvesant High School: Committed to Science

I found Stuyvesant High School a delight. Built in 1904 at 345 East 15th Street in New York, it was nothing special as a building — five stories high and wall-to-wall among tenement buildings on each side, two sets of its front windows faced on 15th and 16th streets respectively. It had been built to accommodate 1000 students but now there were 6000 in daytime classes requiring split sessions. All 2600 freshmen attended the afternoon session from 12:35 to 5:00 PM, with a six period school day. The rest of the classes attended the morning sessions from 7:45 am to 12:30. (Stuyvesant also ran an evening school in the same building from 7 to 10 p.m. The evening school was more of a trade and technical school for students who were employed during the daytime. There were perhaps 2000 enrolled.) It is doubtful if any other school utilized its facilities so fully.

Except for the school administration, headed by Dr. Ernest R. Von Nardoff, as Principal, there were completely separate faculty staffs for the three school sessions. Incidentally, a granddaughter of Dr. Von Nardoff, named Alfreda Von Nardoff, was a contestant and winner in a later Radio Contest The $64,000 Question.

To attend Stuyvesant, I walked the two or three miles to the 180th Street West Farms Station of the "Subway" which ran on elevated trestles in the Bronx. For a nickel and in about 30 minutes I would arrive at the 14th St. Station, walk across town about a half mile to the school; retracing these steps at the end of the day. Because of the double session schedule, I had no study periods; all six were in class attendance throughout my four years in High School. All study and homework was done on the subway trains and at home. Some 1200 entered in my freshman class in mid-year but only 200 were graduated in that class. Dropouts were numerous, partly because of failure to keep up with the studies, partly by economic pressures on their families.

Stuyvesant High School probably maintained its reputation for excellence in Science longer than any other high school in the U.S. It is now, in 1976, in its 71st year of continuous operation. Along about 1939 the Westinghouse Electric Co., in cooperation with Science Service, Inc. of Washington, DC, instituted its now famous Science Talent Search. This was a state by state national competition for high school students who demonstrated unusual science achievements by developing and conducting science projects, usually a piece of original scientific research. Nominations were open to every high school in the country.

Tens of thousands of entries were received. One hundred winners were chosen by juries of scientists and each year 40 finalists were brought to Washington, D.C. to exhibit and demonstrate their projects. Finalists and winners received scholarships ($10,000 top) to finance four years of higher education at universities of their own selection and universities bid for these winners with their own scholarship offers. Through the years, Stuyvesant High School had more finalists and winners than any other in the Science Talent Search and in many years several Stuyvesant students made it in the final 40. One year, Ames (Iowa) High School had a winner, Gloria Lauer, a student of John Harms, a colleague of mine. In 1970 Stuyvesant went coeducational, admitting girls for the first time, and in 1976 competition a Stuyvesant girl was among the 40 finalists. Girls then numbered about one third of the Stuyvesant students.

Competition for admission to Stuyvesant grew to such an extent that a second and larger science high school was established in the New York City School System, probably in the 1930s. This school was built in the upper Bronx and a Stuyvesant Physics teacher, Morris Meister, was chosen as principal for the new school. Since that time, the Bronx High School of Science has been consistently represented among the 40 annual Westinghouse finalists and now often outnumbers Stuyvesant finalists in individual years.

The Hausrath home at 1866 Cedar Ave. This building was a duplex, with the Hausraths in the left half. A trolley line ran down the middle of the street. If you look closely at center top you can see the trolley power line.

Move to the West Bronx

It was during my first year in High School that the family moved from Mapes Avenue in the central Bronx to 1866 Cedar Avenue in the Morris Heights section of the West Bronx. Moreover, for the first time my family now owned instead of rented their house. This was a good move. The new home was larger with 12 rooms on three floors, a semi-detached kitchen in the rear with a garden about 60 feet deep and 30 feet wide. The house was a duplex and my family's portion was the north half. All the houses on that side of the street were large duplexes of similar size and design. An extra landscaped lot that belonged to the neighbor on the north provided an open space between the neighbor's house and ours. Probably the house was built before 1880 and had all the gingerbread and other features of the Victorian area. The total price of the house was $8,000 and a $6,000 mortgage remained. In those days, mortgages were not amortized. Only the interest and taxes had to be paid each year.

The extra rooms in this house provided six bedrooms. Here I had a third floor room of my own, perhaps 14 x 16 feet, with two large windows. It was quite a change from my 5 x 5 foot closet-lab, and my bed in a small hall room. Here was ample room for furniture and for laboratory and experimental set-ups.

The house faced the Harlem or East River and looked out on the northern reaches of Manhattan Island across the river. The N.Y. Central R.R. main line ran at a lower level between Cedar Avenue and the river. Between were the Railroad, its Morris Heights Station and two shipyards, each devoted to the building of yachts for the rich.

Commuting in New York City

A Sunday evening "At Home" on Cedar Ave. Each week, Anna B and Alfred would invite guests to join them for an evening of music and poetry. In this Christmas At Home, a guest is preparing to sing, with Alfred playing accompaniment.

From this new location, I traveled to High School by a choice of three routes. One route required a walk of 1½ to 2 miles to the Burnside Ave. Station of the Jerome Avenue Subway. The other route involved a 3½ to 4 mile walk first to the Washington Bridge, then across that bridge over the Harlem River and to Amsterdam Avenue and the 180th Street Station on the Broadway Subway line. It was not until many years later that schoolchildren were hauled on school buses. They walked and thought nothing of it. Moreover, the subway fare was 5 cents. A third route, more convenient and more expensive, was by N.Y. Central Railroad, on a commuter train from Morris Heights to Grand Central Terminal at 42nd Street, and then either by foot or by subway to 14th Street and thence by foot, to Stuyvesant High School on East 15th Street. The train fare was eleven cents, later 16 cents, and the running time less than 20 minutes. This was the "luxury" route used only when job time schedules demanded closer connections.

Five-cent transportation and a system serving practically every square mile of New York City, was a boon to the working population. The 500 miles of surface lines, mostly running on street tracks served cross-town needs while the 2137 miles Rapid Transit System, composed of Subways and Elevated Railroads served the far reaches of the dispersed residential areas. Sixty-two bridges over the rivers and bays, and 17 tubes under them, allowed passengers to travel a continuous 36 miles from Upper Bronx to the remotest parts of Brooklyn and all for a nickel. In fact, some homeless people were able to board the subway for a nickel and ride continuously back and forth, and propped up in a corner seat they could catnap or sleep for hours at a time, day and night. Moreover, in winter or inclement weather the subway provided warmth and shelter as well. Staten Island and New Jersey, before the days of George Washington and Verrazano Bridges, were served by fast-moving ferryboats, also for a five-cent fare. In fact, the Staten Island Ferry, across the New York Bay passing the Statue of Liberty, some 12 miles in 20 minutes, was one of this nation's outstanding travel bargains until August 4, 1975 when the fare was raised from its long standing rate of a nickel to a quarter. Soon, thereafter, when New York City's financial difficulties threatened bankruptcy, subway fares were advanced to fifty cents, ten times the rate I paid when I was commuting to high school.

New Interests: Chemistry and "Wireless"

In my first year in high school I had courses in English, Mathematics, German, Chemistry, Mechanical Drawing, Woodworking (joinery), and twice a week, Physical Training and elected extracurricular activities. These high school studies and activities opened new fields of interest and opportunity to me. New interests arose from the Wireless Club (Radio today) and the course in Chemistry. So, at home in my room the North window became the Wireless Station, and the East window the Chemistry Laboratory. I also joined the Rifle Club and became a regular member of the Stuyvesant Rifle Team for his four years in high school.

The Bunsen Chemical Society also claimed a bit of my time. However, my experiments in my home chemical laboratory were more actively pursued. One chemical challenge that led me to a series of experiments was the idea of developing a chemical filter for use at sea and in lifeboats. The object was to filter seawater to make it suitable for human consumption. This involved removing the salt (sodium chloride) by chemical means. The difficulty was that almost all chlorides were soluble and would pass through the filter. Only the rarest and most valuable chlorides were insoluble and chemicals that would produce these compounds were themselves prohibitively expensive, in the gold, silver, platinum class. The best solution I could find resulted in calcium chloride in the filtrate solution, a non-toxic compound but one with some questionable medical effects in the blood stream. Therefore, I decided to drop further efforts along that line.

Financial requirements for chemical and radio supplies outstripped the modest needs of my earlier electrical experiments, supported by my Saturday Evening Post route. What was I to do for that extra money? Luck came my way in the form of a serving counter job at the high school lunchroom, a job that took less than an hour during the overlap period between the morning and afternoon sessions.

As a high school freshman, I was assigned to the afternoon session; all classes were crowded into a half day throughout four years of high school, in the afternoon for freshmen, in the forenoon for the upper classes.

Modest earnings on the lunch counter job, perhaps 30 cents a day and school lunch and an occasional special job in the late afternoon kept me supplied with cash. These extra jobs were as a refreshment stand attendant when the lunch room operator often had a concession at Grand Central Palace at 42nd street for various trade shows and expositions. The walk from high school on 15th Street to the Palace on 42nd Street would take me past a Chemical Supply House, Eimer and Armen, at 19th Street and 3rd Avenue. So these extra earnings were readily converted-to test tubes, chemicals, and such, while a textbook on Chemistry by Ira Ramson of Johns Hopkins University, supplemented my High School text by Brownlee, Fuller, Baker, Cohen, and Whitset, suggested all the experiments I had time for. Especially competing for time and expenditure was my then developing "wireless" hobby.

Ira Reason, the author of my home experiment chemistry text, while only slightly known to me at that time, was a giant among university chemistry professors. He was one of "The Hopkins Four," the group of founders of the first true graduate university in America, the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore in 1874. Reason, born in New York City in 1846, BA from the College of the City of New York (itself a fountain-head of leaders), an M.D. from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1867, and then a PhD in Chemistry from Goettingen University in Germany in 1870 at age 24, became "the outstanding figure in American chemistry" and simultaneously president of John Hopkins University for 12 years, 1901 - 1913. Little did I know then, as a high school freelance hobbyist in chemistry, that I myself would become a faculty member of the Johns Hopkins University some 45 years later.

Early Wireless Activity

The big house on Cedar Avenue, like the Mapes Avenue flat, had no electric connections, only gas and water. So here again electric power had to come from batteries. But there was one bonus. All wireless communication in those years was by code in dots and dashes, and the signals could be received on a crystal set without any extra power from batteries or other source than the wireless signal itself. Sending messages, on the other hand required power. A spark coil and a 6-volt storage battery would meet that need.

However, to send messages one had to have an operator's license, and each station had to be licensed. The Stuyvesant Radio Club emphasized qualification as a licensed operator. So, after sufficient code practice, I went to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, took the code and theory exams, passed them, and was duly qualified as a licensed Amateur Radio Operator. Once one had his operator's license, he could then apply for and be issued a station license with assigned call letters. My home "station" was assigned the call letters 2APN, and I could send and receive messages at will. Soon thereafter, as a licensed operator, I obtained two other station licenses: 2EW, for a local Radio Club and station in the home of a member who had commercial 110-volt current in his house. What a thrill it was to hear the crackle and see the hot sparks from a 3/4 KW transformer and a rotary spark gap, as well as to extend the radius of communication with other amateurs.

I maintained an active connection with a local Boy Scout troop, sponsored by the Morris Heights Methodist Church. By now, I was a patrol leader, later Senior Patrol leader, and went in for "signaling" in a big way. Therefore, I took out another "station" license for a portable transmitter (battery powered). Its call letters were 2GT. Call letters were chosen more for their rhythmic sound in dots and dashes, than for any meaning of the initials. This radio or wireless period in my life extended from about 1914 to 1917 or 1918, when all amateur radio stations were closed down during World War I.

Radio was now extended to all Naval vessels, most merchant marine ships, and some commercial stations. Marconi, who invented and pioneered wireless communication starting in 1904, had extended it to ship and shore stations world wide by 1910. Many ship disasters were alleviated by the CQD and later SOS calls of ships in distress. The so called "unsinkable Titanic" disaster after striking an iceberg on April 14, 1912 was a case in point. (That fateful date, April 14, also was the day Lincoln was fatally shot). Had the Titanic distress call been heard and heeded by the ship nearest to it, fewer than the 1500 lives would have been lost.

Marconi, Sarnoff, Edison, deForest

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co. had a commercial station in the John Wanamaker Store on 9th Street in New York. Members of the Stuyvesant

Radio Club visited this little cubbyhole station in 1915, while I was a H. S. student interested in radio. That Marconi station was only marginally larger than my 5 x 5 ft. closet experimental lab on Mapes Ave. Only one operator was employed, a rather young boy by the name of David Sarnoff, and he enthusiastically demonstrated and explained the equipment. Little did any of us think at that time how Radio would expand into a great industry, and that David Sarnoff would become famous as the head of the successor organization to the Marconi Wireless Company, the Radio Corporation of America, RCA.

Now research was stimulated in attempts to improve and expand the potential of radio. People like Edison, Fleming, Armstrong, and deForest became active in this new field. Lee deForest made a real scientific breakthrough when he took the discovery by Edison of what is called "The Edison Effect", and the work of Fleming who turned it into a radio valve with two elements, and added a third element in the valve which he called the "Audion". This development by deForest made possible the amplification of the very weak signals picked up on an antenna, and it opened up the great advances made in electronics since that time.

However, I had other reasons to be aware of Lee deForest. One reason was that deForest had an experimental laboratory and facility in an unpretentious 2 story brick building, much like a two family house of that time, not far from my home. The deForest laboratory was just below High Bridge, one mile below Washington Bridge over the Harlem River, and about 2 miles south of our Cedar Avenue home. Each day deForest would drive down Cedar Avenue in front of my house, always at high speed too. One day his car struck my dog, Chrissie, and that was the end of that dog's tale. A second contact was more interesting. By this time, DeForest was experimenting with radio broadcasting of the human voice, and he operated a regular 2-hour broadcast from his High Bridge laboratory, each evening from 8 to 10 pm. It consisted mostly of phonograph music, with some voice comments. Perhaps he, or one of his assistants, was the original "disk jockey." This program came in as clear as a bell in the headphones on my crystal receiving set. It was loud enough that when all was quiet in the house, the music in the headphones in my third floor room could be heard faintly on the first floor when doors were open. This program continued, as I remembers it, from about 1916 to 1917 or 18 when all private radio stations were closed down during World War I. To most visitors to our home, these early speech and music broadcasts from the deForest laboratories were a fascinating new development.

Some Lasting Impressions

I regard my instruction at Stuyvesant High School as just about the most thorough and most valuable to me in all of my schooling. Studies included: 'English 3½ years, History 1 year, Physics 3 years, Chemistry 3 years, Mathematics 3½ years, German 2 years, Metal Working 2 years, Wood-working 1½ years, Mechanical drawing 1 year. Among the outstanding teachers at Stuyvesant, High School whom I remember with admiration were: Dr. Frank L Whitehall, in charge of the afternoon session; Dr. Frederick Law, head of the English department; Raymond B. Brownlee, head, and Davis L. Baker and Clarence H Sanford in Physics; Robert Fuller, head, and Robert Bright in Chemistry; William E. Breckenridge in Math; Earnest Swarzkopf, master ornamental ironworker (forge shop); Walter Smith, Machine Shop. Mr. Baker impressed me greatly, both as a physics teacher and as a man. This rapport led me to consider Baker's Alma Mater, Alfred University at Alfred New York as a desirable school for further education. Then there was Mr. Sanford, an instructor in advanced Physics, who was faculty advisor to the Stuyvesant Technical Society of which I became president in his last two years, and there were others with special talents.

Unique Teaching Method

Mr. Bright was one of my several Chemistry teachers. He had developed a teaching method of his own invention. He called it "The Insult Method." His students reacted with discomfort, antagonism, and anger. Nevertheless, they learned their Chemistry, even if their motivation was to avoid embarrassment and being held up to ridicule. It sounds strange that such a method would be tolerated by the department and school leadership, but it was, perhaps because students were spurred to unusual efforts in their study, and possibly because in an all-boys high school it was believed strong discipline made thorough students.

The method worked like this: Bright (everybody referred to him that way, omitting the honorary "Mister" used with other teachers) would call a student by name (the student's family name only) and command him to "stand up." Then Bright would put a series of questions to the student in rapid sequence, and in an attempt to catch the student in a wrong answer. After six or more increasingly difficult questions, with tension mounting, the student would often slip and give a wrong answer. Then Bright would give the student a tongue-lashing, ridiculing him and make him feel foolish, embarrassed, and finally fighting angry. At that point, Bright would say in obvious disgust, "Sit down!" Then another student would be called up and subjected to the same process. Each student who was trapped in this process would make a silent vow, "By God, Bright won't catch me in an error next time!" Moreover, he would study the next assignment extra thoroughly.

A Student Gets Even

The insult method seemed to be effective in stimulating study and learning, but it generated no close bond or veneration 'between students and teacher. Every student dreamed of some way to retaliate, but how could that be done? One student found a way to the great delight of the whole class. It happened like this. In my after-school work in the shipyard, I went one day to get a box of large wood screws from the supply room. Screws come in various shapes: round head, oval head, flat head. They may be brass, or blued (steel) or bright (steel). The boxes are labeled with size and type. On this day the label on the box of screws, in big black bold type, read *3-inch No. 14 Flat Head Bright*. That label sparked an idea!

A few days later, in Chemistry laboratory, where Mr. Bright had an office at the end of the lab, there appeared on his office door a new label "Flat Head Bright" Silence fell over the lab in expectation of Mr. Bright's entry and observation of the door label. A few minutes later Mr. Bright returned to the lab, immediately sensed something awry, then spotted the label on his office door. He stopped, his back to the class, staring at the label. Then, his fists clenched and red coloration crept up his neck. Then he whirled around, and through clenched teeth said in a loud voice, "I wonder if whoever put that sign up has the guts to admit it!"

After a short ominous silence, a voice from the opposite end of the lab said, "I did it" and raised his hand in identification. Mr. Bright, still tense and angry, and with set jaw and clenched fists, strode through the lab to the offender. No one knew what would happen next.

By the time Bright reached the student, reason prevailed over his temper, and thrusting out his right hand, Bright said to me, "Shake, You're the first student I ever had who has a sense of humor".

Sequel

Some years later, after graduation, I was walking along Park Avenue when I heard my name called on the street, and the caller approached. It was Mr. Bright. He had recognized me, recalled my name, and hailed me. After a few minutes of conversation, Mr. Bright asked me to be his luncheon guest at the Yale Club.

Another incident which I remember, indicates a prevailing effort on the part of Stuyvesant High School teachers to facilitate learning and to look at instruction from the students' viewpoint. It was in a class in German. (Two years of a foreign language was required, and German was recommended as a key to scientific literature.) However, World War I was raging, and there was an onus on German and Germans. This day in class, the teacher announced, "Now we will study some idioms. They have different meanings than the words themselves indicate. Only those who come from German speaking homes, like Hausrath, will understand them." Whereupon I responded in part to disclaim any close German ties, saying, "The only time I hear German spoken at home is when my grandfather steps on the cat."

The 1918 Flu Epidemic

Like the plagues that swept Europe in the Middle Ages, the 1918 Flu epidemic was intense worldwide and devastating. More than 500,000 Americans died, and the worldwide toll was estimated at 20,000,000. New York City, like almost all centers of population, was severely stricken.

Our family escaped its most serious ravages, and while almost all members were affected, their attacks were moderate. That is, all except myself. Probably at no time before or after was I as seriously ill, or as near a fatal casualty. Traveling the subways, and exposed to many others in the city and in high school, I was exposed as much as or more than the other family members were.

However, there was a preliminary mishap and illness that may have intensified his seizure with the flu. It was in my high school quantitative Chemistry laboratory that the mishap occurred. I was boiling the chlorine out of an analytical test solution, under a laboratory hood, which was designed to carry the fumes off in a forced ventilation system. Unknown to all, something had happened and the ventilating system was not operating. Before I was aware what was happening in the prevailing air of the laboratory, heavily loaded with the usual pungent odors of hydrochloric and other chemical vapors, I had inhaled enough of the raw chlorine gas to burn my lungs and provoke a prolonged hacking coughing spell. It turned out that my entire mouth, nose, throat, and lungs were burned. Somehow, I got home and crawled into bed. There I spent the next three weeks. The lung irritation and burning was taken over in a week by the more severe flu, while coughing up large chunks of tissue and secretion from throat and lungs, often nearly choking in the process. At last, the flu subsided and I was able to be up and around again. Throughout the rest of my life, I have remained inordinately sensitive to even a trace of chlorine odors in the air, such as in clothes that had been washed in bleach (Clorox) solution.

It was a common site in New York at that time to see people in public with a cotton gauze mask over nose and mouth. Years later I was to observe this common practice of wearing a facemask whenever one appeared in public when he had a cold, or was afraid of catching a respiratory infection. That practice has been has been standard in the Orient.

CHAPTER 5

The Working World

Boatbuilding and Sub-Chasers

It must have been the summer of 1916, when at age 15 I entered the work-a-day world of industrial employment. One of the two local shipbuilding concerns in Morris Heights had received a government contract to build some 25 sub-chasers for the Navy. These were 110 feet long wooden boats, powered by twin 750 HP diesel engines. The *Nicholsen Yard*, the local name for the New York Yacht Launch and Engine Company, was hiring extra labor. Another neighborhood pupil and I applied for jobs and were hired at one dollar a day for a 5½ day, 44 hour week. $5.50 a week! Great. That would pay many 5-cent subway fares to school in the fall as well as provide money for clothes and other needs. "Sully" Sullivan and I were assigned jobs as "pick-up boys," really as scavengers, to roam under the boats under construction and gather nails, screws and other hardware which fell from the scaffolding where the boat builders worked. In a few weeks, I was promoted to *boat builder helper*. Having had training at Stuyvesant High School in woodworking, I had some rudimentary skills. By the end of the summer, my wages had increased to $12 a week. However, even better, the Boatyard Superintendent, Mr. Hansen, had taken an interest in me and encouraged my continued schooling. He offered me the opportunity to work part time during the school year, all day Saturday and during school holidays, end even on school days for 3 hours or more which fit in with the half-day sessions at school.

Now beyond my first year in H. S. I attended the morning session that was completed at 12:30 noon. On my way from school I would pass an early quick-lunch restaurant where I would usually get a lunch of a piece of lemon pie and a glass of milk (5 cents each) at this unit of the well known Horn and Hardart chain of "Automats" which started on Chestnut street in Philadelphia in 1902. (I had a meal in that original unit some years later.) The walls of each Automat were lined with display case compartments each displaying a single serving of some food. By depositing one or more nickels in the adjacent slot the door would spring open and the customer could reach in and transfer the dish to his own food tray. There must have been scores, perhaps hundreds of Automats in principal cities in its hey-day. After my quick lunch I would continue home — usually by subway, doing my study of high school assignments on the subway, and get back to Morris Heights by 2 pm, punch the time clock at the shipyard and get in 3 hours work before the 5 pm quitting time. This arrangement continued for about 2 years, during which time the subchaser contract had been extended to 75 vessels. The shipyard was on the Harlem River and the boats were built on outdoor "ways" or launching skids. This meant that the boat builders were exposed to the heat of the summer sun as well as the bone-chilling waterfront cold of winter. At times in the summer hand tools and air driven hammers and drills became so hot from lying in the sun they would actually burn one's bare hands. At such times water was played on the boats, the scaffolding, the shavings below, the tools, and even on the workmen — the only temperature relief possible. The thermometer, exposed to the sun, frequently rose above 120 degrees in those hot summer days in the valley pocket where the yard was located. Winter was another matter. The outdoor temperature often huddled around zero, and once dipped to 20 degrees below, the cold made more biting by the strong north wind that blew down the river. Yet the rugged boat builders, mostly Scandinavian, kept working. Thus, I worked at that yard through a temperature range of more than 100 degrees. It was rugged.

A Machine Shop Interlude

At one time, the boat builders went out on strike, and as I was one of them, I walked out on strike too. Nevertheless, I was appreciative of the special arrangements management had made to provide me an opportunity to work and continue my schooling.

It so happened that only the boat builders went on strike, the machinist did not. Therefore, I walked out with the Boat builders, then turned around, entered the Employment Office and applied for a job in the Machine Shop. Without losing an hour's time I was back at work, this time indoors and in the machine shop where the engines were built for the boats. By that time I had had metal working courses at Stuyvesant H. S. — metal turning, forge work, and machine shop, so I was able to function as a machine operator on lathes, milling machines, shapers, universal grinders, drill presses, etc. As the strike continued I worked on in the machine shop, gaining more and new experience, and working in indoor comfort, all without loss of pay.

A few weeks later, the strike was settled and the boat builders returned to their jobs. I continued to work happily in the machine shop. One day, Mr. Hansen, the Boatyard Superintendent, came in to visit the Machine Shop Superintendent, and then both approached me. Mr. Hansen said he would like to have me back with the boat builders. The Superintendent of Machine Shop said he was satisfied with my work in his shop and I could stay on there if I wished. Therefore, I, thinking partly of the newer experiences in the Machine Shop, and of the greater comfort of his indoor job, said I guessed I would stay on in the Machine Shop.

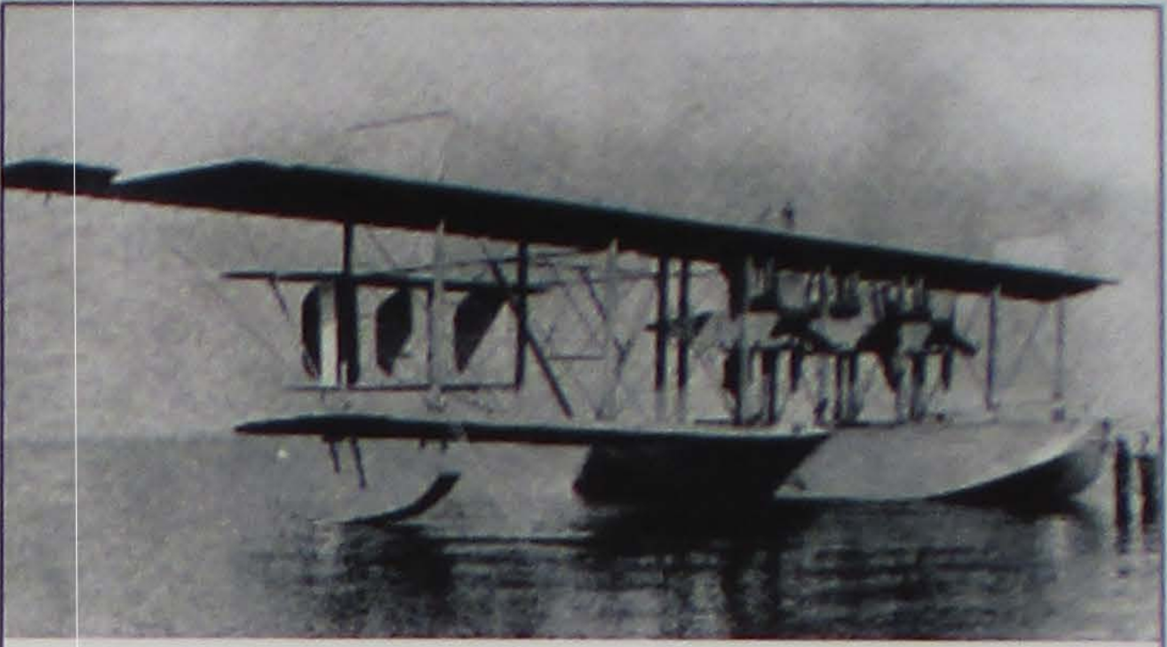
There was one problem, the Machine Shop Superintendent said. When I had been transferred from the boat shop I was retained at the same wage scale, $18 a week. That happened to be the rate paid the Machine Shop Foreman, so my wages would have to be adjusted to $15 a week. Well, I decided I had much yet to learn as a boat builder, so I would return to the Boat Shop.

Flying Boats

Later, the 75 sub chaser contract was completed and work slackened at the Nicholsen Shipyard, but at the same time the second and larger Morris Heights Shipyard, the Charles L Seabury Shipbuilding Company — later the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation — received a contract to build flying boats for the U.S. Navy, 75 in all as I remember.

This shipyard itself was quite famous. It not only built many of the finest private yachts and special boats, but everything that went into the yachts — hull, engines, boilers, smoke stacks, ventilators, galley sinks and all fittings — were manufactured in the same plant. Speed boats, gasoline yachts, steam yachts, sailing yachts, motor boats, house boats, scout and patrol cruisers, submarine salvage vessels were included. Costs ran from a few thousand to several million dollars for a single vessel.

Therefore, I became an employee of the larger shipyard — under much the same arrangements as at the Nicholsen yard, and was assigned to a boatbuilding job on the hulls of the flying boats. In fact, it turned out that the flying boats I helped to build were to become famous in aviation history.



The NC-1. The hulls of the NC series were built at the Charles L. Seabury Shipbuilding Co.

The U.S. Navy and Curtiss Aviation Company cooperated in the design and construction of these planes, hence their NC series designation. The complete boats were assembled on Long Island. Although this plane was designed to fly the Atlantic to Europe for use there in World War I, and some were flying in the fall of 1918, none were flown to Europe before the armistice. The NCs proved their worthiness in a test demonstration in which they surpassed all records for carrying capacity, carrying 51 men in one flight. Four of the big flying boats were selected to fly the Atlantic in the spring of 1919, and made history when the NC 4, now in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, made a successful cross-Atlantic flight, arriving in Lisbon, Portugal on May 27, 1919.

World War I Impacts

World War I almost exactly paralleled my high school years from January 1915 to January 1919. It had a direct impact on me and my activities. It whetted my interest in science and technology, led me to join the high school Bunsen Chemical Society and the Stuyvesant Technical Society. The latter studied science and engineering applications in Industry, and I became president of that club, and an active visitor and student observer in industries that were open to such visits.

Military Lure

There was a more direct military influence. It took the form of joining the high school rifle team and shooting in the interscholastic matches. In addition and together with some 250 other boys, I joined and became an active participant in a Junior Reserve Officers Training Corps, the Stuyvesant Training Corps. It held regular, uniformed weekly or twice weekly drills at the 71st Regiment Armory at 34th Street and Park Avenue. For many in their senior year, the STC became a stepping-stone into enlistment in the Army of the U.S. for World War I service. Even today, an annual reunion of the STC is held in the new 71st Regiment Armory. These reunions are now called *The Last Man's Club* and are attended by 50 or more. About 100 of the original group are still identified on its roster after 60 years. Some STC members who entered the Army did not survive the war. Eighteen was the critical age for enlistment, and/or for draft registration. I did not reach that age until May 1919, six months after the end of the war. But there were three other interim episodes for me. The first was a miscalculation on my part concerning my age, in which I shifted my birth date to 1900, thereby enabling me to register for the draft in May of 1918. Soon thereafter, however the tide of war turned against the Axis Powers and the end appeared near, as it finally materialized on November 11, 1918. Nevertheless, upon registration the draft forecast pointed to about December 1, 1918, as a possible induction date for me in a machine gun battalion. However, the war ended shortly before that happened.

A second episode included my high school graduation in January 1919. I achieved some modest scholastic success in high school and was elected to the Arista, the New York City's name for the National Scholastic Honor Society. To all intents and purposes, my academic career had now reached its terminal point. Now I was to enter upon the full-time work-a-day world. But more of that later. The third episode straddled the first and second. Anticipating entry into an active part in World War I, I joined a New York State unit of the National Guard, Company A, 1st Battalion, Signal Corps, which also had its headquarters and drills in the 71st Regiment Armory. One component of this outfit had already been inducted into Federal Service. The remaining component was never mustered for the war effort. But this service gave me a little insight into military life. One effect was my realization that the facilities and the fellowship of a military organization were a valued personal experience and benefit. In fact, such locally centered groups, with their armories and company rooms, provided a sort of poor-man's club — a counterpart to the fabled, exclusive, and male-centered clubs of the rich with their comfort, relaxation, recreation, reading, and refreshment facilities.

Years later I was to realize more fully the advantages of identification with a large, well organized, pervasive, and extensive military organization. Moreover, to a substantial degree the same set of advantages were to accrue to connection with an extensive civilian organization, be it of a business, professional, university, or governmental type.

Other Job Experience

I also had some previous work experience--short-term jobs during school vacations:

1. **Church Janitor**: One such part time job, which spread over a year or two during high school years, was that of janitor at the Morris Heights Methodist Church. It included the usual cleaning chores, and in addition firing the furnace in cold weather, ringing the church bell to call parishioners to services and hand pumping the church organ during choir rehearsals and church services. For these duties, I received about two dollars a week.
2. **Book Jockey in a Library:** Another part time job, principally on Saturdays during my first year in high school, was in the Morrisania Branch of a New York Public Library. It consisted principally of reshelving books, returned by borrowers, and other chores such as helping with rebinding worn books. However, the procurement of this job was an early lesson to me, and a disillusioning one, concerning political maneuvering and favoritism. In the first place, my mother and the Branch librarian were members of the Bronx Woman's Club. My mother learned that the Librarian had a vacancy for a boy to help at the Library, and arranged for me to apply to the librarian in person. I did so, appeared acceptable, but was told by the librarian that I would first have to enroll in the local YMCA employment service. When I contacted the Y official, I was told there would be a five-dollar enrollment fee. When I arranged to pay the fee, I was told the job was mine. I observed that the librarian and the Y official had the same last name, which was not too much of a coincidence since they were man and wife. Anyway, the two dollars a week wage I earned on this job was most welcome. However, I learned well from this experience how the success of some business transactions are arranged and I resolved that in the future I would not willingly be a partner in any such business deal, either as a manipulator or beneficiary.
3. **High Speed Auto Repair:** One earlier summer vacation job in 1915 provided me with my first industrial type mechanical work experience. I obtained that job in a large Ford automobile repair establishment. The business occupied all five floors of a separate building. It was doing a thriving business in that hey-day of the Model T Ford, and like the Ford factory itself, the repair shop was organized on a mass production basis. For example, I was assigned to one of the three-man crews whose duties

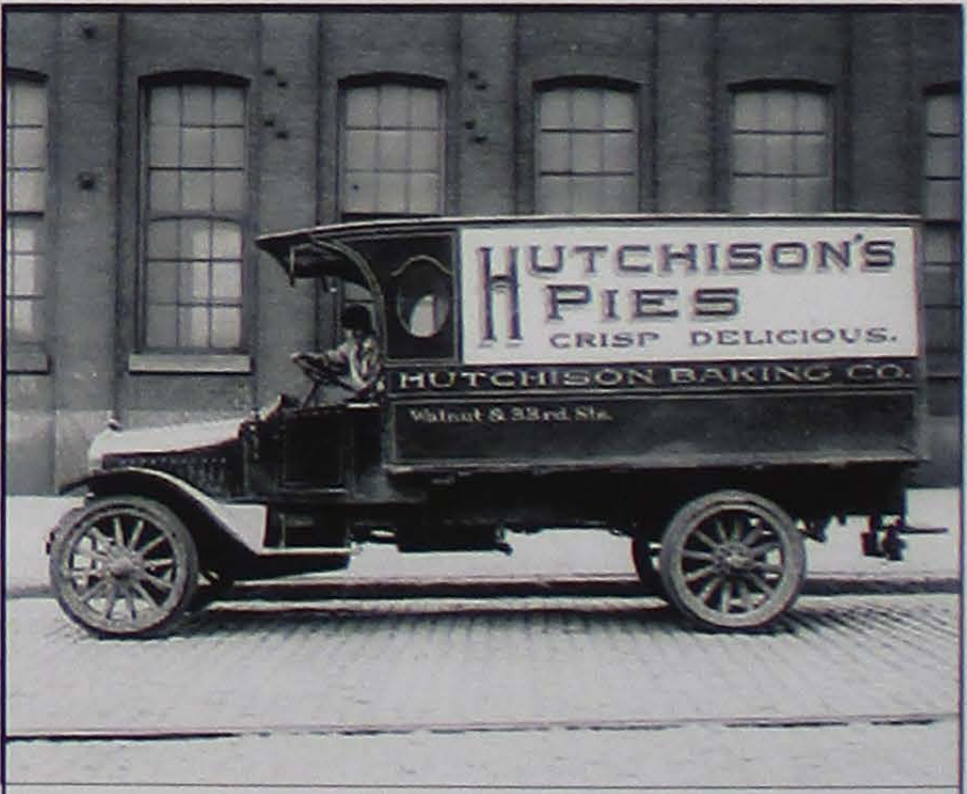
consisted of "stripping down" and removing the engine block. The car was rolled off the elevator on the fifth floor and into a bay where the three-man crew would complete the disassembly and hoist out the engine block, all in 20 minutes, a continuing process with car after car arriving at each bay every 20 minutes, throughout the workday. Speed wrenches were used but these were all muscle powered. Electric and air-driven speed wrenches were to be developed in later years. The purpose of removal of the engine blocks was to feed blocks into the next mass production shop job: reboring the cylinders for oversize pistons (at a charge of $1.88 per block) and of rebabbiting the 3 main bearings (Also at $1.88 per block). My job also involved running to the tool room down three flights of stairs, and up again, about once for each car or about 3 times an hour, to get what was needed for each car. Each trip was allowed only a few minutes. The job was strenuous, high paced and challenging to keep up with the schedule. It also was instructive to me. During the following vacation periods, I was employed in the shipyards.

4. **Seed Store Clerk:** When I graduated from high school in January 1919, the post-war slump had set in and jobs were scarce. The shipyards had no current work. I found a job near the foot of New York City's famous 'Woolworth Building, way down near the tip of Manhattan. It was as a clerk at $12 a week in a seed and garden supply store, the Stumpf and Walter Company, one of the leading stores of its type. I was involved in almost all activities, from filling seed packets, addressing and mailing catalogs, waiting on customers. One lasting memory was a simple skill taught me by old Mr. Stumpf himself, a kindly man. That skill was how to tie up a package. One time when I was at work in the basement, unloading supplies delivered by the elevator set in the sidewalk, there was a street accident. A large, heavy horse-drawn wagon — it may have been a brewery beer wagon, ran over the legs of a man in the street. The accident victim was carried into the basement work area to await arrival of the doctor and ambulance. The other store employees attempted to console the victim by telling him how fortunate he was because now he would be taken care of for life by the rich brewery operator. That was the only Social Security system that existed for laboring man in those days. Soon thereafter work opened up at the shipyard and once again I found employment there, in my own home neighborhood, rather than way down town.

Horse Power and Man Power

Long Distance Transportation: The iron horse and steam power on railroads, and the steamboat on the rivers, long before had replaced the long distance movement of passengers and farm produce by heavy horse-drawn wagons. Between cities the fast interurban electric trolley cars now had their day. Within cities electric trolley cars, subways and elevated railroads had replaced the earlier horse-drawn surface streetcars and coal-fired elevated railroad locomotives. The principal canals still moved large quantities of grain and lumber and many of their barges were still moved by horses or mules pulling them from two paths.

Local Transportation and Delivery Services: By 1920 most of the railroads entering New York City were electrified for a distance of 20 or more miles from the central terminals. However, within the city motor trucks were just beginning to replace horse-drawn freight and delivery wagons. Even in the narrow, congested streets in lower Manhattan, the large, heavy two, three, or four horse wagons were used for much of the drayage and deliveries. For example, milk, ice, and vegetables were still delivered by horse-drawn vehicles serving householders on regular routes. Even coal oil (kerosene) was delivered in tall 1 or 2 gallon metal cans throughout the cities. For local deliveries in the lower Manhattan business streets and the houses in residential areas, electric (storage battery operated) motor trucks were used by some companies. A few commodities, such as coal for heating purposes, were being delivered by heavy-duty motor trucks. For example, the Burns Coal Company of Morris Heights, N.Y. was using huge Mack motor trucks, each carrying a load of up to ten tons of anthracite. These trucks had solid rubber tires, steel spoke wheels, and heavy chain drives visible at each side just forward of the rear wheels. In structure, size,

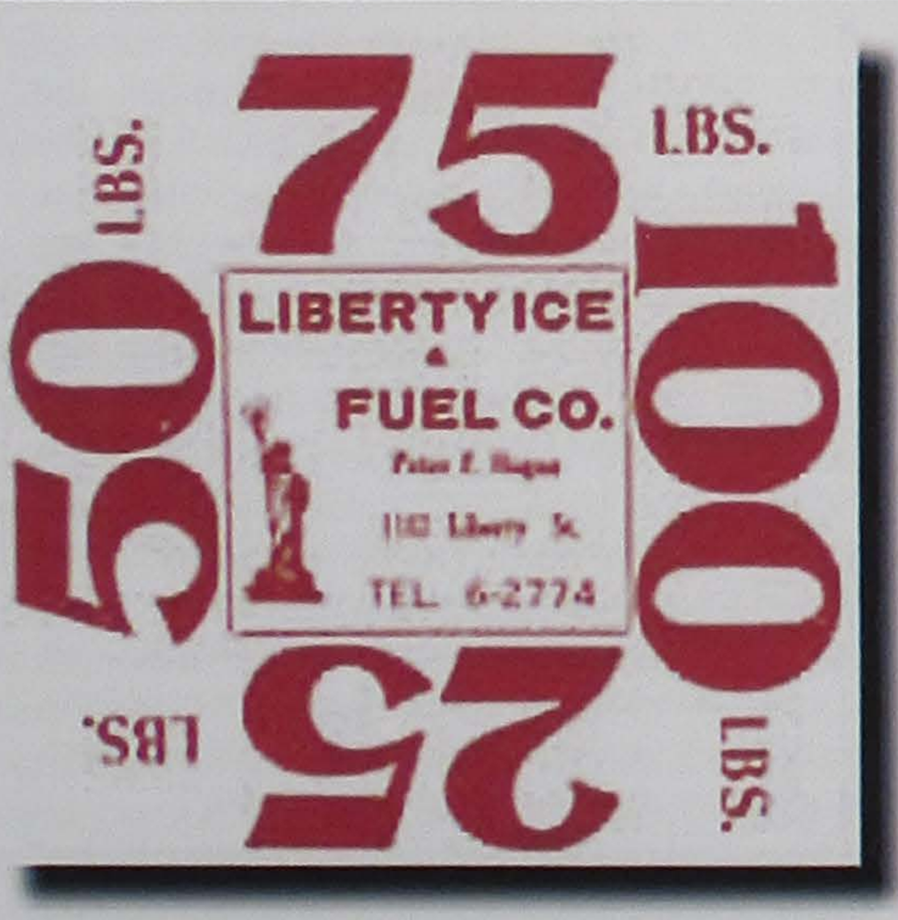


A 1920 Mack delivery truck

ruggedness and weight these coal trucks were much like the military trucks that were appearing at these times. Moreover, what an appropriate name for coal company: Burns. All of these aforementioned delivery means and some others served my home at 1866 Cedar Avenue.

Rag pickers bought old clothes, bottles, and similar discards that had some minimum value, and as such were not disposed of in the regular trash pick-ups. Small, independent, one-man and one-horse wagons were the general pattern for vegetable peddlers and Rag pickers. Milk routes, ice, oil and some coal deliveries were operated by larger companies, but the deliverymen were usually assigned to fixed, regular routes. In fact, the milk and ice-route horses soon knew their routes so well that they would move and stop at regular delivery stops without the driver in place. Often only a called command was enough for the horse to start and stop at each delivery.

Because of the summer heat in city streets, these individual delivery-cart horses generally were supplied with straw hats through which their ears protruded. The ice-wagons supplied householders with cakes of ice for their iceboxes. The householder would display a printed card in a front window. Each edge of the card had a printed figure 25, 50, 75, 100, and the upper figure displayed signaled the iceman to bring that size cake of ice. He would trim the blocks from the larger cakes from the icehouse. As he carried the ice in his tongs to the houses, the ice-wagon remained unattended in the street. That was when the youngsters of the neighborhood would pick up the ice chips from the open back of the wagon. These chips were refreezing suckers, cool and wet, which delighted the youngsters. One could assume these ice-chips and free access were the forerunner of the ice cream peddler, and the "Good Humor" route man of more recent years.



The "ice card" was placed in the window to signal the deliveryman about your ice needs.

Fire Eaters: One other exciting sight of those years was the horse-drawn fire engine. Fire stations were manned by firemen, horses, and dogs. When an alarm came in, all would spring into action. The horses were trained to rush from their stalls to their proper place in front of their accustomed piece of equipment and under the racks which held their harnesses to lower on the horses. The firemen would don their fire clothes, slide down the brass poles from their barracks rooms above, and the dog, usually a spotted black and white Dalmatian, would leap to the driver's seat, all in readiness for the equipment to burst out of the station with the fire engine's bell clanging. The pumper engine had a vertical steam boiler that had to be fired for each trip, and the pre-set wood and coal in the firebox was ignited at the first signal received. So when that engine emerged from the firehouse, the three horses at a gallop and snorting with anticipation, excitement and responsibility, the boiler smokestack was already belching smoke and sparks. It was a sight avidly watched by all in the area, better than any parade. Horse drawn fire engines yielded slowly to motor-powered fire trucks in the late 20s.

The Smallest Entrepreneur: In the early and mid-20s there was one other bottom rung entrepreneur who survived and made an adequate living by peddling or buying goods along the streets. He was the pushcart merchant. Some of these were scissor and knife sharpeners, umbrella repairman, tinkers (who repaired cook pans, and even the organ grinder with his hand-cranked organ and red-capped and jacketed monkey on a chain, who would solicit coins in his cap and deliver them to his master.

A variation of the above small merchants was the "coal and ice man" who had a place of business, usually in a basement entered from the street. He sold and delivered if desired, sacks of coal by the bushel, and blocks of ice as requested by his customers.

All these individual merchants represented job opportunities for recent immigrants with little or no capital, low overhead, and a chance to get ahead. Newspapers also were peddled on street corners in much the same way.

CHAPTER 6

Looking Ahead

After high school graduation, I began to consider seriously my future vocation. Economic conditions precluded college so I regarded employment as my immediate objective, and through such employment to grow into a life vocation. I had had some work experience in industry and knew I could fit into any of a variety of mechanical crafts such as the construction trades, machinist, or industrial production. My interest and limited exposure in school courses also pointed toward engineering in some form, or in the professional field of chemistry. Metallurgical engineering had a special appeal. However, those careers seemed out of reach educationally.

On the negative side, I knew I was inadequately suited to a number of occupations, particularly salesmanship. Having been much of a loner through my childhood and youth, I did not have charisma or the outgoing personality and social responsiveness of the confirmed extrovert. Yet my Boy Scout and church activities indicated that I was sensitive to human values and interests in other people, even though I did not feel as comfortable in such situations as I did working with things and ideas in the fields of science. My social interests would be more nearly served by doing things for people rather than through people. My brief experience in jobs that involved contacts with people, and serving their needs, such as my lunchroom employment in high school, and some brief store clerking experience after high school graduation, seemed to support my view that I performed better in serving people's needs than in working with them in a social context.

A Flirt with Industry

One incident indicates my inclination toward industry, and the idea of working up within an industry. My brief job experience in the mass production Ford automobile repair shop gave me an idea, long shot that it was. I wrote a one-paragraph letter to Mr. Henry Ford in Detroit. In that letter, I asked if there would be a place with a future for a young man recently graduated from a technical high school who had had some work experience in mechanical trades and who had shown some aptitude in science subjects in school. In a reasonably short time, I received a reply from some official in the Ford Motor Company saying they would be interested in exploring such possibilities with me. In the interval, I had once again obtained employment in the shipyard and that connection seemed to meet my needs at that time. So I did not follow through with the Ford Company.

Social Experiences Limited

This transitional period in my life from high school and youth activities into the full time work-a-day world also included some other types of activities and experiences. Among these were some of a more social and recreational type. Scouting was one. Church was another. Neighborhood life was still another. All these tied together in one way or another.

A small local Methodist church in Morris Heights was a focal point. Here I advanced in leadership in the sponsored Boy Scout Troop, was active in the Sunday school and young people's program that also provided much of the social life of the neighborhood. I, having been an only child, having attended an all-boys high school, being involved in all-male hobby groups and belonging to all male military organizations (STC, ROTC, State Guard) and all male work force (ship yards), my contact with the fair sex came principally through the neighborhood church and church-related activities. Those associations were wholesome, rewarding and filled what was an otherwise serious gap in my development. However, I was to feel a personal lack in the social graces, a feeling that I never fully overcame.

Some Lasting Impressions

I started early in life to observe the influence of alcoholic beverages. As a young boy spending the summers with Aunt Blanche and Uncle Carl Pfeiffer in White Plains, N.Y. there were many occasions when Uncle Carl, who worked as a bookkeeper in New York City, would arrive home tipsy and incoherently drunk, a condition with nothing but abhorrence to me. At home, I remember wine being served at dinner on festive occasions, and a wine decanter occupied a place on the buffet in the dining room. I recall that my mother never took any wine, nor did most of the women of the household, but the male members did, apparently a single glass on those special occasions. Old Port, the sculptor, was always ready for his wine glass to be refilled. Beer and whiskey did not seem to appear.

The principal object lesson I took seriously was of my Uncle Ralph, my father's youngest brother, and a talented musician, piano and vocal. Ralph was an alcoholic with the bulbous red nose, the guttural loose cough, and heavy set. His alcoholism destroyed his career, his marriage and apparently hastened the death of his wife and only son at age 10.

These memories were reinforced by observation in the neighborhood, which had its quota of other alcoholics, often drunk on arrival at their homes. In Morris Heights, a half block from my Cedar Avenue home, was Murphy's Saloon on the corner of Cedar and Tremont Avenue. It was strategically located to intercept the shipyard workers, and the railroad passengers returning from work downtown in the city. Routine stopovers at Murphy's were made by a large number of working men, and on paydays, the crowd was larger, often noisy, and sometimes belligerent. Many emerged tipsy, some fully drunk, and all with less take-home money from their pay in their pockets. All these experiences formed my conviction that alcoholism was a matter of one's own choice. No one ever had to start drinking. Even social situations and peer pressure could be resisted. Moreover, no one ever became an alcoholic if he never started to drink. Moreover, I wanted no part in supporting a liquor industry. For these reasons, I adhered to total abstinence throughout my lifetime. However, the industry prospered without my support.

A Longer View

While work in the shipyard was interesting and provided a reasonable wage, and held some advancement opportunity, I began to take a longer look ahead. Layoffs, unemployment in periods of depression, limited opportunity for exercise of personal interests, such as in science, and a vague longing for a greater share in shaping my own place in life, helped me to realize I wanted broader horizons. Continued education seemed to be desirable as a means of achieving a more satisfying life.

At first I considered going to night school and studying engineering at Columbia University or at New York University. However, that road seemed too long and slow. I was also impressed by the advantages of being independent of the booms and busts of the business world. Self-sufficiency had a strong appeal to me at that stage, and this in turn led me to consider farming as a safeguard against economic adversity. It also offered a chance to make use of my interest in science and a range of craftsman skills and of working with machinery. Not to be overlooked was my earlier modest contacts with farmers and rural living and the special satisfactions those experiences afforded.

An Assessment of Interests and Talents

Without quite realizing the process at the time, I was becoming more acutely aware of my own interests and goals, and how I would fit into the whole economic system by earning a living and fitting into the world of that period. It was now clear that my earlier interest in science convinced me that whatever one attempted his chance of success would increase if the effort were in tune with the laws of nature, those immutable principles on which all life and activities function. The threat of uncertain employment, then rampant, in business and industry was another consideration.

Career Fields Considered

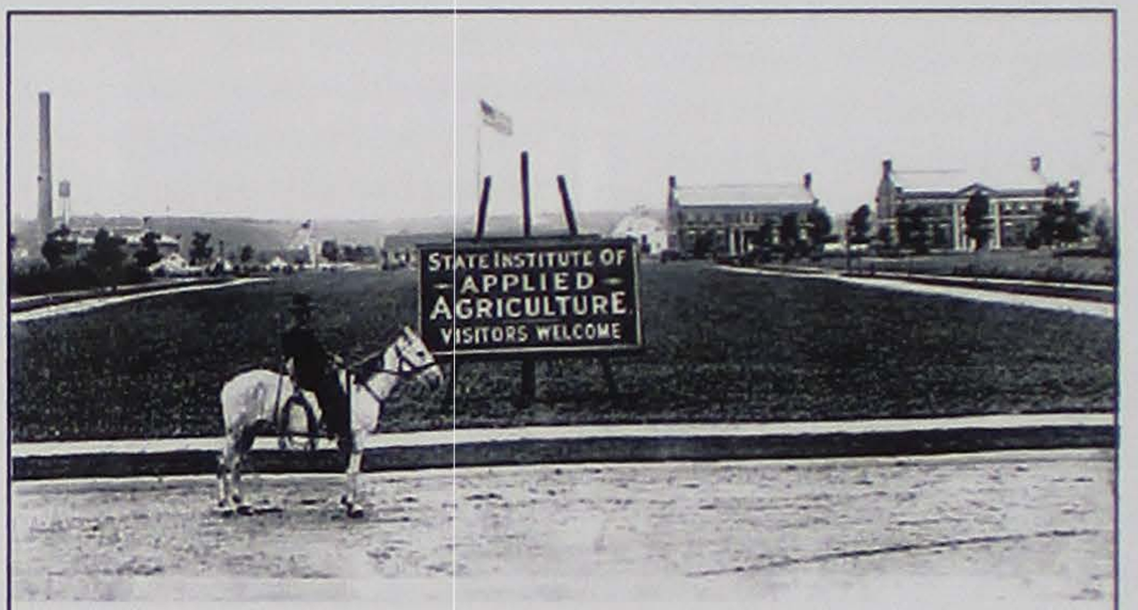
Such career fields as medicine, food production, and processing came to mind because they are based on nature's laws and are almost immune to unemployment. I was fully aware that in periods of deep economic depressions and business stagnation the only really self-sufficient individual or family is the small farmer. I also realized I had some mechanical and handcraft skills which would be an asset in farming, or as an alternative form of employment. The study of the science of agriculture, therefore, would open two career approaches, either working the soil, or engaged in one of the many related technical or business fields supporting agriculture. By that reasoning, my course of action seemed quite clear. How could a city boy of limited means make such a complete switch? There was no family farm or even a fringe area acreage to which I and my parents could retreat in a severe depression. My father and Uncle Fred had had some similar thoughts when they had bought small acreages of undeveloped scrub pine, sandy soil land in southern New Jersey near Egg Harbor and May's Landing some years before. My father bought 15 acres, Fred 5 acres, sight unseen, as I remember from family conversations. However, within a few years both abandoned their dreams of small farms, either through inability to meet recurring payments, or by cashing in their ownership titles at modest sale prices. The prospect of needed financial assistance or support for my parents in future years, also weighed on me as a personal responsibility, especially since I was my parents only child.

CHAPTER 7

A Transition Period Away To School

When I began to explore possibilities for additional education, I received the chance to enroll in a recently established newer type of continuing education institution, the New York State Institute of Applied Agriculture. This school offered a three-year post high school course (now a degree granting institution and a part of the University of the State of New York.) at Farmingdale on Long Island, 45 miles from New York City. Here, Dean Roberts had offered me jobs that would pay for my room, board, and tuition.

Farmingdale



Farmingdale, circa 1919

With these arrangements and encouragement from his parents, I left home to take up my new adventure in June of 1919. Farmingdale, as the school will be called from this point on, had only been in operation a year or two before I arrived on its campus. I was put up in a dormitory and enrolled in the regular classes of the summer quarter. The school operated year around. It also provided practical farm and animal husbandry experience as a regular part of the instruction, anticipating that it would draw a significant part of its students from non-farming suburban or city backgrounds.

Each student was always assigned to one or another barn or laboratory or production unit, each for a full month at a time and in rotation around the year. The assignments included dairy barn, milk-processing plant, horse barn, hog barn with a butchering and meat cutting plant, poultry hatchery and egg marketing unit, farm machinery and equipment maintenance and repair shop. Then there were field assignments working on the truck farm, field crops culture, greenhouse, horticulture lab, and orchard work. Once the cycle was completed, it would be repeated with progressively greater responsibilities, such as managing the milk production and cow testing work in the cow barn.

Course offerings were typical of agricultural schools and colleges with subjects such as: Botany, Chemistry, Farm Equipment and Machinery, Field Crops, Soils, Animal Husbandry, Feeds and Feeding, Poultry Husbandry, Horticulture, Pomology, Vegetable Production, etc.

Each of the practical experience units was under the direct supervision of an experienced, qualified, and practical minded herdsman or supervisor. Invariably these supervisors liked students and enjoyed seeing them develop their skills. The supervisor was present in the barn at all morning and evening chore periods and throughout the day. In turn, each agriculture department head was responsible for and the general director of the practical work related to his field. Among them were knowledgeable professors who liked teaching. I remember with much respect and affection: Professor Button in Farm Crops, Professor Dodge in Animal Husbandry, Professor Stone in Farm Machinery, and others whose names have faded but whose instruction was valued in Fruit Growing, Poultry, Truck Farming, and Vegetable Growing. Dean Roberts, who was a former Rhodes Scholar and others, taught those academic subjects which the curriculum called for.

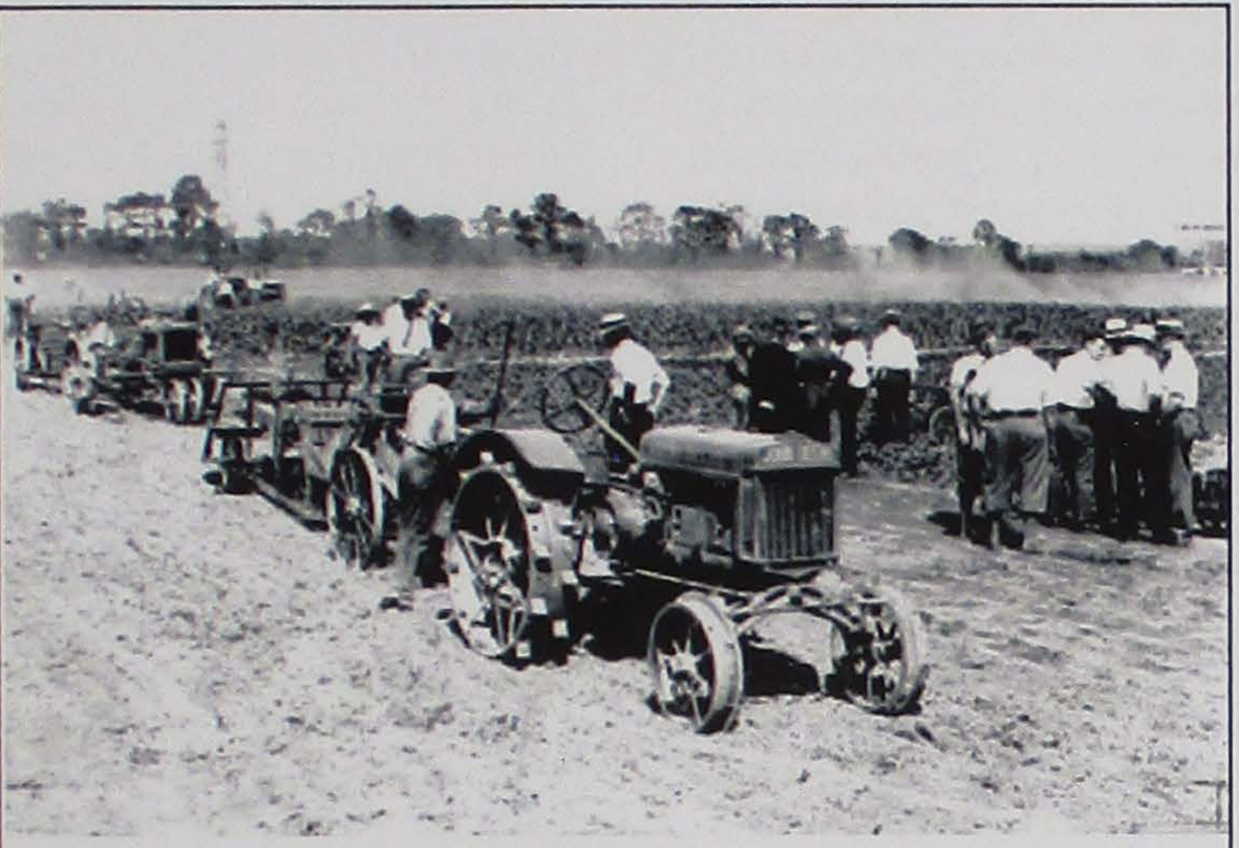
A Taste of Dignity in Rural Life

Some of the finest traditions of country living were represented in the Institute Chapter of the Patrons of Husbandry otherwise known as the National Grange. I became a member, participated in the educational programs, shared in the social activities, and enjoyed the professional attitudes toward agriculture as both a way of life as well as a means of making a living. The meetings were conducted with the decorum and finesse of a social fraternity and with the warmth of personal relations and purposeful dedication of a close-knit family. To thousands of farm communities throughout the United States, the Grange brought the finest of intellectual interests. In fact, I believe the Grange in its early days initiated and established what the Chautauqua program institutionalized in its flourishing period from about 1880 to 1930.

All those experiences at Farmingdale firmed up the attitudes I had acquired from my earlier casual country-living sojourns. These attitudes stemmed from the belief that somehow there was something fundamental in human nature — at least in my make-up which was satisfied and rewarded by close association with that most basic of all civilized pursuits, agriculture.

Firming Decisions, Expanding Goals

I completed a full calendar year in residence and practical work, and in fact, because of certain advanced standing in such technical subjects as chemistry, physics, mathematics, and mechanics studied at Stuyvesant high school, I was able to double up on many technical agricultural subjects. In that 4-quarter sequence, I completed enough course work to get credit for the full first two years of the three-year course. By now, however, I had sampled studies in the supporting natural sciences and in technical agriculture, found them interesting and challenging and firmed his desire to continue in these fields.



A class of students in a farm field at Farmingdale. Note the John Deere tractor in the foreground

However, I arrived at one further decision. That was to work toward a degree in agriculture and as a professional career, rather than head toward dirt farming, or livestock work as a hired hand or wage employee in agricultural production. That decision meant I would have to continue my education at a Land Grant College of Agriculture. Cornell University was one such, and each of the states had its own. However, there was greater appeal in more remote institutions, or at least those in states whose agriculture was a principal enterprise. Two institutions appealed to him: The University of Missouri and Iowa's Agricultural College at Ames. Because Iowa State College or "Ames" was world-renowned as a leading college of agriculture, I decided upon it as my first choice, Missouri second. So now plans were rather firm. I would leave Farmingdale at the end of the Spring Quarter, travel to Iowa in early June 1920, inspect Iowa State College, and explore admission possibilities. If all seemed favorable, I planned to get summer farm employment in Iowa and enter college in the fall.

Ventures at Farmingdale

Before closing the Farmingdale period, some mention should be made of activities other than studies. My work experiences during this period were not very onerous but provided essential self-support. Room and Board were earned by work in the dining hall, a table waiter, assistance in food preparation such as peeling potatoes, store-room management, and some pushing of brooms and mops. By prearrangement I took my carpenter tools to the campus and was called upon for a few hours per week of building maintenance, with part of a dormitory basement set aside as my work shop. Some unofficial business ventures also were indulged with my roommate, Fred Moss.

Haircutting

Fred could do a creditable job of cutting hair, having previously learned and practiced on Fred's younger brother at home. So space in my basement shop was assigned as a barbershop with Fred the barber, and Fred and I sharing the "take." There was demand for such service because the campus was two miles from Farmingdale village, the closest source of haircuts and other services. The barbershop was a grand idea. How were Fred and I to convince anyone that Fred could cut hair without disastrous results? I came up with an idea. One well-known student, Abruzzi by name, was known for his unkempt hair. It was even suspected he had no comb or brush, and he did not seem to care about his appearance. By a judicial offer of one dollar, Abruzzi permitted Fred to cut his hair. The change was astounding, and Abruzzi became a live and walking advertisement for the Fred Moss hair-cutting basement, with a nice little side income to Fred and me.

The Toonerville Trolley and Taxi Service

There had been a little electric streetcar, like the Toonerville Trolley, which could be used to get between campus and town. However, that line was abandoned about the time I arrived at Farmingdale. I remember riding the four-wheel trolley with its seating capacity of 8 or 10 people. The students who seemed to be the chief patrons often would gather on the back of the platform and rock the trolley, like a rocking horse. Somehow, against all odds the trolley usually would stay on the track. The abandonment of the trolley line left transportation between campus and town to walking, bicycles, and taxis. The taxi at 50 cents each way put a heavy bite on students' movie dates in town. The taxi had to be called to the campus from town, making a round trip for a one-way fare. This gave an idea to Fred and me. If only they could get hold of a car that they could keep on the campus, they could offer taxi service for 25 cents a trip, and by scheduling departures and loading the car to capacity, all could benefit. Fred said that his father had an old car in the barn back home (at a Long Island town about 30 miles away). The car had not been run in years but it worked all right when it was retired to the barn several years before, at the time his father bought a new one. Upon investigation, Fred's father said Fred could take it to school for use there, if he could get it to run, license it, etc.

Rebuilding a 1904 Cadillac

So Fred and I journeyed to Fred's home one weekend to check on the condition of the car. It was a 1904 Cadillac touring car with four cylinders. We set to work, stripped down the engine, inspected the pistons, bearings, etc. All seemed in good condition. However, there was a half a bushel basket of parts, mostly ignition, and fancy attachments under the hood. The ignition system was much too complicated for us to figure out. Instead, we decided to equip it with an ignition system of our own design. By using a Model T spark coil, a buzzer as an interrupter (the buzzer came off Fred's back door doorbell circuit) a "hotshot" 6 volt battery, and using the distributor to time the spark, the system worked, and the old Cadillac was operable. Well, this provided the car for the campus taxi, and was a huge but short-lived success. It was profitable. However, it took too much time from studies and other duties so the Cadillac was returned to its nesting place in the barn at Fred's home place.

A Fling at Football

In the fall of 1919, all able bodied and some not so able-bodied boys were urged to try out for the football team. Thus, I became second-string quarterback for one do-or-die season, which proved slightly disastrous — score wise — for the team. Wins and losses were about equal. The worst defeat was suffered at New Brunswick when Rutgers overran the New York Aggies 51-0.

By the end of the football season I had had my fling, and found athletics conflicted with studies and other necessary duties. Therefore, when Coach Wagner urged me to come out for baseball in the spring, with the promise that he could make a good pitcher out of me, I was not seriously tempted.

More Military Training

The N.Y. State Institute had been founded during World War I, and in the pattern of Land Grant Agricultural Colleges required military training as a sort of State ROTC. After the Armistice in November 1918, military training became less of a patriotic duty and more of a distasteful and time-consuming requirement. Therefore, student opposition arose against the military requirement, and by the late spring of 1920 it was dropped. I had been a reluctant participant, having had what I regarded as a full share of military drill, first in my high school training corps, and later in the New York State Guard. I did enjoy, as a sort of recreation, working out artillery problems by trigonometry with the young army artillery lieutenant assigned as an instructor for the military program at the school.

The School Paper

Another extra curricular activity that attracted me was of a journalist type. Partly on my initiative, and partly with faculty encouragement, a previously abortive venture to publish a school magazine was revived and I became editor for The Furrow, which appeared about four times a year with school news, articles and editorials, and supported by advertising from local merchants and some national businesses. The editorial policy was student-centered, which is another way of saying it was either mildly or strongly critical of unpopular practices of the administration.

A Red Cross Assistant

One rather unusual experience in this period in my year at Farmingdale was to be invited to become an assistant to the local Red Cross Director stationed on the campus to serve students, and in particular the returned World War I veterans who were enrolled at the school. This operation was something like the YMCA centers at colleges and the U.S. centers of World War II vintage: a recreation, reading, relaxing center, with some entertainment programs. The Director, Walter H. Bundy, and his wife Elode were gentle, high minded and dedicated persons. They lived off the campus and enjoyed home life. Mr. Bundy was also a religious leader, having served as pastor of churches in various parts of the country including Hawaii and later on Florida at Kissimmee. As assistant, my duties were rather undefined and miscellaneous, from chauffeuring the Director between home and campus, shopping, hauling supplies, to operating the movie projector for the semi-weekly movie shows, and making himself useful at certain late afternoon or evening hours. I remember receiving no cash pay for this service, but I had the fun and use of the "Red Cross Car," a leftover from the war, a model T Ford as a sort of covered delivery wagon with canvas side drop curtains. This service earned me room and board during the spring quarter of 1920. In later years, I was to visit Walter Bundy in Des Moines, Iowa, when he was conducting a series of religious meetings in a Gospel Mission; and again still later in his church in Kissimmee, Florida. Elode had died before the Des Moines visit (about 1938) and Walter had died just before the scheduled Kissimmee visit in 1954.

A Year of Seasoning

My year at Farmingdale, my first full year away from home, did much to build confidence in myself, helped me on the road to maturity, and reinforced some of the ideals and values I had formed earlier. By now, I had observed many incidents in which human frailties were evident. Instead of mitigating the somewhat idealistic set of values I respected, these experiences strengthened my resolve and determination that no matter what others did, I could and would strive to hold fast to my own code of conduct, a code well represented by ideals of the Scout Laws and Oath. Being somewhat of a loner, I was less subject to the social pressures, or even the behavior of my peers when they fell short of my own conscience. Thus, it was easier for me to live by my own set of beliefs and principles.

One decision I made during my 19th year illustrates this development. I had started to smoke in high school. At Farmingdale I decided smoking was an inconvenient, dirty, expensive, and probably unhealthful habit. Moreover, it was unnecessary. So immediately I decided to quit and to never smoke again, a resolve I never violated.

My unformulated resolve to live by my own standards was accompanied by a strong distaste for sham, deceit, tempered truth, pushiness, brashness, insincerity, and shady practices. By these same reactions, or out of timidity and a modest view of my own talents, I was motivated to do my best in what I undertook, but not to strive in a competitive manner or even to seek the number one spot in any group or activity. I was more content to be a good supporter and a cooperator. To this extent, I probably was indifferent to those standards or levels of position and recognition I might have achieved with stronger drives.

Enough of this self-appraisal by me at the end of my first year away at school. The decision had been made to take my leave of Farmingdale, New York, and go to the mid-west, the real breadbasket of the U.S. Therefore, after completion of the spring term at the N.Y. State Institute of Applied Agriculture in late May, I gathered my belongings, bid goodbye to my Farmingdale friends, and returned home to Morris Heights, the Cedar Avenue family home, and prepared for my move to Iowa.

CHAPTER 8

Where the Corn Grows Tall

I arrived at Des Moines in Iowa in early June 1920 and inquired about farm employment. I wanted to visit Iowa State College at Ames and found there were job opportunities around there. I went directly to Iowa State College, looked over the campus, and conferred with some of the admission officials and professors in the Agriculture School. I was favorably impressed and the college seemed receptive to me, so I decided to enter college in the fall with such advanced credits, as the college would approve.

Hired As a Farm Hand

That settled, I next looked into available jobs for farm hands and found one on a general farm operated by Joe B Beck, about three miles from the I.S.C. campus, near Napier, Iowa. It was to pay $80 each month and provide room and board, so I signed up.

It was corn-plowing time. Fieldwork consisted of cultivating the cross-planted corn with a riding sulky plow and a team of horses. Morning and evening chores included care of the horses, bringing in the cows from pasture, milking, and feeding the hogs. The chickens and the garden were attended by Mrs. Beck and the children, two girls Jenella and Charlotte in their sub-teens and three boys, Lester, Joe Junior, and Clyde, ranging from about 15 down to 5 years old. Mrs. Grace Beck was a good cook and set a fine table including an abundance of meat, vegetables and home baked bread, delicious in its aroma and soft, moist, and warm freshness.

The sulky plow allowed the farmer to ride behind his horses, rather than walk, working the plow at the same time.

Homemade butter, jams, jellies, pickles, cole slaw, and plenty of fresh milk supplemented the mashed potatoes and the usual two or three other tasty vegetables. My appetite soon earned a reputation as a robust, enthusiastic, and appreciative eater. Mrs. Peck made delicious tomato jam which was a favorite of mine. She never forgot that enthusiasm and through the many over the later years when I visited the Beck's, there always was a generous portion of tomato preserve and fresh bread set before me.

The Cycle of Farm Work

By early to mid July, the corn was "laid by." That is, it had become waist high and no longer needed to be cultivated. Now there was grain to harvest, oats, barley, rye, and wheat. That meant the grain was cut with a reaper binder that cut a five or 6-foot wide swath, tied the grain stalks into bundles or sheaves, and dropped them behind the binder. Then the sheaves or bundles had to be shocked, that is, stood head ends up in small clusters (shocks) and capped with another bundle or two, fanned out to shed any rain and dew from settling into the shocked bundles. When all the grain was cut and shocked, and dried for a week or two, it was time to thresh the grain.

Threshing Grain

Threshing (called "Thrashing" locally), was conducted as a cooperative project among the farmers of a local area. One would have a threshing rig, consisting of a large thrashing machine and a large tractor, usually at that time a steam tractor, but in some cases an internal combustion tractor. A large belt ran from the tractor pulley to the drive pulley on the thresher, which beat the grain out of the stalk heads in the bundles of grain, chopped up the straw, and with a built in blower belched the cut-up straw out of a long movable pipe or duct about one foot in diameter. The thrashing crew consisted of the tractor operator, the thresher operator, the blower pipe operator, one or two straw stackers, a few grain wagons to haul the threshed grain to storage bins on the farm, or to the nearby grain elevator built next to the railroad track at a nearby village or crossroads trading post. In addition, crews of 8 or 10 drivers, each with a hayrack, were required to haul the bundles of grain from the field and pitch them into the threshing machine. In the field, other men with pitchforks would toss the shocked bundles onto the hayrack frame where the driver would position them to haul a maximum load from field to thresher, without falling off or without the hayrack tipping over on the drive across field and ditches to the barnyard where the thresher was set up. This location resulted in the straw stack being available to the barnyard animals for food and shelter, and to the farmer to bed down his livestock in the barn. All wagons were drawn by teams of horses. In all a threshing crew might consist of from 20 to 30 men. It was the duty of the farmers' wives and their families to prepare and serve the dinner for the threshing crew. It was a time of strenuous, sweat-soaked labor and good neighborliness, large appetites and ample supplies of substantial and tasty food, sort of a community fair.

Putting up Hay

Haying season occurred at various times during the summer and fall depending on the stage of growth and the number of cuttings per season. Clover and timothy was the most common mix. Some farmers also had alfalfa, and some had timothy meadows that yielded hay cuttings.

Hay harvest started with mowing, then by raking with either a dump rake or a side-delivery rake. The latter left the hay in continuous "windrows." If the hay was extra green, or had been rained on then it had to be turned over and aerated, a second raking could be used, or if rain fell before any raking, a tedder was the preferred implement. The tedder was a contraption like many pitchforks, geared to jab into the hay on the ground, lift it, and kick it out backwards. The final operation in the field was to pitch the hay, or lift it onto hay racks (wagons) with a special implement called a hay-loader, pulled behind the hayrack. The hay-loader would pick up the hay from the field and work it up a sort of

First step in putting up hay; bringing it in from the field

sloping ladder arrangement to spill out at top onto the hayrack as it moved through the field. On the hayrack a man with a pitchfork would spread the load evenly on the rack. The hayrack then would be driven either to the site in a field where a haystack would be built, or to the barn for the hay to be stored in the haymow, the upper part of the barn. Near the roof at one end was an open door and a track and pulley arrangement. From that track, a hayfork was suspended and by ropes and pulleys, the fork would be lowered into the load of hay, spearing its load and holding it on the fork with some spring loaded latch arms that kept the hay from falling off the fork.

Now the loaded fork was hoisted to the top of the barn, by a horse attached to the rope. At the track, a latch would lock the load on the track and allow it to be pulled into the barn as far as wanted. An operator in the haymow would pull the loaded fork to a point above .where the hay was to be dropped, and by a yank on a latch rope, the load of hay would be released from the fork. Then the fork would be pulled back along the track to be outside, and the fork lowered for another load. Inside the haymow, the operator would spread the hay evenly and stack it as desired to make it accessible to drop into the livestock area below for feeding as needed during the year.

Harvesting the Corn Crop

Later in the season, the corn crop was harvested. Some of the crop might be cut for ensilage, the whole stalk with or without the ears of corn still attached, would be cut off near the ground and the hauled to the ensilage cutter and blower, driven from the tractor by belt pulley. Here the chopped up stalks and ears would be blown up into the silo for winter-feeding. Inside the silo, one or two men would spread the ensilage around evenly and tramp it down to avoid air pockets.

If the corn was to be harvested for grain, the crop was allowed to ripen fully in the field and in the fall after the leaves and stalks were brown, the ears would be picked off the stalks, either by hand or machine, deposited in a farm grain wagon and hauled to the corn crib or the farm, or to the commercial grain elevator.

Often hogs and cattle would be turned into the cornfields to feed on the corn ears and kernels left in the field. After that the remaining stalks would be raked into piles and burned, or cut up by discing, preparatory for fall plowing of the soil for another crop. At that time, some farmers would sow winter wheat on the corn ground, others would sow oats in the spring and disc it in.

More Eggs from Fewer Hens

Late in the summer of 1920, when farm work slackened a bit, I urged the Beck family to upgrade their poultry flock of some 200 or more hens. In my Poultry Husbandry course at Farmingdale, under professor Brooks, I had been introduced to and instructed in a new technique not yet widely known. It had been developed at Cornell University and at Connecticut Agricultural College as I remember. By research it was found that a strong correlation existed between certain physical characteristics of hens and their egg laying productiveness. These characteristics, with a bit of experience, could be judged by handling the bird, feeling the flexibility and spread of the pelvic bones and the fullness of the abdomen, and a few other signs of the physical health and condition of the hen. The process of inspection or judging was simply referred to as "poultry culling."

I had become quite adept at the process. It was not difficult to convince Joe Beck to put the process to a test. Joe was a good farmer, alert to improved practices, a reader and follower of farm journals, farmer's bulletins, and extension bulletins. I proposed a test of the following kind. First, with the hens penned up in the house for the night, in the morning the family would catch each hen, hand it to me who would decide whether the hen was a good producer and should be kept, and if so the hen would be turned loose in the poultry yard. If the hen were judged a poor producer, it would be handed to one of the children who would shut it up in a second hen house. This separation was to serve two purposes. First, by separating the culls from the good producing hens, and keeping them in separate houses or enclosures for ten days to 2 weeks, the culls could be fattened for market, and, secondly the number of eggs laid by each group could be counted. I indicated that although a third of the hens might be culled, they would lay only a few eggs while the remaining two-thirds should produce about the same number of eggs they were getting from the whole flock before separation. And so it worked out on the Beck farm. The news of this demonstration spread to neighboring farmers and by request I culled their flocks with similar results.

There were two poultry and egg buyers and dealers in Ames, who made a practice of visiting farmers regularly on their routes, and buying from them their surplus eggs and fat hens. The dealer, Mr. Quinn, who bought the produce from the Beck farm heard about this culling process and the astonishing results. Quinn made a deal with me to cull all the flocks on his route, and he would pay me two cents per bird handled.

Culling Hens, A Profitable Sideline

Culling became my full time activity for a few weeks, culling all the flocks, perhaps 300, for this dealer's customers. The average size flock numbered 200 to 400 hens, and I handled one to two thousand birds a day. The dealer made all arrangements in advance, provided transportation, and maintained a fast-moving schedule, visiting six to eight farms per day, buying the culls from each farmer, day after day. It soon became evident to me that the 2 cents per bird agreed price for my services ran into an excessive wage, as much as $40 a day, so I proposed a maximum fee that I have now forgotten, but probably was about $15. The farmers got as many eggs as before from their flocks, sold off the non-layers to the dealer at a good price, and saved feed. The dealer made more profit than ever before. Moreover, I prospered in this modest enterprise. But more importantly, I had the satisfaction of rendering a good service to the farmers of the area.

There was an interesting side light in this little activity. Once the one dealer and I were launched on their culling spree, the second poultry dealer in Ames felt he had to match his competitor's service. Somehow, he arranged to get the Poultry Husbandry Extension Service Specialist at Iowa State College to cull the flocks of the farmers on his route. So for a few weeks there were two poultry culling drives operating in Iowa, and they were both concentrated in Story County around Ames. However, both of the Ames dealers, hauled their culled hens to a Poultry Buyer and Shipper in Boone, Iowa, a man named Bert Villas. He had two live-poultry railroad cars on his siding, and unknown to the Ames dealers at that time, Villas put all the culls from one dealer in one railroad car and those from the other dealer in the other railroad car. It would take about a week to fill each car. Villas reported that he got a full case of eggs (30 dozen) every day from the Extension Specialist-dealer culls, but only about one dozen eggs from the my culls and with both cars equally filled.

Too Much Chicken and Dumplings

Another memory of this activity concerned meals. Whenever the culling process approached the noon hour, Mr. Quinn and I would be invited to join the family for dinner. Moreover, the dinner was usually a special gala spread. And invariably the meat course would be chicken. Chicken, day after day, usually with dumplings and mashed potatoes. By the end of that period of culling I thought I never again would want chicken to eat. In time, however, I overcame this over-exposure and the distaste for the monotony of chicken.

CHAPTER 9

A Start in College

It was now mid-September and time for college to open, and the season for extra farm help had abated. I moved to Ames, found a rooming house just south of the campus at 132 Welch Avenue, a street named after an early president of the college. By teaming up with two other students I arranged for the three to share our two rooms, one a study room on the second floor, and the other sleeping quarters on the third floor, really an attic converted into a semi-finished dormitory type room. This housing arrangement proved very satisfactory and was to be my residence for my entire undergraduate career at Iowa State, or "Ames" as the institution was known worldwide at the time.

Next I went to the Registrar's office to enroll, choose a major field, and negotiate for advanced standing credits. J.R. Sage, the registrar, was cooperative and referred me to Department Heads for advanced credits in their fields, but first I had to choose a curriculum. Among the many offered in Agriculture, I selected one that I regarded as offering the broadest possible combination of basic sciences and the widest spread of Agricultural technology. It happened to be in the Department of Farm Crops and Soils, otherwise known as the professional field of Agronomy. Almost all curriculums in agriculture required the same combination of foundation courses for most of the first two years. It was within those courses that I sought advanced credits for my extra courses in high school, and at Farmingdale. Because Cornell University, the New York State's Land Grant College, the equivalent of Iowa State, did not accept Farmingdale credits as equivalent to its own at that time, neither would Iowa State. It was a matter of protocol between Land Grant Colleges. However, Iowa State had a policy of allowing a student to take an examination covering any subject for which he could show preparation. Without time for preparation, because such exams were offered only at registration time, I chose to take exams for credit in all required mathematics and Physics courses, passed the exams, and received credits. In the case of Chemistry, the department head Prof. Coover, allowed me to take the advanced courses in organic and inorganic chemistry, and would credit me for the prerequisite courses. By that means, I received transfer credit for about one quarter's work at I.S.C. The technical agriculture courses were sufficiently different in content to preclude advanced standing in them. There were other required basic science courses: Botany, Bacteriology, Plant Physiology, and Genetics, which I welcomed.

Copy't. 1909
IOWA STATE COLLEGE.

Ag Hall in 1909, prior to landscaping

Courses and Professors

Iowa was a leading livestock state. It was not unusual therefore that Animal Husbandry was stressed among the Agricultural curriculums. In fact, the Animal Husbandry Department more or less dominated all the other Agricultural departments. At least six courses in Animal Husbandry were required in all purely agricultural curriculums. Exceptions included Forestry, Landscape Architecture, and Horticulture. The fact that the long time Deans of Agriculture were themselves animal Husbandry specialists supported this trend. I took all of these courses but with some misgivings.

Truly the practice of livestock production involved a never-ending cycle of: Weed (Select), Feed, Breed, and Market. However, in my estimation undergraduate courses in Animal Husbandry were top-heavy with judging, i.e. judging beef cattle, dairy cattle, horses, hogs, and sheep. Perhaps 60 percent of the six Animal Husbandry courses were devoted to judging, and the rest consisted of familiarization with some of the historic winners at livestock shows, in the U.S. and in Europe. I remember much ado about the white heifer that traveled in Britain in the 18th Century. However, there was no A.H. course content on animal breeding, of feeding, or of marketing as I experienced these courses in the 1920s. Yet Ames had a worldwide reputation in agriculture and in Animal Husbandry. This reputation was earned, and well deserved, in its graduate program, in its agricultural experiment station, and in its extension service, which carried improved practices to the farmers and breeders of the state. In those fields, there were some professional giants: John Evvard in Animal Feeding, Jay Lush in Animal Breeding. I had no course work at Ames in the sub-departments of Dairy Husbandry and Poultry Husbandry; but had the impression those undergraduate courses probably covered a wider spectrum.

In the Agronomy Department, Farm Crops, and Soils, the course content was more broadly balanced in scope and thorough in coverage, as was the case also with the smaller departments: Genetics, Horticulture, Dairy Industry, and Agricultural Engineering. In Soils, however, I thought too much time and laboratory work was devoted to chemical analyses of soils in undergraduate courses, as though graduates were going to become full-time laboratory soil chemists. Undergraduate instruction in agricultural courses was of varying quality, with a few outstanding teachers such as H.D. Hughes and his colleagues in Farm Crops, J.B. Davidson in Agricultural Engineering.

Some of the supporting departments were strong and I had good instruction in such fields as English and History, In Agricultural Economics and Sociology, I did not draw the more outstanding instructors.

A Career Objective Shapes Up

An important turning point for me occurred in a rather unusual way. One of my self-help jobs was as a janitor, assigned to look after a number of classrooms, laboratories, and professor's offices. I was allowed 2 hours of work time each day at 30 cents an hour, and 4 hours on Saturday. By systematizing the job, I was able to complete the work in about half that time. Among the offices and classrooms included in my janitorial assignment were some in Farm Crops, Agricultural Economics, and Vocational Education. Through these informal contacts, I became personally acquainted with H.D. Hughes, Edwin G. Nourse, later of the Brookings Institution and Chairman of the U.S. President's Council of Economic Advisors, and W.H. Lancelot, respectively heads of the departments of Farm Crops; Agricultural Economics and Vocational Education. Each of these professors took a special interest in me, and I cherished their friendship and respected their outstanding reputations.

Through this friendship Professor Lancelot one day asked me what I planned to do upon graduation. The upshot of this discussion opened up for me a vocational objective that seemed to offer fulfillment of my interests and provide a challenge. Professor Lancelot pointed out that one can practice professional agriculture in a rural community, and be a builder of men (high school boys), render an economic service to the community and exert a strong influence on the people of an area, meeting all these opportunities by becoming a teacher — a teacher of vocational agriculture in a high school serving an expanded agricultural area. This was just the prescription and opportunity I sought. In addition, it followed that I could prepare for such employment without change from my present curriculum. All I would need were certain courses in Psychology and Education that I could take from my allotted electives. So I happily launched upon that course of action, and found joy in the courses that would qualify me for teaching vocational agriculture.

I had entertained some hope of making a career in Agricultural Journalism as the most likely post college employment. Another of my earlier goals was much less realistic, colored perhaps with a large dose of fantasy. It was to be a manager of a farm owned by a business. However, I knew that would be an unlikely field for me, with my limited dirt-farming experience. So now my goal was set, I would be a teacher of vocational agriculture. And so it was to work out, to my eminent satisfaction. Another possible career goal, fraught with limitations, if not completely impossible due to the requirement for substantial capital (money) which of course was in no way within my reach, was to become a grain farmer in the wheat belt.

Now, teaching vocational agriculture was at once a reasonable, attainable, and challenging occupational goal. With his purpose now; more precisely targeted, my preparation took on greater significance and brought deeper satisfactions.

Jobs of a College Student

Let us return to the chronology of my first quarter at Iowa State in the fall of 1920. Facing the mundane task of self-support, I found other jobs than the one as janitor of college offices and classrooms.

Work in *Eating Places*

On the campus at that time in 1920 there was a central cafeteria in Alumni Hall, which housed the YMCA and YWCA Cafeteria. I sought and found a job in the cafeteria, helping as bus boy, counterman, dishwasher, floor mopper, potato peeler, and whatever else needed to be done. By a work schedule of about three hours a day, mostly at meal times, a worker earned enough for his own meals, if frugal in his selection of foods. Among other students employed at the cafeteria, some close friendships developed. One particular friendship was with a Dairy Industry student, Raymond D. Watt of Villisca, Iowa, which was to continue through the years, both in college and afterward.

There were girls dormitories on campus, each with its own dining room, and college boys were employed as waiters and dishwashers. Off campus, there were several *eating clubs* where boys who roomed off campus were offered three meals daily on a regular schedule for a fixed weekly fee.

Some sororities employed boys to wait table in exchange for their board. Of these three types of employment for board, the cafeteria job was most time consuming, followed by waiting on table at girls dormitories and sororities. The boys eating clubs offered the best deal because boys ate more quickly, with less stylish service and hence waiters could report to the house, set tables, serve the food, clear the tables, and eat one's own meal all within 45 minutes. At least a half hour was saved thereby at each mealtime and all in full exchange for one's board. In addition, there was extra pay for extra work, such as peeling potatoes, washing dishes, etc. and the time saved in serving could be filled-in with such extra duties, all within the regular meal and class schedules.

So it was not too long before Raymond Watt and I found employment and eating arrangements at a cooperative eating club, just one block from the west gate to the campus. In this way board and some cash came to Ray and me through this connection through the rest of their college careers. The time schedule was a bit tight, but by running between their rooming house, the eating club and scheduled classes, both Ray and I were able to meet our schedules, and keep in shape physically.

Other Odd Jobs

With room and board provided by the jobs as campus janitor and eating-club "waiter," I was able to fill in spare hours with other jobs. Among these extra jobs was another as winter janitor and furnace attendant at a small apartment building on Welch Avenue, almost across the street from the rooming house. Another was vacation period caretaker at the Pi Phi Sorority on Lynn Avenue, principally during the summer. By arrangement with a local farmer, Billie Miller, with and for whom I had worked on a thrashing crew, poultry culling, and as an extra hand in the late summer, I contracted to pick apples from Billie's orchard, at a modest price per bushel, and then to sell the apples to other students in half-bushel lots at an appropriate profit. Usually I would enlist my rooming-house-mates to make up a picking crew, sell the apples, and split the profits.

I arranged a similar crew operation to prune apple trees in nearby farm orchards. A large orchard was located on Lincoln Highway, just west of the campus, and this provided several weeks work on Saturdays and spare hours during the late winter.

Carpenter Work

I had brought my carpenter tools when I first migrated to Iowa. I was thus prepared to pick up some construction or repair jobs. One such job was to rebuild a redesigned and expanded two-story porch on the rooming house at 132 Welch Ave. The house was old, with no basement and a rather poor foundation. It had started to settle in front. I built a firm foundation, under the new porch, across the whole front of the house, erected 6 x 6 inch columns to the second floor, and bolted the sagging house to the firm support of the new porch.

Another contract job was a garage that my helpers and I built for Professor Thurber of the College English Department.

A Model T Ford is Acquired

Ray and I had rented a Model T Ford touring car for an excursion to the Ledges State Park, about 11 miles west of the campus, via the old gravel-surfaced Lincoln Highway. On the return trip, after dark, and with feeble headlamps (magneto powered) and a deep new layer of freshly spread loose gravel, the driver was blinded by an approaching car. Result, the model T and the three couples in it, all landed in a deep ditch, upside down. The gasoline leaking from the carburetor caught fire and provided both a bit of light and a potential threat. Well, the fire was extinguished by throwing loose gravel on the flames. Then the remaining passengers were

The Ford Model T

pulled to safety. Result: passengers O.K. but there was damage to fenders and the winter top of the Ford. A less expensive solution than restoring the Ford to its former condition was to purchase it, fix it up, and use it for hauling, odd jobs, personal transportation, and what not. The Ford was also rented out to other students for an evening or a half day at a time and a special pick up service was also provided for friends and their dates.

Butter Tycoons

One continuing business venture was initiated and conducted as an informal partnership between Raymond Watt and myself. It was a wholesale butter business. It developed and worked out as follows. Being a Dairy Industry student, Ray was in touch with Professor Iverson of the D.I. Department who also owned a partnership in some creameries. Arrangements were made to ship in 92 score butter from the ROCA Creamery and sell it in 50 lb units to local restaurants, fraternities, sororities, eating clubs and grocery stores. The Ford was used as the delivery vehicle. Butter was shipped in by Railway Express in lots of 500 to 1000 lbs, and deliveries were made on regular schedules. In the winter, storage of the boxes of butter was no problem; there was plenty of space in my unheated third floor dormitory style sleeping quarters. However, the business was a year round enterprise. Summer storage was arranged with the O'Neil Dairy Ice Cream factory in the city of Ames, near the Railroad Depot. A place in the large zero-temperature freezer room at the ONeil Dairy was available at a nominal charge. This butter business brought in a modest extra income during Ray and my student years.

Between a full regular schedule of classes and such money-earning activities, normal progress with studies was made, and expenses were met.

An Extra Activity

Ray had discovered that the First Baptist Church in "downtown" Ames had a Boy Scout Troop, but no leaders. Result: Ray and I volunteered to serve as Scoutmaster and Assistant, and did so through the rest of the college year, meeting one evening a week and occasionally for a weekend activity.

CHAPTER 10

College Is More than Books

Christmas on Campus

When the Christmas vacation recess period arrived in December 1920, there was a great exodus of students. Only a relatively few of the far away, out of state students remained on the campus, and special social events were arranged for them. The remaining girls on the campus were grouped together in Oak Hall, one of the girls' dormitories. There Ray and I met a small group of attractive and personable girls who palled around together. Among them was one from Grand Junction, Colorado, who attracted my special interest. Moreover, that interest was to prove permanent. Now I had an added area of activity. Mary Glassford became a steady interest of mine, and dating was included in my regular schedule. In that process, Mary seemed to reciprocate my interest, and I was soon a rather frequent caller at Oak Hall. At Oak Hall, the House Mother, Euphremia Johnson, not only became acquainted with me, but also developed an especially favorable attitude toward me. That attitude seemed to have been the outgrowth of a minor incident in which I came to the House Mother's assistance by making some simple little repair in an electrical circuit or connection in a lamp cord in Oak Hall parlor when

Mary Glassford, 1920

Mary and Al, 1921

sparks unduly alarmed Miss Johnson. Her gratitude was sincere but quite beyond any reasonable justification. A frequent double or triple dating combination was Ray with Mary or Lillian Lawton, and I with Mary Glassford, and sometimes a third boy would escort the second Lawton girl. All the girls lived at Oak Hall, and the group made a most congenial combination. It was one of these three couple groups that made the rented car excursion to the Ledges State Park south of Boone, Iowa (Mamie Eisenhower's birthplace) early in the fall of 1920. Moreover, that event resulted in the car accident and the ownership of the damaged Ford.

Now my social life found a regular place in my schedule, along with educational and economic activities. Moreover, this pattern continued through that first academic year and beyond until graduation.

Friendships Form and Firm

Raymond Watt

During that first year in college, there were many associations with Raymond Watt, starting at the "Y" Cafeteria, continuing at the Eating Club and janitor work at Curtiss Hall on the Campus, and on double dates. That friendship ripened and continued through the college years and after-ward.

James A. Starrak, Dedicated Humanitarian

Another acquaintanceship developed with a native Canadian student, James A. Starrak of New Brunswick Province. It started like this: Jim and I were fellow students in an Animal Husbandry class. Perhaps because both were irregular students, that is we had missed freshman and advanced courses because of advanced standing credits, and perhaps too, because we did not consider cattle judging the most important and challenging activity life offered, they struck up a friendship on the top and back row of the judging pavilion. Jim must have been at least ten years my senior. He had grown up as a woodsman in the lumber camp area, had acquired enough schooling to teach a one-room, backwoods school in Northeast Canada, saved a little money, decided to go to college, and had chosen Iowa State and Agriculture as his field.

He was a man of significant talents, a great humanitarian, and dedicated to serving man and society. America is richer for his having chosen it as his future home and country. And as it turned out later, both Jim and I were to be professional colleagues teaching in the same department and sharing the same office, thus perpetuating the life-long friendship marked by mutual respect.

Jim was a very popular teacher and left an impact on students that carried through their later years, and as I firmly believe, contributed to the personal dedication of his students to purposeful and constructive goals.

C.Y. Stephens, a Southern Winner

Other lasting friendships were the outgrowth of rooming at 132 Welch Avenue, just off the campus. The Knudsen family rented the house and sub-let rooms to students. Mr. Knudsen was working on his PhD in Animal Nutrition, which he completed three years later and then became president of Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah. Among the other students who roomed at "132" were three boys from Georgia: the brothers Bertram and Paul Hallum and C.Y. Stephens, the latter a dairy industry student like Ray.

"Cy" Stephens was one of eleven children of a poor rural family at Ball Ground, Georgia. His father was a low-paid Baptist preacher and part-time farmer. Cy was a quiet, unassuming, but diligent student. After graduation in the class of 1925, he found his way to Alexandria, Virginia, where he went into the ice cream business, producing ice cream mixes. The business flourished under his acumen, and somewhat later, he expanded it, first by buying into, and then buying out the chain of High's Ice Cream stores in the Washington area. Subsequently he expanded into Baltimore and Richmond, Virginia.

The Saga of C.Y. Stephens and his chain of High's Ice Cream Stores is one of special significance in the metropolitan areas served, and also to Iowa State University. Mr. High, the earlier owner, had developed High's stores into low-cost neighborhood carryout ice cream stores. There must have been forty of them, conveniently located in local residential areas. A few had one or two tables and wire chairs a la the drug-store ice cream parlors of the early years of the century. Only ice cream was sold or served, no "sodas" and all without frills and at low prices. Result: High's merchandized ice cream on a large volume basis.

By the early 40s, the High's chain had expanded to more than a hundred stores in Washington D.C. and. suburbs, and Cy Stephens was recognized as a highly successful businessman, and a nationally prominent entrepreneur in the dairy industry. Raymond Watt, my college roommate and fellow resident of 132 Welch, and like Cy Stephens, Ray was a fellow Dairy Industry graduate. Ray was then manager of the High's Ice Cream Plant in Washington. It was located on Half Street in Southwest Washington, then a deteriorated, near-slum area. Never-the-less the High's operation was one of the largest ice cream manufacturing and distributing enterprises on the East Coast. My second son, Dean, while in high school had a summer job at High's Ice Cream Plant in 1943.

Later the area was razed and new apartments and large government buildings converted the area into an exclusive and expensive residential section characterized by high-rise and high rent apartments. Vice-President H.H. Humphrey lived in this area after this transformation, as did many other high government officials. In this area also, Bobby Baker, the free wheeling secretary to the U.S. Senate and protégé of then Senate Majority Leader, Lyndon Baines Johnson, built a string of studio apartments (rented to dubious characters) in the area, before he fell under charges of questionable financial "arrangements", and resigned his position.

Under Stephen's full ownership and control, High's Dairy Products Corporation expanded further, both in numbers of outlets and in its range of merchandizing. First, the ice cream parlor tables and wire chairs disappeared and the stores became exclusively a "carry-out" type. Second, a larger range of food items were added, with serve-yourself open shelves, like supermarkets. In this respect, the High's stores replaced the fast disappearing "Mom and Pop" neighborhood grocery stores, but confined its stock mostly to prepackaged items. In doing so the High's stores became quick service, convenience food stores, like the 7-11 stores (so named for the hours they were open during the day) with which they competed successfully. Other items were added such as hot coffee "to go," newspapers, some toiletry and drug items. Cy was now a millionaire, and a real life example of the poor boy success stories such as Horatio Alger popularized.

The Stephens Benevolences

Cy had married a college sweetheart, Mary Anne Marsh, bought a large farm and house previously owned by a former U.S. Senator at Laurel, Md. This place was known as Locust Hill. Here Cy and Mary Anne raised two of their own and five adopted children, sent them through college and started them on their individual careers.

"Ames" (College) as old timers called it, now known as Iowa State, had always been a special interest of Alumni Cy and Mary Anne. For many years the Stephens would host an annual picnic for all Iowa-Staters in the Washington area. Some hundred and fifty usually attended, enjoyed the Locust Hill hospitality and a fried chicken lunch, which Cy himself barbequed. There were pony rides for the children, swimming for all who wished, and many other informal activities.

The Iowa State Center

Cy and Mary Anne had wanted to do something substantial for Iowa State University, in appreciation for what it had done to prepare Cy for his business success. As Cy said, "Iowa State (university) gave me what I needed to get through life." The opportunity came when University President Hilton conceived a great Iowa State Center to be financed by voluntary contributions. It was to consist of a cluster of four large service and gathering places, a large auditorium and concert hall; a coliseum for really large indoor events such as commencements, big concerts and athletic contests; a theater, and a Continuing Education building and conference center. They were built in that order, financed entirely by gifts.

To build the auditorium and get the whole project underway, Cy and Mary Anne Stephens in 1962 made a gift to I.S.U. of the whole ownership of High's Dairy Corporation, a gift valued at more than a million dollars. The University sold the High's establishment to the Capitol Milk Producers Association, Inc. And the proceeds built the C.Y. Stephens Auditorium, (completed in 1969) a center which has brought world renowned orchestras, operas and other cultural activities to the campus and to Iowa.

What might have followed from the continued interest and efforts Of C.Y. Stephens was tragically terminated when Cy was killed in an automobile accident on the Chesapeake Bay Bridge in 1963. In 1975, Mary Anne remarried, Theo. Brown. Her new husband was then a widower and had been a former official in the High's Dairy Products Corporation and, with his late wife had been life-long family friends of the Stephens.

The whole Iowa State Center is now a reality. Its four principal components are important functioning parts of the University and are in continuous use. Those components are now: The C.Y. Stephens Auditorium, the Concert Hall seating 2800 people; the Hilton Coliseum, the large athletic field house with accommodations for mass attendance events; and seating 14,000 people; The Scheman Continuing Education Building to accommodate conferences, conventions, short-courses, and other short term educational events primarily for out-of-town visitors and guests in groups up to 600; and the Fisher Theater, a little theater as a more intimate setting for smaller dramatic, musical and lecture events.

To this 20 million dollar center has been added a new 8 million dollar stadium seating 42,000 plus. Moreover, the C.Y. Stephens were the spark plug and original benefactors for this whole development.

Side Lights and Side Lines

Now we turn back again to my first year at Iowa State College. Two years of Military Training (ROTC, Reserve Officers Training Corps) were required at all Land Grant Colleges. World War I had been fought and won, and I had had four years of military training in Stuyvesant High School (Junior ROTC) and a year in the New York State Guard (1st Battalion, Signal Corps). In 1920 there appeared to be no threat that could be foreseen in which the U.S. would have to go to war again, "not ever!" I took a dim view of once again repeating the military training I had already experienced. However, it was required and I became a reluctant student in that department. This was in spite of the fact that the Professor of Military Science, a Major Bowles, became a good friend of mine, and coached the Rifle Team to which I belonged.

There were other basic, required academic courses which I welcomed and enjoyed. Among these were English, under Fred Lorch and Prof. Case, Journalism under Blair Converse and Prof. Beckman (the Senior), and later History under Louis Schmidt.

Odd Jobs

Under the direction of Ray Cunningham, a YMCA organization, housed in Alumni Hall, conducted a student employment service. Householders could phone in for students to do odd jobs. I was enrolled on the employment list. Through such referrals I picked up such odd jobs as washing windows, putting up or taking down storm windows, shoveling snow, mowing grass, hauling out ashes, cleaning basements, helping with Fall or Spring housecleaning. The standard rate of pay was 30 cents an hour. One of the job referrals I received was to help at the Knoll, the on-campus residence of President Pearson. Among the recurring duties I performed there was chauffeuring Mrs. Pearson on shopping trips and for social appointments, driving their old 2-door Oldsmobile sedan.

A Telephone Cooperative

Rooming at 132 Welch had advantages and disadvantages. The Knudsen family with their five children occupied the whole first floor. Nine students lived in the four rooms on the second floor, and some slept in the dormitory-type, unfinished and unheated third floor. The Knudsens had a telephone in their first floor hall. This was rather inconvenient for the "upstairs" roomers who had to be called downstairs to answer calls that were then monitored by some curious and ever present Knudsen children. I recognized that all the roomers, including myself, would appreciate a phone on the second floor, less public and more convenient. So I had a wall telephone installed in my own name and just inside my study room doorway. Unlimited service cost $1.75 a month. At first, I charged five cents for each outgoing call. While all the other students found this telephone useful and gave it adequate patronage, collections on a per-call basis were a bothersome nuisance. So a change was made. Each student agreed to be assessed-25 cents a month. Result: I had my phone free, and all were happy with the arrangement.

Summer Interlude

During the year one of my roommates at 132 Welch left college. Raymond Watt replaced him, and thus Ray became my continuing roommate. When summer arrived, he returned to his hometown, Villisca, Iowa, to work in a creamery. I decided to stay on in Ames and go to summer school. By doing so, I could take some courses to round out my mixed up schedule in my regular curriculum and the added psychology and education courses required to prepare for teaching. Some of my jobs continued through the summer, making it possible for me to meet expenses, while gaining one full quarter of credits.

I Move into a Sorority House

It was during that summer that I took up residence in the Pi Phi Sorority house. Misses Maria Roberts, Dean of the Junior College and Frederica Shattuck, Head of the Public Speaking Department, were overseers for the Pi Phis. Because the house was to be unoccupied by the girls during the summer, they employed me to live in a basement room of the house and serve as caretaker for the summer period. Thus, I had my first and only residence period in a "Greek" house, and a sorority at that.

CHAPTER 11

Ventures Beckon

A Farming Venture

In one of my Soils courses, I was introduced to the Soil Surveys that covered much of the farming areas of the United States. They were published as separate monographs for each county. One of them, for Story County, Iowa, where Iowa State College was located, was studied in some detail! It was noted that the "Wisconsin Drift" area of north-central Iowa (the most recent of the pre-historic glacial advances) contained many small patches of peat and muck soils. Such soils, being almost entirely organic in composition, are particularly responsive to vegetable production. Study of the map showed a seven-acre peat bed on the Joe Beck farm just two miles west of the college campus. This gave me an idea. Consultation with Joe Beck, for whom I worked when I first arrived in Iowa, and who was now a close and valued friend, resulted in a partnership deal. I would operate a truck farm on the 7 acres, furnishing seed, cultivation, all hired labor costs, and tend to marketing the crops. Joe Beck would furnish the land, plow it and prepare the seed bed, and furnish room and board for one full time hired hand to keep it weeded and cultivated. The cash return would be split 50-50. I planned to raise onions from seed on about two or three acres, root crops on much of the remainder, and lesser amounts of cabbage and other vegetables. This called for some money outlay by me for seed and supplies. So I went to the First National Bank of Ames for a loan of $75. Onion seed alone would cost $15 a pound and three pounds would be needed. The banker would make the loan to me if some responsible local person would co-sign the note. Prof. Percy Broan, head of Soils at the College was suggested, and he proved willing to be my co-signer. Seed was ordered and plans made for spring planting. Onions, beets, carrots, turnips, parsnips, and a few other crops were planted, with the help of a young man, a "white" Russian refugee from Bolshevik Russia, recently arrived in the U.S. who was employed as the full time hired hand. All the plantings came up, looked fine, and got off to a good start. Everything was encouraging. In early June, one of the heaviest rainfalls ever recorded in the area flooded about 3 acres of the peat bed. Although the field was tile drained, the accumulated water took about four days to drain off. Result; almost all of the onion planting was drowned out. It was still early enough for a second planting of onions, which was carried out, only to suffer the same fate about six weeks later — a second record rainfall. Never before had two such rainfalls occurred in the same season. At that later date only root crops, particularly turnips, could be planted with assurance of maturing. And that was done.

The labor of the hired hand had to be supplemented by me, and by employing college students on weekends, each paid at 30 cents an hour. At harvest time, there were tons and tons of root crops of all kinds, too much to put on the local market at once. Most were stored in the field in earth and straw mounds called "pits." These pits not only saved the crop but also seemed to enhance its quality while retaining its freshness. By opening one or two pits at a time, the crops were sold on the local market to grocery stores — a few hundred pounds per store each week — and at an acceptable price — about two cents a pound. Through the fall and winter, the people of Ames consumed all the crops I produced, with the exception of the carrots. I had a surplus of several tons of carrots. However, a market was found for them in ton lots. Professor A.B. Caine of the Animal Husbandry Department at the college was in charge of breeding and feeding the prize show horses of the college herd, and he was happy to contract for all of the surplus carrots because he wanted them to feed to his show horses. Carrots put a fine bloom on the horses' coats.

By the end of the crop year, adversity had been met, and a modest income remained to split between Joe Beck and myself. Expenses had been covered but not much more.

Jingle Bells

During the winter, Raymond and I took a few jobs shoveling snow. However, that did not pay too well, and a better idea came to mind. One entrance to the campus opened at Welch Avenue on Lincoln Way. About 100 feet from the corner was a movie theater where many of the college boys took their dates on weekends. By prearrangement with my farmer friend, Joe Beck, I would borrow a horse-drawn bob-sled hay rack with straw and a team of horses (Jim and Nell which I had used to "plow corn") at times when a fresh snowfall would precede a "dating evening". By stationing the outfit at the Welch and Lincoln Way corner to intercept dating couples on their way to the movies, it was no trick at all to fill the rack with 10 to 12 couples at a dollar a head, for a 2-hour sleigh ride. It was a neat and pleasant way to spend an evening, with sleigh bells jingling, and riders furnished guitar music and singing. It was also a good way to clear $20 or more for the evening while providing entertainment for our own dates. However, this "easy pickings" enterprise soon attracted competition from other farmers in the area who were not too busy during the winter and who could use some extra bucks. Result: competition forced the price down to a dollar and a half for a couple, or less, and one could not count on getting a full load. Therefore, Raymond and I retired from this business and left it to their several new competitors.

Several of such enterprises were facilitated by the cooperative ownership of the Model T Ford touring car, reconditioned from the Lincoln Way Ledges excursion accident. At first ownership was split equally among the three students who arranged the excursion. When one of them left school, Raymond and I bought out his share. When Raymond graduated in June 1922, I bought his share, thus becoming sole owner.

A National Business — Almost

Another enterprise, which Raymond and I initiated, was more pretentious than some of the others. This business was to be built around the concept of furnishing desk and table blotters- to all of the 6000 Iowa State students; and with that accomplished it was their intent to franchise the system at other colleges and universities throughout the country. The blotters were to be imprinted with essential dates and events as well as a calendar and other useful information for students, surrounded by a border in which advertisements would be sold to merchants. A new issue was to be printed each year. About half of the advertising was to be local, the rest "national," to go with the other college franchises. Official blessing or at least sanction was arranged with Iowa State College President, Raymond A. Pearson, stationary was printed by Raymond Watt's brother Everett who operated a print shop, and the Collegiate Advertising Association was ready for business. It was planned to distribute the blotters free — At least at first. Paid advertising was to cover all costs and save a respectable profit for the entrepreneurs, Raymond and me. Assuming students would place the blotter on their study tables, where the ads would be under constant exposure, it was reasoned that advertisers would benefit substantially at a very modest cost. Some local merchants promised ads. That was encouraging. Correspondence was initiated with possible national advertisers. I composed and dictated that correspondence and Mary Glassford served as secretary and typist. Dictation sessions were conducted in convenient college classrooms in late afternoons. Replies were encouraging, but a snag developed. National corporations had never heard of the Collegiate Advertising Association, and inquiries made through their business and financial contacts reported that they did not know of CAA either. One corporation wrote asking about the CAA's Dunn and Bradstreet rating. Raymond and I had never even heard of Dunn and Bradstreet at that time. How could two college students without resources or business stature, and operating on a shoestring, respond and do business in the big league? That question called for some soul searching and a general appraisal of prospects. It was now clear that the earliest possible issue of the blotters would be in the fall of the next year, a year in which Raymond was to graduate in June, and I by Christmas. Therefore, Raymond and I decided to "retire" the desk blotter idea, and the Collegiate Advertising Association, and so chalk up the venture to experience.

This business venture revealed a rather significant aspect of my interests and talents. The world of business, large scale profit making enterprises, and the goal of wealth held little appeal to me. It also demonstrated that my family and my own background did not include much direct exposure and involvement in these types of activities and perhaps consequently did not develop the knowledge and skills needed to succeed in business undertakings. Yes, it is possible that I could have acquired such knowledge and experience had I wished so do so. Instead, and conversely, I was more motivated along the lines of service to others and even the more altruistic purpose of useful service to society.

In a sense, then, the CAA fiasco may have represented a turning point, or as least a change of direction in my life. From that point on I was challenged more by social than by economic goals. This shift did not mean I was indifferent to the responsibility of earning a living. I never neglected that requirement. It did mean that I was not dominated by a search for wealth or even of affluence. Influence on the lives of others, yes, but wealth, no.

A Journalistic Fling

By that time, I had had some English and Journalism courses, and decided to try my hand at writing for the farm journals. There were quite a number of such publications and they needed news and feature stories or new developments and improved practices in agriculture. By turning my efforts into these channels instead of the CAA, I found a ready market for 1000 to 2000 word articles. It did not take too long to prepare an article which would bring in 15, 20 or 25 dollars from the Iowa Homestead, the Prairie Farmer (Illinois), Capper's Weekly (Kansas), Missouri Ruralist, Successful

Farming, the Farm Journal, the Pathfinder, and a few others. I never broke into the slick paper agricultural press: the Country Gentleman, Town and Country, and the like. However, these writing activities were an excellent fill-in during periods of college vacations.

By now, too, I had advanced in my college studies to the point I could undertake some special courses — more or less on a one to one or two to one relationship with my professors. One example was my special studies under the direction of Prof. H. D. Hughes in Farm Crops. In my very first term at Iowa State, I joined an Eating Club on Welch Avenue. I soon became acquainted with another student in the Club, H. K. Wilson, who like me was a Farm Crop major, and who was also a bit more mature than most undergraduate students. H.K. and I struck up a close friendship. That friendship carried over into later special courses with Prof. Hughes. Two of those courses resulted in H.K. and I writing manuals: one on Forage Crops, another on Green Manures. Both were used as supplementary textbooks or reference books in later Farm Crops Courses. At that time, too, a thesis was required for graduation from the Farm Crops or Agronomy curriculum. My thesis was on Pasture Management drawing upon the early research at the Rothamstead Agricultural Experiment Station in England in the 18th and 19th centuries and the Hohenheim system of pasture management developed in Germany about the same time. Also included were the experiments conducted up to date by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and by the many state Agricultural Experiment Stations. These student-written reports also call to mind the rather classic books written by some of the Iowa State Farm Crops faculty: Corn by Bowman, Crop Production by Hughes and Henson, and later Corn and Corn Growing by Henry A. Wallace (later U.S. Vice President). These men were excellent teachers, as were Professors Beach and Pickettin, Genetics and Horticulture, A.L. Anderson in Animal Husbandry, Bode in Forestry, F.E. Brown in Chemistry, to name a few who stand out in my memory.

A Trip East

Between the summer and fall terms of 1922, I decided to drive my Model T Ford back East. Two other students joined in the trip to share the expenses. The Model T was augmented with a baggage-carrying crib by fitting a wide board between the outer ends of the left front and rear fenders. In this trough, perhaps 15 inches deep, suitcases and travel gear could be carried leaving the passengers space relatively uncluttered.

Mud, Melons and Miles

So at the end of the summer term, and following a soaking rain of several days, three college students climbed aboard the lizzie on a bright sunshiny late August morning, filled the gas tank (under the driver's seat) and started eastward on the Lincoln Highway. The Lincoln Highway was named to honor Lincoln, being the first transcontinental road. There the honor ended. None of it was paved, except in the most eastern states. The rain had been soaked up by the good Iowa soil that constituted the roadbed. Result: deep, sticky, and heavy mud, through which Model T Fords had to plow their own ruts, often 6 to 10 inches deep. Slow going indeed. Just outside of the Ames city limits the safari came upon Armstrong's watermelon stand. (Armstrong had about 15 to 20 acres on which he raised watermelons each year.) Three large melons were purchased for a total of fifty cents, an investment that was to prove a valuable resource. One was eaten that afternoon. We boys covered only about 120 miles that day with frequent stops to dig out impacted mud that rolled up under the fenders to lock the wheels. The party made overnight camp roadside near Clinton, Iowa. The next day was better; the mud road had dried so that only ruts remained, no rolling mud. By the end of a long day's drive, my companions and I arrived in Chicago and drove up Michigan Boulevard looking for Winnetka, where one of the companions had a cousin. When midnight arrived and they decided Winnetka had been passed through hours before without identifying it, the parties drove into a woods, spread blankets on the ground, and were soon fast asleep.

When morning dawned they awoke to find themselves camped in the front yard of private grounds, right under the windows of a mansion. This discovery hastened departure without any urging from the homeowner or local police. Back on the road, the Ford soon arrived in Indiana. Here peaches were being harvested. The remaining Iowa watermelon was traded for a bushel of ripe peaches.

By now, the Iowa mud roads had given way to more or less disintegrated concrete in Illinois, and pot-holed gravel in Indiana. This was an improvement in mobility, not so much in ease of driving nor of less shake and bump but in freedom from digging out packed mud between tires and fenders. Economy of travel was of some importance. The passengers paid for gasoline and oil. Lodging was under open skies in wooded roadside areas. Food was purchased jointly en route. Bread, buns, and other eat-as-one-goes foods, supplemented with milk and cokes, and topped with fruit of the road and locale, provided needs without having to stop for meals, except occasionally for a hamburger and coffee. Each day's driving hours were long, and speed rarely exceeded 30 miles per hour, and then usually on long down hill stretches where gravity and weak brakes were a contributing factor.

Some place in Ohio, which had gravel roads relatively free from potholes, the pilgrimage bid adieu to the Lincoln Highway and headed toward Washington D.C. over the old Cumberland Road, then called the National Trails Road. This route, possibly in West Virginia, led through an apple harvest area, where the remaining peck of unconsumed peaches were traded for a bushel of apples, and the menu then included apples as the fruit of the road.

Where Presidents Slept

After about five days on the road, objective number one, Washington, D.C. was reached. Here the numerous government buildings and historic sites were visited. Most impressive in that fall of 1922 were the Capitol, the White House, the Library of Congress, and the big office buildings along Pennsylvania, Constitution, and Independence Avenues. The size of the Department of Agriculture and the Commerce buildings was larger than any seen before. The most .impressive of all to three college students was the newly dedicated Lincoln Memorial.

Washington D.C. was still a sleepy looking southern city with quiet uncrowded, tree-lined streets and many parks, circles and diagonal streets that added a charm of their own. There were the Senate and House Office buildings, a reminder of World War I in the Navy and Munitions buildings on Constitution, the departmental buildings in the Federal triangle, the Interior Building, and the old red stone castle of the Smithsonian, Ford's Theater and some other scattered points of interest. A side trip was made across the Memorial Bridge to Arlington Cemetery, and the Lee Mansion, and down along the Potomac on a gravel road to Alexandria and Mt. Vernon, both shrines o& the first water, and memories to cherish.

A Jersey Farm and Prize Corn

Next, the old Model T was turned north- eastward to objective number two, New York City. That part of the trip was rather uneventful except for crossing the Chesapeake by ferryboat and a little experience in New Jersey. Along the way, in New Jersey, the three agriculture students from Iowa were much impressed with the crops. In one place, a stop was made to walk out into an unfenced cornfield to examine the fine looking crop close up. I picked a near ripe ear of corn that impressed him considerably; so much in fact, I decided to take it back to Iowa to show my colleagues that good corn can be raised outside of the Corn Belt. (Later, back in Iowa, this same ear of corn was entered in the student grain show on the Iowa State Campus, and it won a blue ribbon),

There were three reasons to hasten on. One passenger was to drop off at New Brunswick where he was to do graduate work at Rutgers University; another passenger wanted to lose no time in getting to the Polo Grounds in New York. An avid baseball fan, his whole incentive for making the trip was the hope of seeing his idol, Babe Ruth, hit a home run. (The Yankee Team played at the Polo Grounds stadium at that time. Yankee Stadium had not yet been built). And I wanted to get home for a visit.

A Flood Forded

Between New Brunswick and New York, a terrific rainstorm developed, and the downpour flooded many roads. When Elizabeth, New Jersey was reached, the rain had subsided but roads were still flooded in places. At one such place scores of automobiles were bunched up on each end of the flooded street, none venturing to drive through the unknown depth of water. To make matters worse the street, paved with cobblestones, was under repair. The cobblestones had been removed and not yet replaced in many places. However, a streetcar track ran through the middle of the cobble street. I, being young, venturesome, and under pressure to deliver his passenger to the Polo grounds, decided to try to get through the flooded street by riding on the streetcar tracks. With the hood raised and one passenger perched on the right front fender to watch that the water level did not reach the ignition distributor, and driving slowly in the grooved car tracks, the Model T made it through with only an inch or two to spare. Once on the other side, other cars attempted to follow suit, but the first to follow slipped off the car tracks, dropped down where the cobblestones had been removed, and died in place.

Mecca at Last

My party continued, ferried across the Hudson River, and dropped the baseball fan off at the Polo Grounds in time for the afternoon game. By then the weather had cleared, the game was played, Babe Ruth hit a home run, and the Iowa fan reported (afterward) that now he could die happy.

Next stop was at my parental home in Morris Heights. Only then, when unpacking suitcases, was it discovered that the high water on the flooded street in Elizabeth, N.J. had permeated the suitcases carried on the side of the running board, and the dye in sox had run through shirts and all the white clothes.

Westward Ho

After a home visit of about two weeks, the group headed back to Ames. Now a replacement for the passenger who remained at Rutgers University joined the group but to connect with him departure had to be delayed two days. That left just three days to make the New York to Ames drive, a problem which was met by driving day and night until the driver could not stay awake any longer.

A Banana and Grape Diet

Premeditating continuous driving (I was the only driver in the group), a large sack of bananas was purchased as we passed through a large produce market area. The remaining fruit was to be traded en route. Upon reaching the Lake Erie area of western New York and Pennsylvania the grape harvest was in full swing, and trading was tried at a vineyard along the way. It did not work because the farmer explained all his grapes were contracted to the Welch grape juice company, and he could not sell any. However, he said our group could help themselves. A mutual gift exchange was made: a couple of bunches of bananas for about a half-bushel of Concord grapes that lasted through the next two days.

Hoosier Hoodlums

In Northern Indiana, near Gary, again in a long rainstorm, and late at night (midnight at least) the road was blocked by a wash of deep mud across the road. A larger car was stalled in the deepest mud. The four men in that car wanted my group to push them through on the promise that they would push the Ford through after they got through. In the dark and rain, they did not impress me as a group that could be relied upon to keep its end of the bargain. But then, their car blocked the road, so the uncertain bargain was less important than clearing the road ahead. With the extra man power pushing, the big car made it through, only to quickly take off and speed on its way. The departure of those uncertain friends was more welcome than their presence.

The thin tires and high wheels of the Model T made it through the muddy tracks without special difficulty and continued on its way. Now another problem arose. The rain had abated, but the Ford's gas tank was almost empty. If was imperative to find some gasoline, but at 2 a.m., that prospect was indeed slim.

Hoosegow Escape

Only a few miles ahead, the road entered a smaller town or city, dark and buttoned up tight for the night. At the edge of the town, in the dim night light, a man was seen standing near the curb. I stopped the Ford, explained the need for gas, and asked if any could be obtained in town. The local man who seemed to be a town Marshall or patrol officer directed us to a garage ahead with a curbside pump, where the night attendant could be awakened. The garage was found, the attendant roused and the gas pump unlocked, when two other men appeared with flashlights focused on the faces in the Ford.

"How much gas do you have?" they demanded in an officious tone. I responded that the tank was almost empty and that is why they stopped to get gas.

The senior of the two said conclusively, "They're the ones! Let's get them to the lock-up."

Just then, a third man appeared and interceded "These fellows just drove into town. I saw them. What's the matter?"

"Somebody tried to break into the gas station down the street, and then took off without getting gas. And a lookout report just came in that the Bank was robbed and they made a get away in a hot car."

'"Well," said the new arrival, "these aren't your boys. A big car barreled through about five minutes before these boys arrived. I spoke to them at the edge of town and sent them here to get some gas from Charlie."

After this identification and assurance, we got a tank full of gas and resumed our midnight journey. The rest of the trip was uneventful.

Back on the Campus

My companions and I arrived back in Ames the night before college registration for the fall term, and wonder of wonders, the Ford had made the trip of more than 2400 miles and returned with the same air in the tires as when we started. I attributed that fact to the good Iowa air with which the tires had been inflated. Mechanical performance was a slightly different matter, with a few stops to adjust brakes, tighten bearings, etc. However, the Concord grapes had lasted the group all the way to Iowa.

CHAPTER 12

A Rush to Graduate

Could Graduation be Speeded?

Back on the campus to start the fall term of my senior year, I began to think seriously of an after graduation full time job and start on my career, and equally importantly earning a regular salary. This objective took on an added urgency. Mary Glassford and I had now been engaged for going on two years, and we hoped to marry after both of us had received our degrees. We had mixed schedules due to advanced standing and transfer credits. Mary would complete her courses at the end of the second quarter, in March 1923. The prospect of spending a full academic year to complete my degree held less attraction to me than an accelerated graduation if a job placement seemed possible sooner. Therefore, I looked into those prospects.

First, was it possible to graduate early? It turned out that I could schedule all remaining "required" courses in the fall term, except for several in which I thought I had adequate preparation from earlier Farmingdale and Stuyvesant courses that were not acceptable as prima-facie transfer credits. I could petition to take special examinations in those courses, and if the examinations were passed credit would be awarded.

Could a Teaching Job be Obtained in Mid-year?

The second aspect of early (mid-year) graduation was the question of possible employment. Because the college was the training ground for vocational agriculture teachers, it was also a central clearinghouse for job referrals and placement. Lo and behold, about half way through the fall term word came in that the Voc. Ag. teacher, at Moulton, Iowa, I. W. Wright, was resigning effective Jan. 15, 1923 to take a county Agent job in his home county in Kansas. Thus, a vacancy would exist and I would be recommended for the job if I could finish my schooling in time. The State Supervisor indicated he would provisionally approve me for the job whether I finished or not, allowing me an extension of time to complete requirements in the next two years.

The Teacher Placement Bureau sent my credentials and recommendations to the School Board at Moulton High School, and word came back a week later that I was acceptable and had been elected to fill out the year at an annual salary of $2100. I gladly accepted. That salary was about standard for vocational agriculture teachers in Iowa at that time, on their 12-month employment schedule. Regular 9-month salaries for academic subject teachers were then about $1300. It was agreed that I would report for work on January 2, and sit in Mr. Wright's classes for his final two weeks, in order to achieve a smooth continuity in the teaching program.

The drive to graduate became intense with a teaching job waiting to begin January 2nd. This was the needed extra incentive for me to try to complete all requirements by the end of the first quarter, if possible, and graduate in December 1922 instead of June 1923. So application was made to take special examinations in those extra required courses beyond his current full schedule. The unaccredited courses, or more properly the unaccepted credits, for courses from Farmingdale and Stuyvesant provided a legitimate basis to request credit examinations. The exams were taken and passed, credits awarded and I graduated about 20 December 1922.

Credits by Exams and Diversions

I had hoped, and expected, to review and study for these special exams, but with a full regular schedule, little time was found for such preparation. Mostly I trusted to my memory what had been learned in those earlier courses. One exam illustrated the process and diversion from systematic review and preparation. The course was *Feeds and Feeding* based on the voluminous classic text of the same name by Henry and Morrison. I had had a very thorough course at Farmingdale under Professor Dodge from the University of Vermont. Moreover, I had been a faithful student in the course because I recognized its importance in Animal Husbandry, as well as its application to human nutrition.

Professor A. L. Anderson, an outstanding teacher at Iowa State, was in charge of this instructional field, taught the course, and it was he who would give the exam. He was obviously skeptical that a student from an unaccredited school could have had an adequate course, and doubted he would be able to pass a rigorous exam in the subject. So it was to be a real test, a searching and thorough one; one which would demonstrate to the student and to the college authorities just how adequate (or, more likely, how inadequate) was the student's knowledge of the subject. The date and place was set; a four hour period on a Saturday.

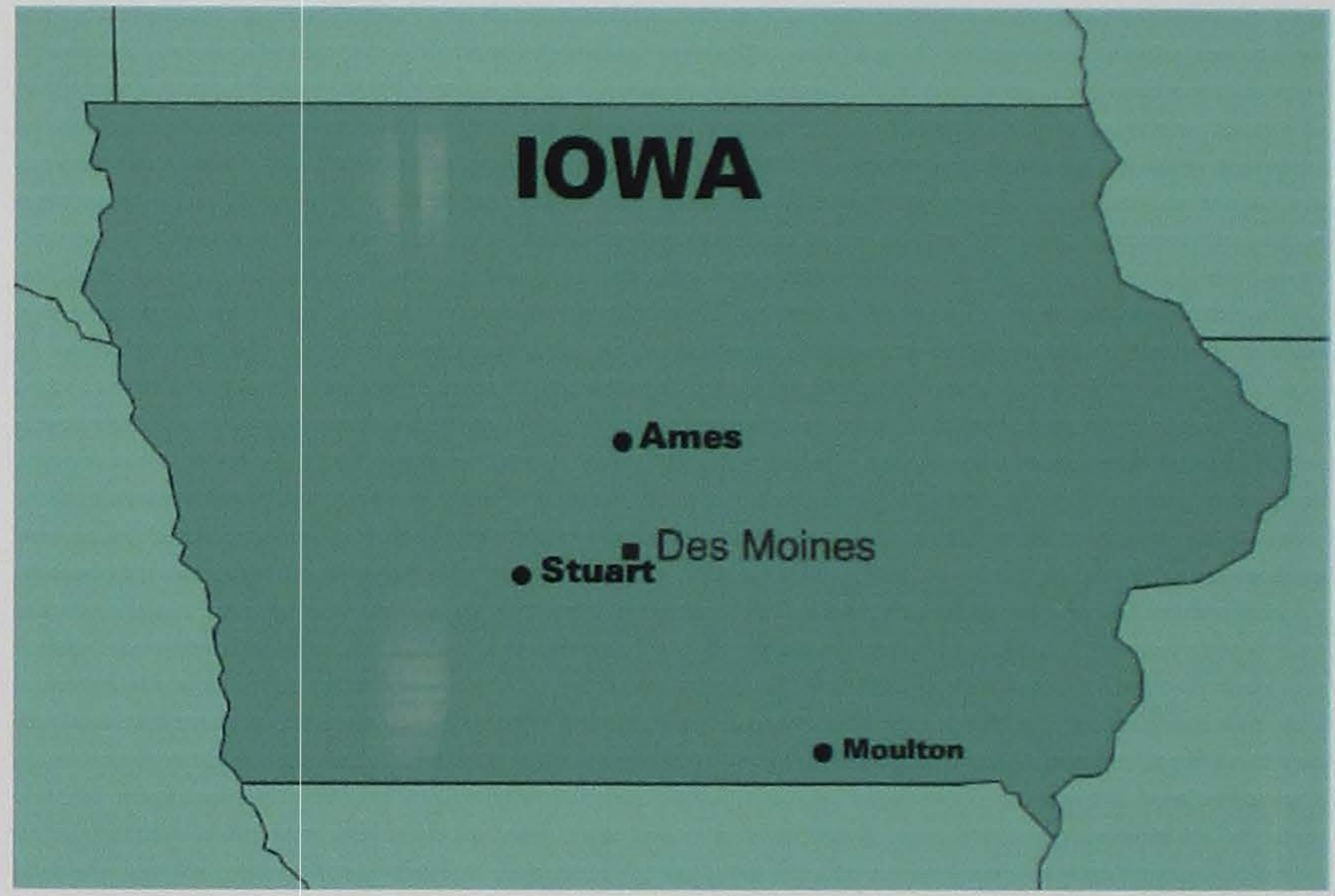
I had planned to review for the exam the night before. However, fate intervened, or at least introduced a conflict. Just as I was about to crack the books there was a great noise and confusion on the campus. The Armory and Field House caught fire. Naturally, I had to see the fire. It was spectacular, intense, and complete. Although the outer walls were masonry and the inner frame steel beams and girders, the great arched roof was made of wooden planks. The fire was so intense that heavy steel vertical beams bent into "S" shapes. It was rumored that arson was the cause because the fire originated in the quartermaster supply area, and the supply sergeant in charge was suspected (by the students) of selling off military goods for his own profit. However, state and federal buildings were not insured, so there was no insurance company to bring charges and none was filed by the authorities. The destruction of the armory was not very good preparation for my examination the next morning.

Nevertheless I took the exam. It was thorough and I wrote for almost four full hours. Prof. Anderson said he would have it graded by Monday when I could get the result. On Monday, the Prof. reported that I had done well and had made a grade of 97. As a result, both student and professor had established a favorable attitude toward each other.

In contrast was an exam for a course in Farm Buildings. From his earlier experience in carpentry, construction, and with machinery as well as his first hand observation of farm buildings and their layout, from both inside and outside, I thought I could breeze through a Farm Buildings exam. Moreover, the course was taught in the Agricultural Engineering Department in which I had found my earlier experience a decided asset in other courses.

Not so in this exam. I found the exam probably reflected the instructor's own personal emphasis in his teaching. Apparently the course itself, and certainly the exam, was only incidentally a course in Farm Buildings and more directly a course in that particular professor's own ideas about special features. The exam was heavily loaded with questions that called for the student to repeat back to the instructor what the instructor said in his lectures. Of course, I did not have any knowledge of the content of the instructor's lectures, so I answered the questions on the basis of what I considered sound, standard principles in farm buildings. Evidently, my answers revealed I had a satisfactory knowledge of good basic principles and construction details. However, the instructor must have been disappointed that his own favorite ideas were not parroted back to him. On the other hand, the instructor probably did not wish to have his own examination contested and exposed to departmental review. In compromise, the professor gave me a grade with a slim margin above passing.

Examinations in several other subjects did not have as spectacular diversions or as personal deviations, nor did they receive as outstanding grades, but all were passed, some with a wide margin, one, or two with gentleman's grades. The upshot of the whole drive was that 51 credit hours, or a full year's work, was earned and put on the records in that one term, the fall quarter. After that I seem to recall that the faculty put a lower ceiling on the number of credits that could be earned in one academic term.



Lizzie and I Leave Ames

Now after two years and one quarter at Iowa State, all requirements had been met and I received my degree, B.S. in Agronomy, at the end of the Fall Quarter of 1922. Moreover, a job awaited me. There remained an interlude of about two weeks between graduation and the reporting date for the new job. Most of this time was used in writing some articles for farm journals, all of which sold, at the modest prices then paid, from $15 to $25 per article, mostly of 800 to 1200 words.

Finally, in the last days of 1922, I loaded my belongings into my Model T Ford, mostly books and carpenter tools, and a modest clothing wardrobe, and left Ames for the five-hour drive to Moulton, to be settled there before reporting for work.

Moulton is located in the Southern Tier of Iowa counties, slightly east of due south from Ames and Des Moines, just seven miles from the Missouri state line. It had been a long time division point of the Wabash Railroad main line between Des Moines and Kansas City, and as such, Moulton was a combination railroad and farming area town of about 2000 population. Roads in those days were of two types. The main highways were surfaced with gravel until traffic worked the gravel into the underlying soil. The by-roads, called secondary roads, were just plain dirt, which meant black mud in wet weather. Then there were side roads also of plain dirt but not as well graded and not as deeply ditched for drainage. Hence, they differed from the secondary roads mainly by their greater depth and stickiness of the mud.

In early winter, the roads were rather dry, and therefore quite conducive to driving. The 150 miles from Ames to Moulton were travelled without incident.

Arrival in Moulton

Approaching the town I observed a sign of progressive development and civic pride. Against the skyline was a silhouetted a tall black water tower, an indication of a modern water supply system for the town. In those days, the people of most small towns depended on their own wells and hand pumps for their household water supply. Driving into town another sign of modernity became evident. Main Street was paved, another unexpected finding in a small town. Of course, Main Street was only a few blocks long, but there it was with all its dozen or so business establishments proudly facing the paved street. The side streets were of the standard type, mostly mud roads, a fact that was to impress itself upon me quite soon.

A Place to Room

After a quick meal in one of the two principal eating-places, I looked up the Keith Mace residence, which had been recommended to me as a good place to room and board. This referral proved to be a delight. As the only roomer, I took dinner with the cordial and friendly family, two parents and two preteens, a boy and a girl. Mrs. Mace was an excellent cook and set a fine table of tasty food in ample quantity. The room was comfortable and the house was modern, one of a minority with indoor plumbing. Just one block off Main Street and on a corner, the side street provided parking space for my Model T Ford, another convenience. I was all set for my new job as a high school teacher. However, one complication settled in soon after my arrival in town. It concerned the Ford.

The Model T Goes into Deep Freeze

When I arrived in Moulton to begin my teaching career in early January 1923, the weather was clear and mild. A few days later, a long cold rainy spell set in. Result: all side roads became seas of mud, including the road next to the rooming house where my Model T Ford was parked. This was nothing new to the Model T. It had plowed Iowa's mud roads for years. Now a new quirk developed. Winter, a real penetrating Iowa wind-driven cold, arrived suddenly during one night, turning the rutted, oozy mud roads into a solid frozen rough rutted concrete-hard mass. That was bad enough. What was worse is that the Model T was frozen solid. It could not be moved, at least until a long warm spell thawed the frozen mud. Such a thaw as that was unlikely for three months.

The problem was solved with the assistance of a friendly auto dealer in town, Roy Beggs. I arranged with Beggs to trade in the Model T in deep freeze toward a used Overland sedan.

CHAPTER 13

A Start in Teaching

The First Day

On the morning of January 2, 1923, school reopened after the Christmas vacation. This was the day I was due to report for work as a teacher of vocational agriculture at Moulton High School. A half hour before classes were to begin, I appeared at the office of Supt. L.E. Johnson to check in. Mr. Johnson recognized me immediately from the photograph on my credentials, and greeted me warmly, a feeling reciprocated by me toward Mr. Johnson. He was a kindly, soft spoken and friendly person, and as I was to learn very soon, he was also a very good school man, trained at Valparaiso University in Indiana.

The plan was for me to sit in the classes of Mr. Wright, the teacher I would replace, for the final two weeks of Mr. Wright's service. That seemed particularly worthwhile since I was taking over in mid-year, and I eagerly awaited my meeting with Mr. Wright. However, Mr. Johnson had a surprise for me. Mr. Wright had already left, and there would be no two-week overlap. Mr. Wright's father had been suddenly stricken with a serious illness and he had left for Kansas to be at his father's bedside and help at home. Without further preliminaries, Mr. Johnson escorted me to my first class, just then convening, and introduced me to the students, a class of about 20 farm boys. The class was to run from 9 to 12 noon, and the subject was Animal Husbandry.

Moulton High School

The students were cooperative, helped acquaint me with what they had been studying in the past weeks, and somehow settled into the business of continuing the course without major difficulty. The afternoon classes also went smoothly. As I recall, one was Physics, another Farm Mechanics, or *Shop*.

Theory vs Reality

I was fresh from my pedagogy courses at college. Now those theories were to be put to the test. In my teacher preparation courses, much emphasis was given to the importance of motivating students. In psychology and education classes, various techniques were studied as a means of arousing and maintaining student's interest in the subject matter.

A High Pitch of Interest

In my first class, I was gratified, once I got into the lesson material, to find the students had a natural interest in it. Nevertheless, it would do no harm to strive for a higher active interest level. As I observed students with a readiness to contribute to the discussion, I called on those who seemed most anxious to recite. One boy, whose hand raising became more and more active, I noted, could be held in suspense until the critical point. Now the boy was waving his hand vigorously, even sitting on the edge of his seat, and obviously extremely anxious to express his thought. Now, I thought, the time was ripe to give that student his opportunity to participate. It was with some inward satisfaction to me that I had succeeded in developing such a high pitch of anxiousness. So I called on the student, who almost jumped out of his seat and blurted out, "May I leave the room?" I remembered the incident thereafter with the thought that I must see the classroom situation from the viewpoint of the student.

By the end of the school day, I felt almost like a veteran teacher and quickly settled into the routine of the school. The other teachers and all the students were friendly and helpful. Mr. Johnson must have done some effective preconditioning of teachers and students to smooth this induction of a new teacher.

The School Building

Moulton High School was housed in an older red brick building, with a large school bell in the central bell tower. In those days most schools (and churches, too) had bells they tolled to alert people to be on their way to avoid being late. That was when all the true time in the town was determined by the railroad station master's pocket watch. He tried to keep the wall clock in the waiting room in approximate agreement with his watch — checked at intervals by telegraph, and always with each conductor whose train stopped at the station. Elsewhere in town, there would be some differences in the time shown on home and business clocks, except on the chronograph in the showcase of the Mace Jewelry Store. The school janitor had the official duty to keep his own pocket watch and the school clocks as close as possible to the R.R. station clock, and of course he had to toll the school bell precisely at 8:30 am and again at 9, 12 noon, 1 and 4 pm. Most homes adjusted their clocks to the school bell.

The school building had been built about 1870, and while the outer walls were stone and brick, all the interior, floors, walls, ceilings, and stairways were of wood. A coal-fired boiler in each building kept the steam radiators sizzling in cold weather.

Vocational Agriculture

Vocational Agriculture taught under the National Smith Hughes Act of 1917 was a high school instructional program for farm boys who intended to earn their living in agriculture. Instruction was centered on the problems of efficient farming, drawing upon science and the findings of agricultural experiment stations. Land Grant Colleges were the fountainhead of such technical information and improved practices. It followed that instruction should be attuned to the agricultural conditions and the agriculture of the community. Classroom instruction not only was tied to farming practices of the locality, but also was supplemented with practical experiences called *Supervised Practice*. This took the form of farm projects undertaken on the student's home farm. That aspect will be discussed later. First, some description of the classroom study will be considered.

Classroom Teaching

Each vocational agriculture teacher was free to plan and conduct his teaching as he chose just so he followed the broad guidance of the prescribed subjects: Animal Husbandry, Crops, Soils, etc.

Learning Resources

I had anticipated this responsibility while yet in college and systematically built up my own professional library, for my own use and for use by my future students. I did this not only by collecting and saving my text and reference books, but also by developing a file of bulletins from the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, and from the agricultural experiment stations and extension services in all of the states. The U.S.D.A. issued a monthly list of new bulletins issued by each state's extension service and its experiment station. A penny postcard to each requesting the desired bulletin would bring them by return mail. In time, this bulletin library became extensive and comprehensive, covering most of the current important agricultural problems. Next I prepared a master subject index so that a code number would show for any likely subject, and the bulletins were filed under those code numbers. I continued to add to my bulletin library by these means during all the years I taught agriculture.

Teaching–Learning Methods

In my high school agriculture classes the teaching–learning procedure worked as follows. For example, the study problem might be: Should seed corn be treated with a fungicide before planting? Students would refer to their own copies of my bulletin index, find the code numbers for "fungicides," "seed corn" "corn diseases" and go to the bulletin file, select bulletins on those subjects, and look up the index subjects in the classroom collection of text and reference books. Then each would study his selected books and bulletins, note relevant material and prepare to contribute his findings in the class discussion that followed the study period. Because the bulletins report experimental results and recommended practices from different states, each would have to be judged for its relevance to the local community farms.

To facilitate presentation of individual findings to the whole class in the discussion period, each student had access to the classroom Balopticon (An opaque projector). This projector would throw an image on the large screen in the front of the classroom. This means diagrams, photographs, printed paragraphs, and tables of test data, from bulletins or bound books would-be visible to the whole class, while the student presented his findings and interpretations. In this way, several students would present their individual findings from different sources. From these multiple sources conclusions would be drawn. The opaque projector also was used to project special plant specimens, diseased leaves and even showing live weevils feeding inside single seeds — the latter as large as footballs on the screen.

When conclusions were reached for the problem under study, two further steps were taken. First, other applications of the principles would be sought and suggested. For example, for which other crop seeds are fungicide treatments helpful? Next, what other implications can be drawn? Effect on birds? Cutworms? Weed control? That is, what other inferences could be deduced from this conclusion. These further reasonings represented an attempt to identify what other truths could be or might be derived from the question or problem considered.

Other Subjects

The science teaching methods just described were appropriate for an applied science, such as agriculture. With modifications, the method was used, along with experimentation and demonstration in my basic or pure science classes, such as physics. Here manual skills were involved, such as in my shop courses. The above method was suitable to study the theory or rationale of why certain procedures and processes were followed, while skills were developed from demonstrated and guided practice or application.

Shop Classes

For my shop classes I strove to develop resourcefulness and ingenuity as means of meeting construction, maintenance and repair practices. In each class, I had the whole class tackle a major project from "scratch." This was in addition to each student's own individual projects. The major project called for some inventiveness on the part of the whole class working as a team. For example, in one shop class the selected project was to build a woodturning lathe with no parts purchased. The challenge was augmented by a series of articles that appeared in Popular Science monthly at that time. The story told of a group of six men, engineers, and technicians who were shipwrecked and marooned on a remote, uninhabited island in the arctic. They were left with nothing — their lifeboat was wrecked and sunk and they swam ashore with only such clothes as they had on. The title of the story was *Bare Hands* and the gist of it was how they assessed their needs and improvised means of fulfilling them. Finally, they would be able to build themselves a boat from local materials on that barren island, with tools they fashioned from local materials, and sailed back to some civilized place. The class succeeded in building the lathe, and it functioned satisfactorily for woodturning.

These brief descriptions relate to in-the-classroom learning activities. There were other important teaching and learning experiences. Some of those will be mentioned in later sections.

Extra Curricular Activities

Every school had a repertoire of extracurricular activities to absorb the interests and energies of the students, and Moulton High School was no exception. Athletics, music, dramatics, forensics, journalism, and various interest clubs were included.

The School Paper

I soon found myself the faculty advisor for the school paper. Soon it developed into a more pretentious and more adult-like publication, advancing from an every-so-often mimeographed issue to a regular weekly printed publication — not just for the students themselves, but for the community as well. This was accomplished through the cooperation of Dick Eby, editor and publisher of the local weekly newspaper, the Moulton Tribune. In it, one full page was devoted to news from the school system under the caption *Moulton High School News*. In it reports of school activities, news of students and faculty, and of school related community activities such as Parent Teacher Association meetings, and school sponsored community events such as the Vocational Agriculture demonstration orchard, timely articles on pruning, candling eggs, etc. To prepare news and copy for this page in the Town Weekly was a continuing incentive and challenge to the students.

Coaching Football

There had been a time in my life, while at Farmingdale, when for me football was an important activity. Now, in the fall of 1923, a late change in the Moulton High School teaching staff left the school without a football coach. There was no alternative but for me to fill the gap. This I did reluctantly and with the promise that I would not have to do any coaching after that one season. Moulton had no gymnasium. All athletics were conducted outdoors, a necessity rather than a health building measure. Somehow, the nine game football season turned out to be the most successful Moulton had had in many years, winning five or six games, a great improvement over the usual one to three. When the season ended the local American Legion Post decided the football team should be feted at an honors banquet. The Legion Post had divided into two teams and held a rabbit hunt, the losing side of which was to stage the banquet and program. The hunt was held and the losing team designated, although there was ill feeling generated by charges of cheating in the hunt. However, the banquet was scheduled.

Honors and Near Tragedy

On the night of the banquet the team, coach and school officials met the entire Legion membership at the local hotel for the program. Tension between the two legion teams was evident. It grew more intense as the dinner proceeded. One member in particular was particularly obnoxious, loudly interrupting the toastmaster who was the Post Commander, and hurling repeated insults at members of the opposing hunt team. He also appeared to have prepared for the evening by fortifying himself with a very liberal consumption of alcohol.

After the Post Commander gave repeated warnings, he finally decided there was no alternative but to expel the miscreant member from the banquet room. Announcing that it was obvious that the troublemaker was intoxicated and belligerent, he ordered the Sergeant-at-Arms to escort the drunk out of the hotel and take him home. The Sergeant-at-Arms had been chosen for that duty because he was also the town Marshall.

As the Marshall arose to carry out his orders, the drunk arose, pulled a pistol out of his pocket, and said, "Come and get me if you dare." Just then, someone turned off the lights and the banquet room was in total darkness. The drunk started to fire his pistol, presumably at the Marshall. Immediately, the Marshall, whose duty called for him to be armed, returned the fire. The gun flashes in exchange of a dozen pistol shots were the only lights in the room, and near panic prevailed. The few but very long minutes of this episode were interrupted by the lights being switched on again and there was Mayor Bovard standing in the doorway. He announced that a person had come screaming hysterically to his house (next-door to the hotel) saying "they are killing people at the hotel." So the Mayor placed them all under arrest. Now the banqueters began to appear from under the banquet tables where they had taken refuge.

The Legion Commander tried to explain that there had been only one unruly person who caused all the trouble. The Mayor would have none of that explanation. Instead, he had the Marshall march the Legion Commander as hostage for the others and the unruly member down to the station house.

All the others sat in silence at their interrupted banquet, looking sheepish for taking cover under the tables and puzzled as to what to do now. Gradually a few spoke up. Soon it was decided that all the Legion members on the losing side who had been responsible for the banquet should go down to the lock-up and try to persuade the Mayor to release the innocent commander. So they left in a body, leaving the winning Legion team, the honored football team, and the school officials at the banquet table, to await results. After a few minutes one of the legionnaires returned to report they had several in the lock-up and a big argument was underway with the Mayor.

There seemed no other alternative but to sit tight and await developments. Minutes slowly passed: five, ten, perhaps 15. Then it was suggested someone had better go down to the station house and see what progress was being made. A volunteer left to investigate. Again all the others waited another five minutes. Then the emissary returned and reported that the station house was dark, quiet, and empty. No one was around."

At last, it dawned on those who had remained at the banquet tables, that the whole affair was a staged hoax, and a way for the losing hunt team to turn the tide on the winning team. So ended my coaching career in blazing and memorable "glory."

A Holiday Activity

The first school holiday in my first term of teaching was Decoration Day, May 30, 1923. All secondary schools throughout the country, perhaps 12,000, had received an announcement of a national contest for teachers of woodworking. There were money prizes to be won by a limited number of entries, but all who submitted an "essay" would receive a hard cover bound book of the prizewinning essays, and a few other small prizes. The book should prove useful to a new teacher in making his instruction in shop work more effective. I decided I would like to have that book. The Decoration Day holiday provided me an opportunity to sit down at a typewriter and dash off an "essay." This I did without any proof reading or even review or retyping of the manuscript I submitted, getting it in the mail the same day. Its receipt was acknowledged and the promise repeated of a volume of prize winning essays that would be sent after judging and publication was completed. There upon I dismissed the contest from further thought, and nothing more was heard about the project during the next several months.

A Welcome Surprise

One Sunday morning on the way to church, Mary and I stopped in the Post Office to pick up the mail in our P.O. Box. Among the letters was one, postmarked Rochester New York, from the sponsors of the contest. As I opened the letter, out fell a check for $100. The letter informed me that my essay had won third prize and would be published in the book to follow soon. One hundred dollars was a lot of money at that time, it represented almost a month's salary. It was most welcome in the first year of married life. Mary and I went on to church, but after church Mary confessed she didn't remember what the sermon was about, but she had spent and respent that $100 for all sorts of things needed in the home.

The leather-bound book, *Education Through Woodworking,* arrived soon thereafter in the mail, and it included all the prize essays, including mine on the subject of motivating boys by appealing to their natural interests and tendencies. It was my first publication in a bound book.

A Job Offer

That quickie essay produced a job offer. The New York State Normal School at Oswego, New York (later one of the units of the University of the State of New York) on the strength of that essay had spurred the school to check into my credentials and to offer me a place on the school faculty in its teacher training program. However, I did not want to concentrate my efforts in that field, and so I declined with thanks. Years later, I was to be associated with a few of the 500 plus people who entered and won that essay contest. One was A.P. Twogood who was then a woodworking instructor in the Iowa City (Iowa) High School, and later an extension specialist in Industrial Education at Iowa State College.

CHAPTER 14

The Squire of Turkey Run

A 1923 photo of Mary and the Willys Overland car.

As mentioned earlier, I was graduated from college in December 1922 and took up a teaching job in Moulton, Iowa in January 1923. My fiancée, Mary Glassford, was graduated at the end of the next term, and we were married in Ames, Iowa the following day, March 23, 1923. After the wedding, Mary and I took up our residence in Moulton. Our first home was in a furnished house, one of the few modern houses in town. "Modern" in those days, meant inside plumbing. That temporary home provided time to look for a more permanent place, and to acquire our own household equipment and furniture. My days were filled with teaching duties and Mary's with home and community responsibilities.

The Homestead — Landed Gentry

Within the next few months, a place was found which catapulted Mary and me into a new way of life and a satisfying environment, accompanied by a welcome opportunity for country-like living in a friendly small town. The house was modest but spacious enough and comfortable with three principal rooms, a living room across the front, a large kitchen, and all-purpose room that also doubled as a dining room, a clothes washing room, a bathroom, and a family room - all in one. One large enough bedroom and a smaller combination bed and storage room completed the indoor space. A covered porch across the front and a small sheltered back-door porch completed the "attached" parts.

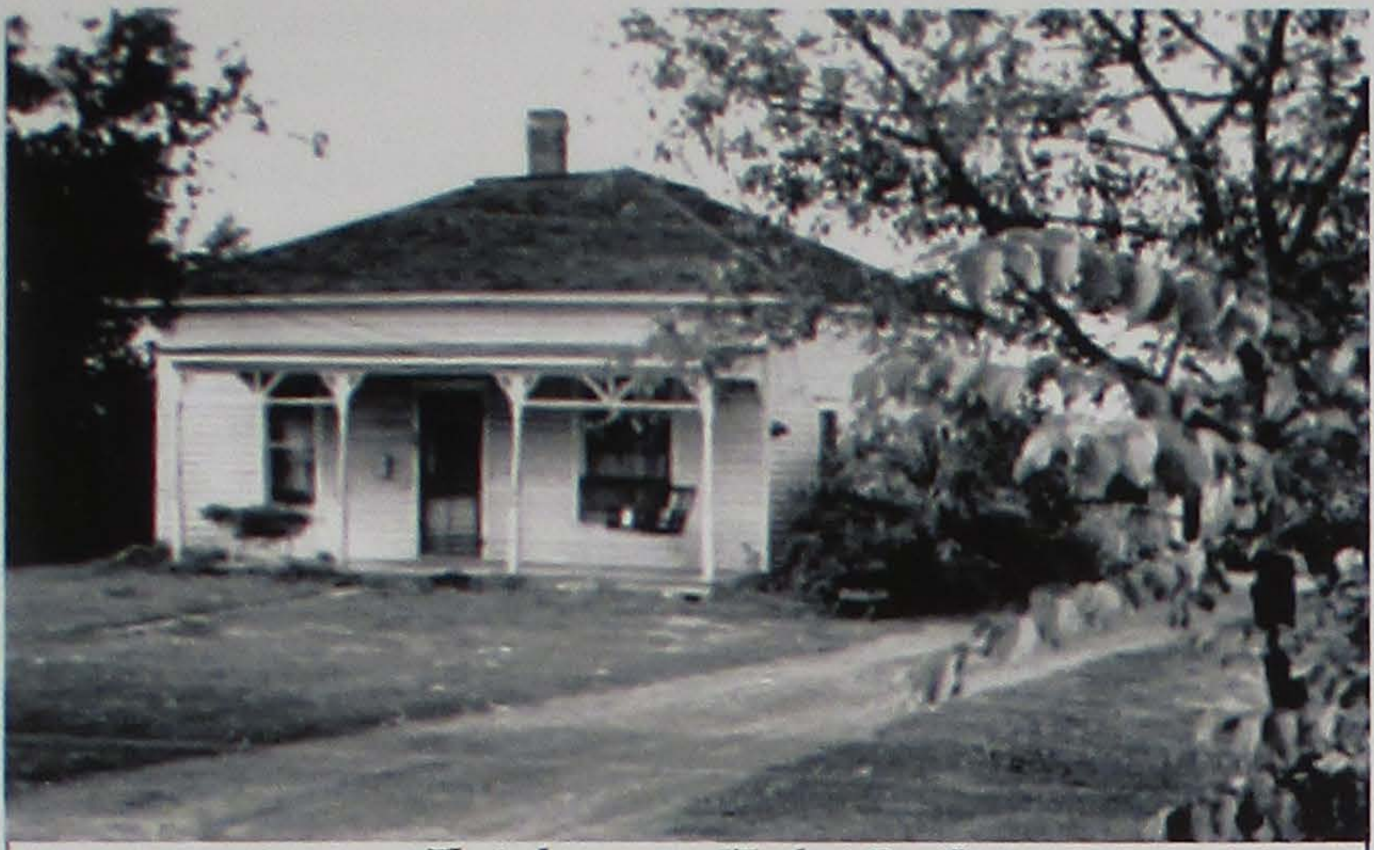
Country Modern — Conveniences and "The North Pole"

The house could be called "country modern" for that vintage of the early twenties. Those "country modern" facilities consisted of electricity, an outdoor well and hand operated pump close to the kitchen door, and a detached outhouse (detached about 50 feet north of the kitchen door). The outhouse had built in ventilation and a natural air-conditioning system, drawing upon unobstructed access to the cold north wind. It was this latter feature that the family dignified and affectionately named the structure *The North Pole*.

Other "modern" features of the house included the cook-stove, water heater, and house heating system. The kitchen was equipped with a three-burner kerosene-oil cook stove, which doubled for cooking meals and for heating water in a large copper-bottom wash boiler. A large round washtub was also a combination affair. Augmented by a scrub-board it served as a muscle powered clothes washer. It also doubled as a bathtub. The word "doubled" is appropriate not only for the tub's dual usage, but for the position of the bather if one chose to sit down in the bath.

A Cozy Social Center

The heating system was also a social center. It consisted of a round, combination wood and coal burning stove standing out in the living room with smoke pipe rising vertically and then turning some seven feet to the chimney flue in the center wall. It kept the living room and all-purpose kitchen healthfully warm. That is, in the living room one could toast oneself, one side at a time, while the



Their home on "Turkey Run"

kitchen was likely to have a more invigorating temperature. This single stove kept the living rooms cozy. The bedrooms were a different matter. There, warmth was a personal matter boosted by a hot water bottle, if desired, to warm the bed.

Engineered for Hale and Hardy Health

The whole system was engineered to keep occupants hardy and healthful. There were other advantages too. There was a minimum of upkeep required, and it never occurred to anyone to feel inconvenienced by hand-pumping and carrying in the water supply; filling, cleaning and adjusting the oil stove; hauling coal and wood - and ashes - as required by the heating stove, and disposing of the used wash, bath and dish water by bucket outside the kitchen door. In fact, by judiciously swirling the discard water from the bucket one could suppress the dust or freshen the grass as desired.

All the Amenities of Life

Oh, yes, the house was wired for electricity that eliminated the need for oil lamps or stove-heated flat irons to do the laundry ironing. And, of course, there was the party-line wall telephone in the kitchen. Thus, all the desired conveniences were provided and everyone seemed happy. However, there was more. Much more. The house was set back about 75 feet from the road which the town fathers had named "Broadway," it being (with "Main Street" presumably one of the most distinguished streets in town. However, no one called it "Broadway." Local tradition had identified the street as "Turkey Run," a good rural name. No street signs were needed and houses were not numbered.

Unlimited Mail Service

Everyone received his mail at the Post Office, usually in a rented box. That was a great system. One could pick up his mail at any time he found convenient, whether or not the clerk's window was open. The Post Office lobby was always open and each box holder could open his own box and extract the mail.

Balanced Self-sufficiency

Returning to "Turkey Run," our homestead had almost an acre of ground with about 150 feet fronting on Broadway. This was ample for a long driveway to an old two story converted horse barn at the back of the lot, about 250 to 300 feet from the road. The old barn now served as a garage for the family car, with ample space for garden tools, unheated workshop, and whatnot. Next to the house was a large garden space, at least a half acre in size, ample to grow a full larder of fresh and home-canned vegetables.

That was not all. Directly back of the house, about 30 feet north, was a chicken house with a fenced enclosure. This provided a continuing supply of fresh eggs and poultry. A flock of about two dozen hens was kept. Surplus eggs were sold.

Still there was more. Beyond the poultry yard and *The North Pole* was a planting of fruit trees and berry bushes, and the more permanent crops such as strawberries, rhubarb, and asparagus. Damsel and Green Gage plums in abundance, some peaches, and apples rounded out the tree fruits.

This, then, was the establishment and homestead of the Squire of Turkey Run. Yes, there were neighbors, discretely separated yet cordially close. To the west was the friendly Caswell couple. He was a freight-train conductor on the Wabash Railroad. On the east side, an elderly widow lived in a big house on a large lot.

With moderate encouragement, the garden, fruit and poultry flock yielded abundantly. All this was our domain for a rental of $18 a month. Utilities were extra. Electricity cost about $2 a month, coal about $4 a ton, and kerosene for cooking and water heating might have cost 3 to 4 dollars a year.

Frugal Affluence

Living costs were low in those days; bread, five cents a loaf. A Ford touring car, Model T, sold as low as

$291 delivered, in the early twenties. A man's suit, wool worsted $22, Thom McAnn shoes $2.95 a pair, and so it went. However, wages were low too. Few earned more than $20 a week. Rural one-room schoolteachers taught for $40 to $80 a month and had to be janitor as well. In town schools, elementary teachers may have received $100 a month, High School teachers $120, and some college teachers earned less than $1000 a year.

The school year was nine months long. Thus, few teachers earned as much as $1200 a year. Salaries were higher for vocational agriculture teachers, for two reasons. They were employed for a 12-month year, and local school districts received federal aid for part of their salary. I started teaching at $175 a month, raised to $185 after six months, and $208 per month or $2500 a year after 18 month's service. That was a handsome salary for a teacher at that time, and in the top 5 percent of vocational agriculture teacher's salaries in the state.

I remember making a regular deposit in our bank account of $163.67 each month in 1923, presumably the net amount of my salary check after deductions, whatever they were for. I recall only a few of the regular monthly expenses of the household. The bill at Bonner's Grocery store ran between 20 and 22 dollars a month, rent and electricity averaged a like amount. Insurance payments and other living expenses were moderate. Furniture and household equipment were a mixture of old and new. The "old" were not even near antiques, but pieces that had stood the test of usage in someone else's prior possession. Thus, they were of proven qualities. Manufacturing defects, if any, had long since been corrected. An occasional new piece was purchased. For example, a very comfortable wicker rocker was purchased and installed in the living room, but it contrasted so sharply with the other furniture that it had to be returned.

While the word elegant would hardly apply, the home was comfortable, served all needs, and certainly was not shabby. Nor did we feel deprived of any of life's values. In effect, we were fully as comfortable as George and Martha Washington must have been at Mt. Vernon, and all without the large retinue of support personnel the Mt. Vernon plantation required. Thus, Mary and I found that our style of living provided a fully satisfying life. In a sense, we enjoyed affluence with frugality.

A Banker Commends

Our family finances were entrusted to one of the local banks. Mr. Singley, the bank president, watched the Al and Mary account slowly grow in its balance from month to month. On one occasion, when the balance reached a few hundred dollars, he made a point of complimenting me on the health and steady growth of the account and on the management of our funds.

A Challenge in Eggs

Practically every farm in Iowa at that time had a flock of 200 or more laying hens. Eggs and poultry were an important supplementary cash income. In my vocational agriculture teaching I recognized much improvement could be made in the way poultry and eggs were produced, with much greater financial return. Therefore, in my regular column in the local newspaper, the Moulton Tribune, I included suggestions for improved practices.

It was evident to me that farmers and their wives were selling some of their best layers to the local live poultry buyers in town, and keeping many of their less productive birds. Therefore, as a sort of challenge to the students in my Voc Ag class I offered a little wager. I knew that this challenge would soon be common knowledge throughout the community, and would attract the close watchfulness of local farmers. My proposition was this: I would go to the local poultry buyers and pick out 2 dozen hens that had been sold for meat as too poor egg producers to retain in the farm flocks. I would then use these hens as my own poultry flock and match their egg production rate against other farm flocks in the community. The challenge was accepted. I selected my hens (mostly Barred Plymouth Rocks and Rhode Island Reds) and set them up in my own poultry yard. Then egg production records were kept, and production rates compared. Results: (1) Few farm flocks equaled the production of my hens, and (2) A general interest was awakened in improvement of the farm poultry flocks of the community.

A Poultry Sideline

Now that I was involved in a poultry sideline, it led to other activities. The first was a simplified system for feeding and care of the flock. Some would call it a lazy man's method. To produce eggs hens needed water, food, exercise, sanitation, air and shelter. The poultry house provided shelter, ventilation, and sanitary surroundings. Food, water, and exercise were the remaining needs. Usually, exercise and sanitation was provided by covering the floor with clean straw, and feeding cracked corn thrown in the straw, requiring the hens to scratch (exercise) through the straw to pick up the cracked corn. The rest of the feed was to provide a balanced ration with ample protein, supplemented by continuously available water and grit in the form of crushed oyster shells. The trick was to provide as much of the balanced ration as the hens could eat and use economically.

Generally, a flock was fed scratch food twice a day, and a mix of ground feed in a "self-feeder" also twice a day. I decided to meet this requirement by once-a-day attention. The key to the situation was to provide an all-purpose feed mix with a balance of all needed nutrients and to make this mix continuously available. The all-nutrient feed mix was easy to compound. Self-feeders containing the dry mix of this ground feed – a mash – were refilled as needed each day or two, and water fountains were placed at a distance from the feeders. Thus, a hen would feed at the feeder on the dry mix, and then would have to jump down from the feeder and get a drink at the water fountain. This system provided the needed food and water, and the exercise to keep the birds healthy and producing. Thus only once-a-day attention was needed which included feeding of cracked corn scattered in the straw litter on the hen house floor. The hens were contented and rewarded their owner with a good crop of eggs. I was interested to find that one of the Agricultural Experiment Stations in another state developed an identical all-meal system of feeding a few years later.

Local Farm Flocks

All of the local farm flocks had to be replenished. The flocks were too large to depend upon setting hens to hatch the required number of baby chicks. Therefore, a thriving commercial hatchery business evolved, and most farmers bought day-old baby chicks from these hatcheries. The nearest hatcheries were in neighboring towns, Bloomfield and Centerville among others. But the Post Office Department had a hand in the business. Almost all hatcheries had a mail order set up. Baby chicks would be delivered in special, ventilated shipping boxes — usually in lots of a hundred chicks per box. This was the typical means of buying baby chicks of whatever breed one wanted, usually Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, Leghorns, Wyandottes, and some others such as Orpingtons. (A few years later some hatcheries offered “sexed” baby chicks, i.e. one could buy all females or all males for fryers, as desired. Some Japanese developed the ability to determine the sex of each day-old chick and this technique was employed at some hatcheries to sort the chicks.) However, at the time referred to here (1923-1925), one ordered “incubator run” chicks of the desired breed, which usually turned out to be about 50 percent of each sex. The females were kept as pullets for laying; the males were mostly marketed as 4 or 5 lb “fryers” or in some cases as 2 or 3 pound “broilers.” It all sounds easy and simple, but it did not work out that way. There were some problems.

The Bottom Line

As in all business ventures the ultimate measure of success is the final result. On most local farms at that time too few of the baby chicks grew to maturity. Half to three quarters died in their first few weeks. The disease, Coccideosis, was the chief culprit. The disease germs seemed to be in the soil and runs wherever chickens were, and chicks were most vulnerable in their first few weeks of life. If someone could raise a high percentage of the chicks through their third week of life there would be little mortality loss after that.

Another Challenge

I determined to tackle that problem in my own poultry yard. First, I prepared my second hen house as a brooder house. Next, I scrubbed the wooden floor of the house with a strong and hot lye solution. Third, I would keep the chickens in that brooder house for their first four to six weeks. Thereby I hoped to keep the chicks from picking up any disease germs from the floor or yard. It worked. Out of 100 day-old chicks there were more than 95 strong, young poults at six weeks of age. Having demonstrated to my own satisfaction that the prevailing disease-caused mortality rate could be controlled, I decided to carry my experiment further.

Expanding Operations

My home poultry flock was a convenient sideline. It really took little extra time, so what could be more natural than to expand it. There were two hen houses in my poultry yard. Only the larger house was being used for the laying flock. The smaller house was available, and therefore I resolved to try two new alternatives. The first was to raise broilers for the early market when prices were high. The second was to experiment with raising and marketing 3 to 4 week old baby chicks, nursed through their highest mortality period. I believed that if farmers could buy at a reasonable price young chickens that were relatively sure to survive and thrive to marketable or productive age, they would probably go for that. These two new ventures called for some added equipment: an incubator and a brooder.

Machines for Motherhood

Nature has endowed hens with the instinct for motherhood. A good hen would develop an urge to raise a family. She would accumulate a clutch of 12 to 15 eggs in a hidden or protected nest, and then set on them for the 21 days required for hatching. Her 103-degree body heat was all that was required to develop the egg embryos into baby chicks. Once hatched the hen would brood the chicks through their babyhood, gathering them under her wings when danger threatened, and when they needed the warmth of her body. Nature's system worked well, and typical hens would raise a high percentage of young chicks from the number of eggs in the original setting. However, there was one catch. A setting and brooding hen was not a laying hen during that period. Farmers who allowed their hens to raise their own chicks had to trade off the loss of egg production against the raising of a new brood of chicks. So man, who always seeks to improve on nature, developed a machine to hatch the eggs, an incubator. I would have to get one of those machines.

Old Trusty and Close-to-Nature

While I attended school at Farmingdale, I had served an "internship" in the institute hatchery. For instructional purposes, the hatchery was equipped with home and farm size incubators, each with a capacity between 80 and 240 eggs, and samples of many different makes. Almost all were made of nicely finished-wood; all, that is, but one. It was covered with bright and shining tin sheeting and looked something like a grossly oversize sardine can. Certainly, it was the ugly duckling of the whole batch. However, lo and behold, it turned out near perfect hatches each time, a record most other incubators did not equal. So I looked for an old trusty incubator. None was available. The company had gone out of business. Instead, I bought a close-to nature make of incubator with a capacity of about 200 eggs. It was manufactured in Colfax, a small Iowa town, which in later years also was to become the home of one of the principal makers of washing machines, the Speed Queen. Another nearby town, Newton, was to become the home of another famous washing machine, the Maytag. So now I had an incubator, and set it up in the kitchen. Soon the first batch of eggs was started on their chicken development careers. Like almost all farm incubators of that day, it was heated by oil. And that fact calls for a bit of historical review.

How Times Changed

As Ben Franklin had had a hand in changing home heating from fireplaces to stoves, Rockefeller - in the 1870s - had made "coal oil" (kerosene) a universal home necessity. Now oil lamps became the principal source of lighting in homes throughout the nation. The candle lighting of Martha Washington's day was now used only for decorative purposes. Moreover, Edison was at work on an electric-powered lamp, but that was to follow years later. Rockefeller's oil was also used as a supplementary source of heat. Portable oil stoves, about the size of an old-fashioned milk can had a large circular wick burner and could be ignited and moved from room to room where a little extra heat was required. How well I remember these oil lamps and oil heaters of my youth.

A few cities, starting in Baltimore about 1870, had introduced gas lighting on its streets and in a few business places. Soon gas was piped into private homes and became the preferred source of lighting in those inner city areas where it was available. By the time of World War I, larger cities had gas lighting available. However, small towns and farms still depended on oil lamps. In like fashion, electric lighting and power were now available in most cities and many smaller towns by the early 1920s. Nevertheless, farms and most rural areas depended on oil for lighting. My own parental home in New York City was gas lit at that time, but a coal fired furnace and oil heaters provided the heat.

It was natural therefore for incubators to use an oil burner, something like a lamp, thermostatically controlled heat to provide the required heat for incubating eggs. Thus, my incubator, like wife Mary's cook stove, was oil fired. Therefore, a machine had taken over the hatching function from the hen. Once the chicks hatched in the incubator they could be held there only for a day or two until all newly hatched chicks were on their feet. Now they had to be sheltered and kept warm. That was the job for another machine and process.

Metal Wings and Warmth

Our home was then heated by a coal burning heating stove. Only coal seemed to provide the abundant heat required to offset Iowa's penetrating cold. If baby chicks were to be kept warm, coal was sure fire. Therefore, I purchased a coal fired brooder stove, set it up in the second poultry house, and it became a safely warm brooder house, with adequate floor space for 200 baby chicks to grow to broiler state. Now everything was in readiness for the first chirps to be heard in the incubator. When that day arrived the newly hatched fluffy day-old chicks were transferred to the brooder house, and the coal brooder stove (also thermostatically controlled) and its metal umbrella-like canopy reflected heat down to the chicks keeping them as cozy as their natural mother would. The brooder spread its warm canopy over the chicks and the chicks soon learned to hover under the canopy as needed to keep warm, at the same time running out from under its metal wings to scratch, peck, exercise, and feed to satisfy their appetites.

Whatever an attentive, clucking mother hen would provide seemed to be provided by the brooder. The chicks fed, and grew and prospered, sprouted feathers and increased in size and weight. By the time they were five or six weeks old, they no longer needed the heat and protection of the brooder, and could now be transferred to the regular poultry yard and the regular hen house. Alternatively, they were now large enough to be sold as 2½ lb. broilers.

By partitioning off the brooder house, and fencing under the brooder, two different hatches could be accommodated at a time. Thus, two settings of the 3-week incubation period could be cared for in the brooder house at a time. This provided for a continuous operation from early January until well into the summer. As far as could be determined the chicks accepted their mechanical mothering as well as a natural mother could provide. The first of my two new poultry ventures was in successful operation.

The Early Bird Gets the Worm

The price of broilers declined rapidly as the season advanced. The earliest broilers to reach the market commanded a premium price for the fancy hotel and restaurant trade. By starting to hatch early in December or early January, 2¼ to 2½ lb. broilers could be on the market six weeks later, in March. This first hatch brought 60¢ a lb; the next 54¢; the next 48¢; the next 32¢. Later hatches would bring 36¢ down to 32¢ a pound, a marginal price returning too little to make the work worthwhile. Thus, I raised only the four or five earliest hatchings to market as broilers. Later hatches had a different destiny.

Guaranteed to Live

The second of my two new poultry ventures was aimed at bridging the high mortality period in raising baby chicks. Farmers who were raising poultry for the laying flocks and to sell as heavier fryers – 4 to 5 pounds – really did not want to bother with baby chicks in the early season. First in the cold months, the chicks required too much care and attention, and secondly as soon as the weather moderated in the spring the rush of field work began. However, in April to June chicks could fend for themselves with less attention. If at that time 3 or 4 week chicks could be bought at twice the price of day old chicks, it would be an attractive deal. The chicks would be beyond the high mortality period of their life, and would be more able to forage for themselves.

Therefore, for the later hatches in April and May I raised the chicks to 3 or 4 weeks and offered them for sale at 26¢ each, when day-old chicks were bringing 13¢ each. At that early stage, too, little feed was consumed, so the operation was more profitable. This was true principally because I was able to keep the chicks from contracting the lethal diseases of early life.

This principle of raising poultry without exposure to disease-laden soil and runs was learned and applied by commercial poultry growers beginning in the 1930s. That change made turkey raising profitable by raising young poults on screen wire elevated by two feet or more above ground. Chicken producers shifted to raising broilers by the thousands in "batteries" which were confined houses or cages. My activity in poultry raising was undertaken only in the early 1920s while living on the acreage on Turkey Run.

Produce in Abundance

The established fruit plantings on our small acreage yielded a wide variety of luscious produce in season. Plums, apples, and several kinds of bush fruits, strawberries, asparagus, and rhubarb were plentiful for table use and for canning. The planted garden provided an ample supply of beans, tomatoes, corn, lettuce, melons, squash, beets, carrots, turnips, onions, etc. Surpluses of these too were canned or pickled. A fruit cellar — really a dug cave — provided long season storage. Even surplus eggs were sold or put down in ***water glass*** for use in the winter months. Only meat, other than chicken, and staples had to be bought. [Water Glass: Prior to modern refrigeration, various methods of preserving eggs was tried. Immersion in different liquids too numerous to mention was explored, lime water being a favorite in the 18th century. During the early 20th century, water glass was used with considerable success. Water glass, a bacteria-resistant solution of sodium silicate, discouraged the entrance of spoilage organisms and evaporation of water from eggs. It did not penetrate the egg shell, imparted no odor or taste to the eggs and was considered to have somewhat antiseptic properties. However, it did a rather poor job at relatively high storage temperatures. Eggs preserved in a water glass solution and stored in it cool place keep 8 to 9 months. Ed.]

A Well Rounded Life

The foregoing activities took up some of the extra time after our regular duties were performed. Then Mary and I had an added advantage. That was in the days before TV, and even radio was only getting started. Of course there were social and church activities, occasional trips, travel, picnics and similar recreation, school activities to attend, 4-H Club to lead, garden chores to do, some friendly visiting in town and on farms, a once-in-a-while local visit of a Chautauqua under a big tent, some lyceum lectures, teachers conventions, etc. No, time did not hang heavy on our hands. We truly enjoyed being the Squires of Turkey Run.

CHAPTER 15

Iowa Between the Wars

1924 to 1939

My father never wrote this chapter, although his methodical outline shows that he intended to use this chapter to record his productive years from Moulton to Stuart and Ames, all in Iowa. Using other data found in Dad's files, and supplemented by our own memories, this section covers the above period of time, and is told in the first person by his son. Al, III.

In addition to all of Dad's school work and home farming, Mother and Dad's home life expanded with the first addition to their family. I was born on June 27th, 1924, and, although only 8½ pounds, given the big name of Alfred Hartmann Hausrath III. Apparently all went well, for one month later the family made a week long visit to Ames to show off their new arrival.

July, 1924. Dad with his 3 weeks old son

Dad had never seen the Rockies or visited Mother's home town, Grand Junction, so in the Spring of 1926 they drove to Colorado and had a visit with Mother's parents and other family members. Mother's sister, Edith G. Johnson was also there at the time with her son, Robert W. Johnson. It was quite a reunion. In June of the same year, they drove to New York City, where I celebrated my second birthday, and Mother had her first chance to meet all Dad's relatives.

Many photos were taken at both visits, indicating that the trips were a very happy time.

Stuart, Iowa, located on the other side of Des Moines from Moulton, hired Dad as High School Principal and Vocational Agriculture Instructor, starting July, 1925. As Principal, there were 12 other teachers under his supervision. In addition, he taught classes in vocational subjects, including agriculture and mechanical shop classes.

Our Stuart, Iowa home

Family reunion in Colorado, 1926. L. to r., Mary and her son, Thusa Glassford, Edith Johnson and son Robert, and Jesse Glassford

Their second son, Dean Harvey, was born to them on September 12, 1927 in Stuart.

Since Stuart was closer to Ames than Moulton, Dad re-enrolled at Iowa State, taking graduate courses when he could work it in around his duties in Stuart, and received his MS degree in 1929.

In July, 1928, Dad was hired by Iowa State College as an Assistant Professor of Vocational Education. The family of four moved to Ankeny, Iowa, just north of Des Moines, and I started to school there. In 1929 we moved to Ames, and Dad and Mother bought their first home, at 1204 Marston Avenue. This was a three bedroom, one bath home that fit the needs of their family very well. It was a fine neighborhood, with lots of boys the ages of their two sons. Roosevelt Elementary School was only two blocks away. A further advantage

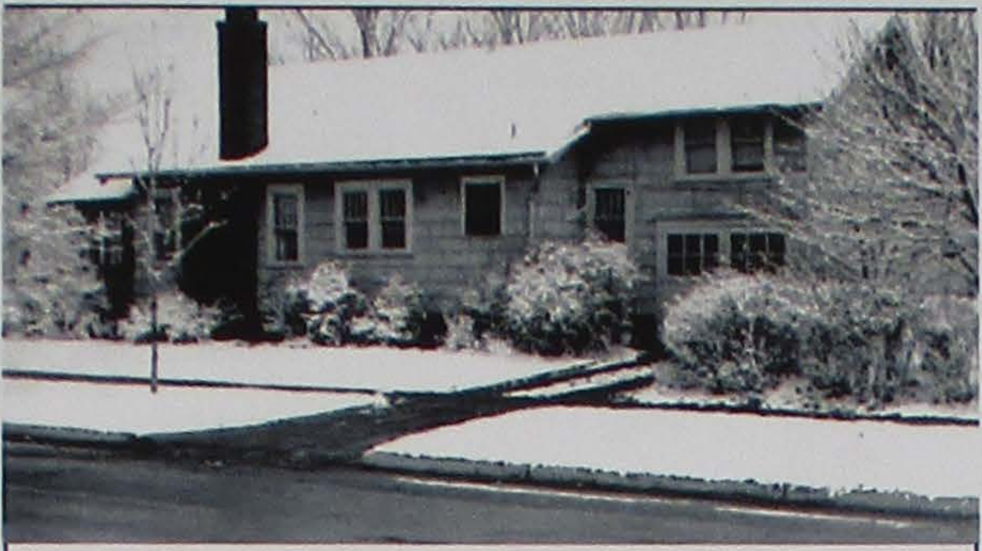
Four generations: Al Sr., Little Al, Al Jr., and Frederick Eugene Hausrath. Photo taken in New York in 1926

Fall, 1928. Dean and Al in Ankeny

Dean at age 2

was an abundance of vacant lots, which not only served as play areas for the boys, but provided space for a huge vegetable garden. The boys adopted two lots about a block apart as ball fields, which still left others for digging trenches for rubber band warfare.

Marston Avenue was lined with young Cottonwood trees, which were great for building tree houses or just climbing.



Our Ames Home

1204 Marston Avenue, Ames

The house had a unique floor plan; the third bedroom was up a flight of stairs and over the garage, and the same size as the garage, with seven windows, which was huge for a bedroom in 1928. It was large enough for several beds, and, in fact, at times all three boys slept there. The house was heated with a coal-fed gravity furnace (no forced ventilation). Dad immediately added a little coal burning water heater. The full basement was put to good use also. A large recreation room was at the bottom of the basement stairs. To the left of this room was the furnace room, which also doubled as Dad's woodworking shop and darkroom. Under the breakfast nook, and off the furnace room was the coal bin, with a chute from the outside so that the coal man could easily slide the coal into the basement. And just past the rec room was Mother's laundry room, and a large cupboard for storing canned fruits and vegetables. A large porch went part-way across the front. Our parent's bedroom was at the front of the house, at the end of the hall that connected the dining room, bath, and back bedroom. The one telephone was wall mounted in the hall near the dining room. A stairway fed off this hall up to the upstairs bedroom. Since it was on a corner lot, the driveway was short, which was very helpful when clearing the snow in winter.

The kitchen had a gas range and oven, without a pilot light. Natural gas had not been piped around Ames in 1929, so we relied on bottled gas (propane) for cooking. The gas was not stored in the big horizontal tanks one sees now in rural areas, but in smaller tanks, about a foot in diameter and about four feet tall. The gas company provided a little metal shed that was mounted outside the house with a gas line running through to the kitchen. The shed held two gas cylinders. When Mother noticed a reduced flame from a burner on the stove, she would need to go outside and turn a valve to switch the gas supply to the other tank. The final step was to order a replacement tank for the empty cylinder.

Food was kept cool in an ice box, which meant additional ice needed to be purchased from the ice man twice a week. (About 1935 or '36, they bought their first refrigerator, and Dad, always the builder, cut a hole through the breakfast nook into the garage, and mounted the new refrigerator in the garage with wall access in the breakfast

John Harms and Dad obtained some of Kodak's early Kodachrome film. It was very slow, so Dad set up this backyard scene of his family. Mother got out her Fiestaware, and we all dressed up for this self photo. Typical of the early Kodachrome film, it has faded.

nook. This freed up the floor space previously taken by the ice box.)

In the summer, it was a problem to keep a breeze going through the house, and in the winter, to keep the north wind out. Therefore, the house had two sets of auxiliary window treatments; screens in the summer, and 'storm windows' in the winter. Each spring and fall these would need to be switched, with one set going into storage.

The upstairs bedroom was fine in the summer, with its windows on three sides. But in the winter, it was impossible to heat, even with the storm windows in place, for two reasons. First, the heating duct up to this bedroom was very long and probably undersized, so the downstairs got most of the heat from the furnace. But secondly, the hand-fired furnace was banked for the night, and the house was allowed to get cold. During the coldest part of winter, the ice would get several inches thick on the upstairs windows, making it impossible to see out. However, fresh air was considered important, so each night several windows would be opened a few inches, with additional ventilation coming through the storm windows by a small opening in their frames.

Dad ordered two kinds of coal; soft coal from Iowa for the furnace (less expensive), and hard coal from Pennsylvania for the water heater. The morning routine went something like this. Upon rising, Dad would immediately go down to the furnace room, shovel more coal into the firebox (if the fire had not gone out through the night), shake down the ashes, and open the draft which made the fire burn faster. Then he would use paper, some kindling, and hard coal to get the water heater going. (It almost always went out during the night.) Then one had to wait 20-30 minutes before the house was no longer frigid and there was hot water for morning ablutions. In cold weather, the furnace would need to be restoked several times during the day.

Then at night, he had to go down to the furnace, bank the coals, and reduce the draft, in hopes the hot coals would last through the night and he would not have to go through the more elaborate process of starting a new fire. After Dad began traveling more, this chore was taken over by me.

And, of course, the ashes (cinders) from the furnace had to be taken out of the house at regular intervals. (Ames had a municipal coal-burning power plant that generated electricity for the city. They surfaced many of their streets, including both 12th Street and Marston Avenue, with cinders from this power plant when we first moved there. Since we boys went barefoot during the summer, it was several weeks each year before our feet toughened up to this rough material.)

Dad's shop consisted of a lathe, jigsaw, a grinder, and a drill press. In addition he had a wall-hung tool box and rack, which held his many hand tools. He taught me to use these tools, which I used (under his guidance) to make bookends for my third-grade teacher. By the time I was in high school, I was quite adept with the lathe, and turned all the banister posts for the stairs used in the school plays.

Also off one of the basement windows in the furnace room Dad made a greenhouse, or, more correctly named, a hot-house. This low enclosure, sitting outside the house and facing south, had a glass face, letting the spring sun heat the enclosure. The basement window was left open also, letting the heat of the furnace room into the hot-house. Dad would prepare flats of the good Iowa loam, and plant seeds of the various vegetables he wanted in his garden. Then when the last frost was past, these seedlings would be transplanted into our large vegetable garden on the neighboring vacant lot.

The Milkman

When we first moved to Ames, the milkman delivered milk to our house with horse and buggy. The horse knew the route well, and would automatically stop at each home on the route. Later on, the milkman upgraded to a truck, but milk continued to be delivered to our house six mornings a week until I left to go into the Army in January, 1943. Milk came in one-quart glass bottles, sealed with a waxed cardboard cap. We had a small box outside the door, and the milkman would come by before we were up, leave full bottles, and take away the empties. This was before homogenized milk was common, so the cream and milk would separate, with the cream on top. My parents had a small metal siphon that would fit down into the bottle, allowing the cream to be skimmed off. So we drank skim milk, but had cream for our cereal. But the best part of saving the cream occurred in the summer, when we used the rich cream to make ice cream in our hand-cranked ice cream maker. Ice and rock salt were added outside the ice-cream container to make the mixture freeze.

In the winter, the milk sat in its container outside long enough for the milk to freeze. When the milk froze, it would expand, pushing the out of the bottle in a straight cylinder, just the diameter of the neck of the milk bottle. On top of this sat the milk cap. In severely cold weather, this cylinder of cream would extend several inches above the top of the bottle.

Another Family Addition

Don at age 2

On February 19, 1934, red-haired Donald Craig was born. The red hair was a big surprise but on further reflection, Mother had a beautiful red-haired cousin, Holly Tupper, and Dad's beard would have had a reddish tinge if he had let it grow.

More Professional Growth

In 1933, Dad enrolled in Graduate School at the University of Iowa (in Iowa City), beginning his studies toward a PhD, initially as a part time student. Then, for the school year from September, 1934 to June, 1935, the family moved to Iowa City, where they rented a second floor unfurnished apartment, allowing Dad to participate as a full time graduate student. Dad and Keith C. Harder, a fellow grad student, became close friends and the two families frequently got together.

Dad continued to work toward his doctorate in the following years, and submitted a thesis (typed by Mother) in 1941. Unfortunately, his doctorate was denied on a technicality: all course work had to be completed in a limited period of time, and our father had spent eight years gathering the necessary number of graduate school credits. The increased demand on Dad's time due to all his participation in U.S. Government activities precluded his ever fully completing the requirements for a PhD.

During the time from his arrival in Ames through the mid to late 30's, Dad also taught science at Ames High School. Young Al (no longer called Sonny) was paid a modest sum for each live frog he could catch for use in Dad's biology classes. It was here that Dad became a close friend and colleague of John Harms, the physics and chemistry instructor in Ames High. Together, they wrote a very successful high school book, Consumer Science, which was a text for students not intending to take more science courses in college. It was published in 1939 and had at least three reprintings.

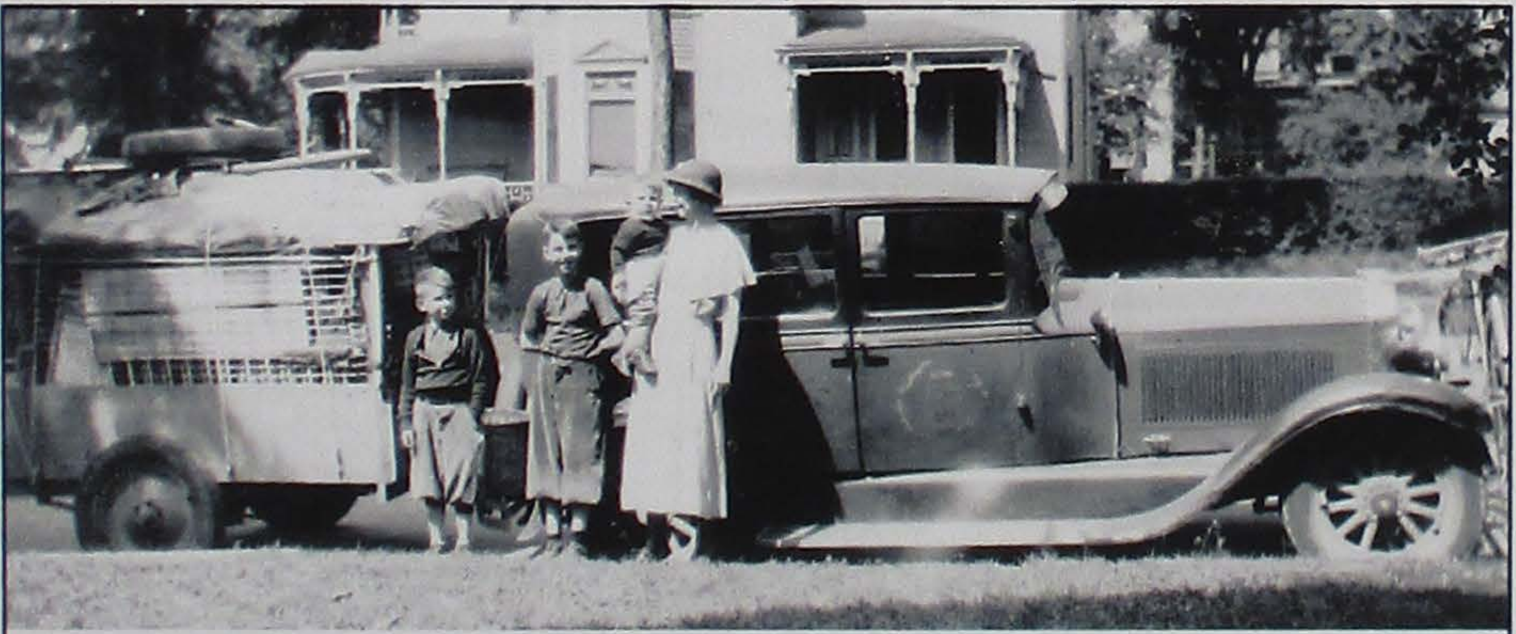
At Iowa State, Dad was in charge of guidance and personnel work, and a supervisor of Student Teachers. Many of the high schools in Iowa provide the Student Teachers a chance to practice their skills, and Ames High was one of these.

Dad also had a very successful radio program, broadcast over much of the state from WOI, the college radio station. These programs were on career guidance, and many high schools let their students listen to them in class as part of the school's vocational guidance programs. Dad had 28 publications between 1924 and 1939, including his text book.

Family Trips

The earliest car that I can remember was a Durant, probably a 1928 model, and the only car Dad ever bought new. For the move to Iowa City, Dad needed a heavier car to pull the trailer of household belongings, and he purchased a used Studebaker touring car from the Iowa Highway Commission, which was headquartered in Ames. This he found expensive to maintain, and by 1935 had replaced it with a used Oldsmobile. When I got my driver's license in 1940 at age 16, the family car was a '39 Chevrolet.

Our family took frequent trips. Within Iowa, Pine Lake


Our last day in Iowa City showing Dad's big Studebaker. The circular pattern on the car door was left after the Highway Commission logo was removed. Dad's annotation on this photo was:
Iowa City, Ia. June 3, 1935. Loaded ready to return to Ames (2nd load) Weights — Car 5085 lbs., Trailer 1810 lbs., total 6895 lbs.

A family picnic at the Ledges

was frequently visited, as well as the Ledges. In the summer of 1933 we visited Chicago's World's Fair, A Century of Progress, accompanied by former neighbors in Ankeny, Iowa. The Wisconsin Dells and Northeast Iowa were visited one summer, and Missouri and the Lake of the Ozarks on another.

One of our most lasting memories was of a trip to Grand Junction one summer in the late '30s. Dad drove the Oldsmobile late into the night across the Colorado plains, looking for the usual bargain in 'tourist court' rates. This was before the era of the multi-story fancy motels; the tourist courts consisted of individual cabins, separated by an open air parking place for the car. Dad would pull into the tourist court, and the proprietor would come out to the car. Dad would roll down his window, and ask, "How much?" If the answer was higher than "Two bucks," Dad would drive on to the next one. Naturally, the price came down as the evening became darker, and he always seemed to find one in his price range. But this night was vivid in my memory, not because of his negotiations, but because of the view in the morning. The majestic Rockies loomed over us! As a lad of 13 or 14, I was stunned by their beauty, and thought they must be just 10 or 20 miles away. To my surprise, they were over two hours away!

Dad made our way up to Rocky Mountain National Park, with bears, snow-covered peaks, and beauty where-ever we looked. After another night's stay in a tourist court, we made an early start, and again headed west. In those days before Interstate Highways, the major highways were paved, and mostly two lane. The secondary roads were either gravel or unpaved. West of Rocky Mountain National Park, the Federal Highway made a great loop to the south, covering a straight line distance of 25 miles, with a loop of over 160. But there was an unpaved road of just 40 miles in length, that crossed the Continental Divide and fed back into the Federal Highway at Wolcott, Colorado. Dad stopped in Kremmling, Colorado, to ask about this shortcut. He stopped at two or three gas stations, but they all advised against it. Finally, at his last stop, he got the answer he wanted, "It's okay if it's dry, but if it rains like the devil, it becomes slippery as hell." Though it was cloudy at the time, it wasn't raining, so we headed across on the shortcut.

It was a difficult road, even in dry weather. It was very narrow, with many sharp curves, as it wound its way through the mountains. The road was well graded, but consisted of nothing but the heavy clay of the Rockies, and because it was a primitive road, it sloped to the outside to permit water runoff. There were no guard-rails.

We were only about one fourth of the way through when the rains hit, and it did "rain like the devil." The road became "slippery as hell." Dad was a good driver, and had much experience in Iowa driving both on muddy and snowy roads, but the combination of the steep inclines, narrowness, and slickness was quite different from Iowa driving. In Iowa, one sank into the mud; in Colorado, you just slide around. Fortunately, there was no other traffic.

Finally it happened; the car slid off the road, facing a couple hundred foot drop down a very steep slope. But the front car frame caught on a boulder, and stopped us. The right front wheel was off the ground, while the left rear wheel was just barely touching the ground.

Dad seemed undaunted, and set about to get the car back on the road. He would use the little car jack to lift the right front six inches or so, block the wheel at this height with rocks, then reset the jack and lift another small height. Finally, when the car seemed almost level, he had all of us, (Mother, Dean, Don and me) sit on the back left luggage rack to add weight, and slowly backed the car on to the road.

We proceeded on. The rain had stopped, and we made Wolcott and the main highway four hours after leaving Kremmling 40 miles back.

Amazingly, though, this was the only bad experience we ever had while motoring, and this was with cars much less reliable than today's vehicles.

Don, with two of the neighbor girls. Photo taken in the backyard at Ames.

Dr. Budge

Medical care was much different in the '20s and '30s than it is today. Ames had several General Practioners and no specialists. Dr. Budge was the favorite, and almost everyone in Ames went to him for their medical help. He delivered infants, took care of children of all ages, treated acne for teenagers, performed tonsillectomies, fixed broken bones, treated adult gum infections, and administered to the elderly. His charges were $2.00 for an office visit and $5.00 for a house call. When he arrived at your house, he carried his little satchel, which seemingly held everything medical he would ever need. A case in point was when he arrived at our house to take out Dean's tonsils.

After a preliminary examination, Dean became a little leery, and was resisting the gauze mask Dr. Budge wanted to put over Dean's nose to anesthetize him. So the doctor changed his tactics, and starting talking to Dean about baseball, and the mask the catcher wears. Relating the mask to the gauze he was going to use, he soon had Dean asleep under the spell of ether. He did this in our living room, while Mother and I watched!

He worked five days a week, but was always on call. His office was a modest suite of rooms on the second floor over a bank in Ames' business district. As Ames grew, he took on first one partner, and then a second, but he still remained the one in most demand.

Illness in the Family

I don't remember when I first began to be plagued with asthma, and since my first memories were in Ankeny when I was four, they must have begun before that. My parents were desperate, and there seemed to be no satisfactory treatment. One memory was being left for six weeks with a doctor in Iowa City who kept asthmatic children in her home, maybe 8 to 10. She ran the patch tests on my back, which consisted of injecting a tiny bit of liquefied foreign material, such as wool or pollen, under the skin and examining that spot later for a reaction. In these tests they found a few items, namely wool, feathers, dog and cat dander, and chocolate, but did not find the real cause of my severe asthma attacks. However, as a result of these tests, I never wore wool clothes or was permitted to eat chocolate. Avoiding chocolate was not a problem, but staying warm in Iowa winters without wool or down was quite a problem.

Our mother read to us a lot, and due to this, I learned to read by the time I entered school in Ankeny at age 4. So on the move to Ames in 1929, I was placed in first grade. However, my asthma was at its worst at this age, and I was frequently too ill to attend school. In desperation, Mother took me and Dean, age 1, on the train to her family home in Grand Junction, Colorado, to see if that climate was better for me. I remember enjoying the trip, so I must have been better.

Winter, 1930. Patches with me on the front porch.

There wasn't any effective medication at that time; the cure seemed to be to keep me in bed until the asthma attack subsided. On our return to Ames, and because I had missed so much school, I was placed back in kindergarten for the remainder of the 1929-30 school year. Gradually my asthma attacks grew less frequent, much to the relief of all the family, and by the time I was in Junior High, they only seemed to occur when I exercised too heavily.

Prior to my asthma attacks we had a wonderful mixed-breed dog named Patches. This was long before any leash-laws came to Ames, and the dogs could roam the neighborhood at will.

The cars at that time were higher above the ground than most of today's vehicles, so they came with a step below the doors, called a "running board." In addition to being a step, it also served other functions, such as a luggage rack, and a place for the spare tire. It was also a handy place for the family dog to ride. Dad taught Patches to ride this way.

As I continued to suffer from asthma, and on the advice of Dr. Budge, the painful decision was made to find a new home for Patches. Dad placed him with a farm family north of Ames. For several days, it was like a tomb around our house without the personable pet. Then Patches mysteriously reappeared. A call to the new owner shed no light on his return. Dad returned him to his new home, and again, after a few days, he reappeared at 1204 Marston. It wasn't until after his third return that we discovered how he was managing to travel that distance.

Marston Avenue was just three blocks from Grand Avenue, or Highway 69, the major North-South road from Des Moines to Minneapolis. Patches would wait on the running board on the right side of the car until his new owner drove back into Ames, unaware of the passenger he was carrying. He would jump off the car as it passed 12th Street. It wasn't until his third trip that a neighbor witnessed this event, reporting that Patches rolled over and over, then got on his feet and trotted the three blocks to our house.

Dad then found a new home for Patches, much further away, and we never saw him again.

Winters in Ames

Iowans are always very aware of the weather, and that is one of the first topics of conversation when meeting up with a friend. Summers have their hot, humid days, along with flies and mosquitoes, but it also brings those beautiful night insects, fireflies, which light up the darkness with a tiny spot of brightness. Also on the plus side is the huge number of cloudless days in Iowa. But it's the winters that cause the most discomfort.

The growing season ends in late September, with the first killing frost by early October. By November, freezing cold and snow flurries can be expected. The cold north wind blows down from Canada, but Iowa seldom gets a lasting snow until January. A new sled or skis were great Christmas gifts, but on many a Christmas, there was no snow on the ground to test it out. By January, however, several feet of snow will have fallen, and many of the streets, while free of drifts, are a packed snow, which made driving very hazardous. The rear wheels on the cars in the '30s needed chains, often for weeks at a time.

Other Activities

Dad and Mother belonged to a neighborhood bridge group, The Emanon Club, which also brought them much enjoyment. [The name had been Mother's suggestion. It is "no name" spelled backwards.] This was as much a social club as a bridge group. At one party they had a contest to match baby pictures to the participants, and Dad used his childhood picture with long curls. Not one Emanon member could match that photo with any of the ladies present!

As Dad mentioned in Chapter 3, he was involved with the Boy Scouts almost from its inception. Troop 159 in Ames was located at Roosevelt Elementary School, and Dad was active with it. I became a Tenderfoot in 1936, the earliest possible. Dad taught knot tying and other requirements. Then a Cub Scout troop was formed and Mother became a "Den Mother" and I, as a Boy Scout, was the Den Leader. The Den met in our Rec Room, and between Mother and Dad, there was never any shortage of ideas for projects.

This group of boys continued through Scouting, with seven of them, including Dean, becoming Eagle Scouts.

America had begun to rearm at the time of Hitler's triggering the start of the European war in 1939, and by the time of our entry into the war on December 7, 1942, the peaceful existence in this quiet state had come to an end, and our father was caught up in the new accelerated pace as is described in the remaining chapters of his autobiography.

CHAPTER 16

WW II — Off to Washington

One of the chapters our father had planned but never wrote was about his World War II days, which led to his career in operations research. As the youngest son and last to leave home, I observed Dad's days as a pioneer operations researcher, both in the States and in Vietnam.

My brother Al's chapter ends with the December 7, 1941 shock of the century; Japanese naval planes at Pearl Harbor blasting to scrap iron our Pacific fleet. At that time, Dad was an Assistant Professor of Vocational Education at Iowa State College, making $4400 for his nine-month teaching year. By December 8, America had declared war on both Japan and Germany. President Roosevelt did a masterful job of channeling our national anger into productive channels. But no one realized, much less our own family, our destinies and those of most of our fellow Americans were forever changed by our mobilization for a desperate two-ocean war. Brother Al, in college, was soon drafted, and the family saw him off at a snowy Ames train station, lined up in uniform with a couple of dozen other young men. Al and the others in that lineup – if they survived – were to serve Uncle Sam for three very long years. Don.

The first break of a college professor is the end of the semester. By then, in June,1942, Dad was in Bloomington, Indiana supervising the development of teaching materials for the U.S. Armed forces Institute, with up to seventy course writers on his staff. He had taken leave from Iowa State College, as it was known then, for 'war service.'

That project led to Dad's move to Washington, to take part in America's vast retooling for the war effort. The Ames house was sold for $3600, and the family headed east in our 1939 Chevy. As we pulled out of our driveway, on that snowy day, my brother Dean, a high school sophomore, whose sense of the comic and inventive storytelling kept me amused on long trips, turned to me and said in an ominous News-of-the-World newsreel voice " you will never see your home again." This revelation did not cause the expected laugh but prompted me, at eight, to burst into tears, and Dean to get chewed out by Mother. But it turned out to be the case. Only Al would return to Iowa after the war.

We arrived in Washington on a snowy day only to discover that Dad's promised job, due to reorganization, had been abolished. We camped in a couple of rooms of Dad's former roommate, Ray Watt, the manager of the local High's ice cream plant, and after a few weeks, moved on to a rented second-floor apartment in a row house on Delafield Place in Washington. Dean and I were cautioned again and again about making noise in the hallway. It was a grim beginning.

Soon Dad was back on Uncle Sam's payroll, supervising the installation of government-wide training programs for the Office of Emergency Management. We moved into a newly built tract house in Silver Spring, which we were to stay in until 1949, when Dad left government for a couple of years.

Dad's first job in Washington involved training thousands of newly recruited women from America's hinterlands who were stuffed into private homes and rented rooms across the District. Dad organized their arrival, set them up with mentors and church groups – parents would not let their daughters go to that wicked city without such assurances–and designed training programs for them. While at Bloomington, he had written a typewriter repair manual for them, and now he was involved in all their training needs. It is worth noting that the man who wrote a typewriter maintenance manual during the first days of World War II would — less than ten years later — be heading a team of scientists using newly- invented simulation methods and one of the world's most sophisticated computing machines, its room full of vacuum ray tubes air-conditioned day and night.

9203 Glenville Road in Silver Spring, Maryland. Their home from 1943 to 1949.

Fighting a two-front war with millions in uniform, changed who did what. Men and women, both in uniform and on the home front found themselves in new jobs, from weather forecasting to flying to riveting. Thus tests were developed and those showing potential were trained in special courses, all part of the work of 'personnel management.'

In the latter part of the World War II, Dad moved from recruiting and training clerical staff to finding and making use of the 12,000 scientists and technicians needed to support the practical research needed for the maintenance of the naval fighting forces, and moved over to a World War I 'temporary' building close to where the Vietnam memorial is now placed. Thus, he became an expert on locating and training specialized staff needed for military support. My main memory of that Navy building was its ever-polished linoleum 'deck,' maintained, no doubt, by land-based swabs.

Wartime Washington resembled, in some ways, today's security-conscious city. There was a camouflaged antiaircraft gun bunker, for example, next to our National Park Service outdoor lecture hall, where we religiously attended all the illustrated slide lectures every Saturday evening, followed by a stop for Dutch Chocolate ice cream from Gifford's. We were worried about bomber attacks, and Dad spent the occasional evening as our neighborhood Civilian Defense Corps warden. I would walk the length of Glenville Road with him during those blackout practices, with even the street lights turned off. Dad carried a flashlight and wore a white painted WWI doughboy helmet with a triangular CD (Civilian Defense) logo. During these evening drills, you were required to turn off your lights or use blackout curtains. Any light showing from a house resulted in a knock on the door by Dad.

Our basement 'rec room,' walled in trendy knotty-pine by Dad, served as a gathering for Mother's cub-scout den. We were shown filmed footage of dogfights and naval battles Dad had borrowed somewhere, and we cub scouts learned to identify such planes as the twin- engine Mitsubishi bomber from round silhouette cards. We were prepared. Over Dad's basement workbench was an often-changed chart of the world, showing vast areas of Europe, Africa and the Pacific held by the Axis.

By 1949, the Government was retrenching from its wartime ballooning, and we left Washington for Princeton, where Dad took up the supervision of a wing of the Educational Testing Service, providing standardized psychological and educational tests to schools and colleges. We enjoyed the life of this historic town filled with bright students and outstanding faculty, including, as Dad mentioned, Albert Einstein, and we often drove up to New York City to visit Dad's parents in the Bronx. After two years, however, Dad was recruited to return to Washington in a job that involved working with scientists in what is now known as a 'think tank.' The parents bought a slate-roofed three story brick home overlooking Sligo Creek in Silver Spring, bordered with azaleas that bloomed from early spring to late summer.

The family home at 120 Hilltop Road in Silver Spring. It overlooked beautiful Sligo Creek Park to the rear.

In 1951, when we returned to Silver Spring, World War II was a scant 6 years in the past. Japan and Germany were occupied with American troops, but the danger was no longer from our former enemies. The new belligerents were Soviet military forces, joined with the armies of Eastern European nations now ruled by Soviet puppets. To counter the Soviet's huge superiority in men, and all too soon, atomic weapons, it was imperative for the States to rapidly develop a more technologically savvy military, and one that incorporated our own atomic weaponry and non-prop airplanes and missiles in the mix.

Thus was born a high priority secret military project that the Army would not at first even name, operating nearby out of a former junior college in Chevy Chase, Maryland. It was known as the Operations Research Office (ORO), later renamed the Research Analysis Corporation (RAC). ORO's job was to look at military problems though the analytical eyes of scientists, a team composed of assorted scientists and social scientists in tandem with military personnel fresh from the battlegrounds of WW II. Their boss was Ellis Johnson, a brilliant physicist whose work neutralized enemy magnetic mines feared by our Navy ships. Also on the staff was General McAuliffe, famous for his one word reply, "nuts" when surrounded by Nazi units in the Battle of the Bulge

Dad's analytical skills were known to the Navy brass, some of whom were not in ORO, and he was recruited to join this unique group. He was never to leave the field, retiring at age 65 having directed 'military games' and various studies throughout the world. He once brought home a fist-sized radioactive piece of fused sand taken from ground Zero of Exercise Desert Rock, where his team studied the reaction of an atomic bomb detonated four miles from the dug-in troops. Dad's frank, well documented studies changed many military operations and in one spectacular case, the future of race relations and civil rights.

I recall while in high school and during visits from college, the long waits in the reception area of Dad's office. In that long-ago world, it was common for families to have but one car, particularly a family as frugal as ours. Thus, for most of Dad's career, my Mother, if she needed the car, would drive Dad to work in the morning, return home to do some shopping, and I, while in high school or visiting from college, would drive the car back over to his office in the evening to pick him up. After waiting a half hour or so, I would wander into the reception area and watch – where a wall clock usually was mounted – an odd machine flashing ever-changing random numbers, a sort of wall-mounted dice-throwing machine-that was used in their war games.

I never got beyond the reception area in all those years, and only learned in detail what Dad was up to through the kindness of Sergeant Lopez, the man who oversaw the security vault in the basement of a former French villa in Saigon's twin city of Cho Lon, used in the late 1950's by the U.S. Military Advisors (Vietnam). Occasionally, Dad would fly into Saigon on one of his studies and share a meal with me at the rooftop restaurant at the Cinema Dai Nam hotel, where I and other enlisted personnel were billeted. There Dad met Sergeant Vincent Lopez, who liked Dad, and thus, allowed me to sit in the Army's vault room and read some amazing reports, labeled by 'Alfred H. Hausrath' and 'Staff Paper' and 'Operations Research Office, Johns Hopkins University' and red-stamped 'SECRET.' They are all declassified now, and you can find information on them by clicking on the National Defense University website for their special collections, at www.ndu.edu/library/manuscripts.html. Sergeant Lopez thought them hot stuff. There were reports on how many front-line troops in Korea actually fired their weapons in battle, the use of the military in running civil governments, troop performance on a training maneuver involving the use of atomic weapons, human behavior under conditions of military service, and the historic study, Utilization of Negro Manpower in the Army, a 1951 study. The latter is cited in a scholarly journal on operations research as one of the Great Moments in the History of Operations Research, in a timeline that starts with Pascal's work in 1654, lists Babbage's early computer, and the invention of FORTRAN. Dad's 'Utilization' study was to drive a coffin nail into segregation in the military, with its analytical findings so pervasive and so outspoken on the need to end segregation. The study, as well, became a key document in the fight that was approaching in the 1960s. Many books on the civil rights movement refer to the report and its usefulness.

Our father in Korea

My father was an exceedingly curious man. His interests encompassed almost any field but music; he was tone deaf. Besides his ever-present camera while traveling, over the years, he developed the habit of careful note taking, and even on family holidays, he would pull out a pad and take notes on what some guide or acquaintance was telling him. On trips he was often taken for a journalist, because of his note taking. I recently came across a small notebook of Dad's dated 1956-1957, when Mother and Dad were living in Saigon for a year, where Dad was attempting to design the newly independent South Vietnam's civil service. A typical page: "Sewing machine. The main and only piece of mechanical equipment in the average home. Almost every woman makes clothes for all the family.

LandRovers, civilian jeeps, with larger enclosed body, a very practical vehicle for the jungle.

Town. Sidewalk merchants. Markets with endless stalls, grouped into "departments" fish, fruit, vegetables, cloth, hardware, etc.

Bicycles, motorbikes, scooters, cyclopousses, pedicabs, moterpousses, etc. Black and white and lovely colored dresses. Broad cone shaped hats".

Of course, South Vietnam was to fall, but by the end of his year there, he was a leading expert on the relationship of civil government and the military, and wrote several book-length studies on the subject. McGraw Hill published in 1971 his book on the history of simulation in planning, titled Venture Simulation in War, Business and Politics, which can be found in most university libraries. .

I like to think there was an ingrained belief that allowed Dad, besides his analytical and management skills, to become one of America's leading war gamers and change agents in military affairs. Possibly, even as a young child, Dad observed the way young people learned, watching his father teach them at the piano in the front parlor. I know for certain, from Dad's own writings, that he held two learning experiences in highest regard.

One was Dad's unique high school life, whereby he mixed in the mornings with the best and the brightest students at Stuyvesant High School, New York's prestigious science magnet school, and in the afternoon, worked with skilled craftsmen. His afternoon teachers may not have ever seen the inside of a high school, but as Dad has written, he was all but adopted by a couple of foremen in learning hands-on skills in a boat yard. Dad grew to respect both sets of teachers, and what they had to tell him. That experience, I suggest, was reinforced in his graduate work in testing and measurement. He learned you looked for specific aptitudes and if a person had them, you used that person; race, sex, age, or economic background was irrelevant. His work asked what if and used scientific methods to explore the question and provide the most logical answers, and to hell with cultural bias. The results made for a stronger country and one in which equality was based on our individual potential and how best to take advantage of that potential.

The about the author blurb on the back of his McGraw Hill book provides a good summary of his working life.

"Alfred H. Hausrath, former Chief, Military Gaming Division, Research Analysis Corporation, is the author of textbooks and many military studies and reports, and has directed a team research on many vital military projects. He has conducted or directed studies in the Far East, Southeast Asia, the Middle East, Europe, and the United States on inter-and intra national problems, including political-military affairs, strategic studies, civic action, cold war, war gaming, personnel management, and utilization, training and staff development. He has been active in the fields of natural sciences, public administration, and personnel development, and has served as advisor, consultant, and staff member of the President's Advisory Commission on Education, the U.S. Armed Forces Institute, the Research and Development Board, the Military Assistance Program of the Department of State, and the President's Scientific Research Board. He is a Fellow of the American Association of the Advancement of Science, a charter member of the Operations Research Society of America, and a former staff member of Iowa State University and of the Johns Hopkins University. Now an independent consultant, he spent the last five years before his 'retirement' as head of the largest sophisticated senior-level war gaming activities in the nation."

CHAPTER 17

The Early War Years W.W.II 1939-1942

Nazi Germany under Hitler had already started its land grabs in 1938 and 1939 in Austria, Hungary, the Ruhr, the Sudetenland, and Czechoslovakia, when on September 1, 1939, Hitler's forces launched their Blitzkrieg in Poland, precipitating World War II. Soon all of Europe was engulfed in war and the conflagration was spreading worldwide.

December 7, 1941

The United States tried to stay out of belligerency while providing the allies with the materials they needed. All that ended with the sneak attack by Japan on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. Now the U.S. was inextricably involved in all-out participation.

I had been teaching at Iowa State College since 1928. I was now 40 years old. I wanted to do my part in the war effort, but was unsure how I might serve most effectively. There was some belief that older faculty members could serve best by continuing to teach in such fields as science, agriculture, engineering, and technology that were stressed at Iowa State.

The U.S. Armed Forces Institute

In the summer of 1942, I was invited by the War Department to assist in setting up an expanded educational program for military personnel. This was named the U.S. Armed Forces Institute, USAFI for short. Its purpose was to encourage and enroll soldiers, sailors and marine corpsmen in educational courses (academic and technical) to pursue in their spare time in the service, thereby improving their skills and education wherever they may be stationed. These courses were to be prepared for self-study or as correspondence courses. The program was intended to help military personnel advance in their accredited schooling, while in the service, to facilitate advancement in military assignments to contribute to their qualifications in the job market after discharge and to develop interests which would enrich their individual lives. To these ends, the Institute had to provide three types of service: (1) instructional material (self-study textbooks), (2) a testing program to measure achievement and assure standards for awarding educational "credits," and (3) a center from which the program could operate to reach individual soldiers and sailors wherever they were stationed. Three universities were chosen - one for each type of service. They were respectively: Indiana University, University of Chicago, and the University of Wisconsin.

How it Came About

When the Education and Indoctrination Division of the U.S. Army decided to extend educational opportunities to enlisted men, beyond the usual training programs for the military skills needed for Army duty, a civilian advisory committee of leading educators was set up. The Advisory Committee was asked to make recommendations. The committee recommended an extensive program of coordinated correspondence courses and credit examinations to be made available worldwide to all service men and women, soldiers, air corpsmen, sailors, marines. Also recommended were the university centers and individual educators to head up each of the three principal programs. The recommendations were accepted, the institute established and staffing authorized.

I was invited to head the Instructional Material Center at Indiana University at Bloomington. Iowa State granted me a leave of absence for the summer of 1942 to organize staff and supervise this staff in its formative stage. So I was established at the U. of Indiana for the summer of 1942. I soon recruited a staff from other universities, set up an organization and procedures to develop the instructional materials (select or write the textbooks and develop the self-instructional lessons) in the wide range of subjects to be offered.

Coordination had to be maintained between the Instructional Materials and the tests to measure achievement in the courses. This meant that I had to make weekly trips between Indiana U. and the Testing Staff at the U. of Chicago, under Dr. Ralph Tyler, Dean of the School of Education. These trips usually meant travel by bus to Indianapolis, and then by train on the Monon?? I've never heard of this Railroad to Chicago, and the reverse. There were also monthly Advisory Committee meetings to attend in Chicago.

Indiana University

At Indiana University I had a room at the Student Union Building, and ate at the Dining Hall at the Union. It so happened at that time Indiana University had a president, Herman Wells, who was a bachelor. He too ate more or less regularly at the Union, and thus Herman and I often arrived at the same time, ate our meals together, and became well acquainted.

By the end of the summer, the Instructional Materials Staff was functioning productively and their work was lined out for the year ahead. At that time, as agreed previously, at the end of my authorized leave of absence, I returned to my duties at Iowa State, and my permanent successor took over at Indiana University.

Military Overture

While I was involved with the USAFI Advisory Committee and Army Officers of the Education and Indoctrination Division of the Army, I was asked if I would be amenable to accepting a commission with initial rank of major for assignment in the Education and Indoctrination program. The rank of major was the highest the Army was permitted to offer in a direct commission, that is, a direct induction from civil life. An assignment to such duty did not have a strong appeal to me. It appeared duties would be rather routine and capable of performance by almost anyone who had had a little teaching experience. In addition, it did not seem to me that it would be in the spirit of my commitment to Iowa State for my summer-only leave of absence. I declined the offer, with thanks, and returned to Ames.

Back at Iowa State and Ames

Once again, on the campus at Ames, just in time for the Fall term to begin, I was soon settled in my regular teaching and associated activities. Change was the mark of the times. The war effort accounted for most of the change. Enlistments and draft calls were beginning to drain off men students who were entering military service. Iowa State was a leading school in science and technology, fields with expanding needs for trained personnel in the war effort. Students in those fields were encouraged to stay in school. Many did. Many others, caught up in the fervor of patriotic service chose to enlist. My classes held up in enrollment, and my other duties were considered "essential."

No sooner had the Fall term began when I received personal invitations from Washington to take a war support job in the capital city. I, now 41 years old, was strongly desirous of making a meaningful contribution to the war effort - a maximum contribution I hoped within my capabilities. One possibility was to enter the military service. That would be an obvious way of doing my duty. However, if I did that I did not want to wind up in a desk job or an assignment to a job anyone could do, such as a clerical job processing or instructing recruits. If I were to be assigned where my experience and talents would be employed it was most unlikely that that would be in an active combat area. That too did not appeal to me. Once in uniform I would have little opportunity to influence my assignment or even my best utilization. I believed I would be assigned to the first slot for which a vacancy arose; and I would have no alternative. Moreover, at my age I probably would be assigned to less urgent duties. All these prospects held no special attraction for me to enter the uniformed service. In addition, there was some uncertainty as to whether I could pass the physical.

Civilian service in the war effort seemed to afford the possibility of better utilization and one in which I would retain some choice of appropriate employment. There was also my family to consider. We were well situated in Ames, and owned our own home in a good neighborhood among friends. There was a further uncertainty of whether another job would contribute more to the war effort than my current responsibilities at Iowa State. It was a troubling quandary. I wanted to do my duty, but how could that duty be served best?

To Win the War

As the college term progressed, repeated calls continued for me to come to Washington to "help win the war." Finally, I succumbed after developing a guilty feeling that I was shirking my duty, and when the later calls focused on a job I felt would use my capabilities. Iowa State, once again, gave me a leave of absence — this time "for the duration" of the war. My reporting date was set for early November, 1942. This date was chosen for two reasons. One was that I was scheduled to be best man at the wedding in Ames of my former college roommate, Raymond Watt to Dr. Bernice Kunerth, whose parental family lived in Ames but who now resided in Washington where she was a nutritionist in the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture. The second reason was that my classes could be taken over most conveniently at mid-term. Both events went off as scheduled.

At the last meeting of one of my classes, I announced that I was leaving for Washington and introduced the professor who would take over the class. At the end of the class as students lingered to bid goodbye, one student by the name of Reeves remarked that she didn't envy me because her dad worked in Washington and commuted between Chicago and Washington each week. That rang a bell in my mind: Reeves, Chicago, Washington. I then asked the student, "Is your father Floyd W. Reeves?" "Yes," she answered. I had known the father as an educator, a professor at the University of Chicago, and a former top official at the Tennessee Valley Authority. It was natural that he would be drawn in to Washington as a consultant while continuing to serve as a professor of education at the University of Chicago.

There would be later connections with Bernice and Raymond Watt in Washington, but those will be reported in the course of developing events.

Reluctantly Leave Taking

Many arrangements had to be made. I would go to Washington alone, and leave the family in Ames, at least for the immediate future. Our oldest son, Alfred, had been graduated from Ames High School in late May, had entered Iowa State College for the summer term, and continued in the Fall term in General Engineering. However, the war fever had gotten to him. When his faculty advisor had recommended him for the U.S. Army for training in meteorology because of his proficiency in Mathematics, young Al signed up in the U.S. Army Air Corps for this specialized field. He was to be called soon for training at the University of Wisconsin. This left Mary and their two other sons at home, 15 year old Dean and 8 year old Don, both in school and in various activities.

Some uncertainties about this change, and perhaps a measure of skepticism remained in my mind. Nevertheless, I prepared to leave for Washington by train, and skepticism persisting, bought a round-trip ticket, leaving Ames after the Watt wedding on November 1.

An Interlude in Chicago

There was to be a 4-hour layover between train connections in Chicago. This gave me a chance to check into an alternative. Still uncertain of where my talents could be employed most effectively, I went to the Naval Officer Procurement Office. It was a busy place. Perhaps 45 or 50 men were waiting their turns to be interviewed. It looked hopeless for me to get an interview in my time between trains. However, the Navy had a system. Upon entrance, one was given a couple of sheets to fill out and pass in. These would be scanned and the potential candidate told how long he would probably have to wait. I was told I would be interviewed immediately, and I was. Within a few minutes of scanning my sheets and then checking against procurement requirements, the interviewer asked a few questions and told me that I could qualify for an immediate slot with a high priority. I would have to take a physical exam next, and would be put at the head of that line, but this exam would take about three hours to complete. I responded that I did not have that much time in Chicago. The interviewing officer stated that my papers could be sent to Washington where I could take the physical examination. The "slot" or job for which a Lt. Commander's Commission would be offered was to take charge of making training films at the Navy Photo Laboratory in Washington. I agreed to have my papers forwarded to Washington where the procurement office would contact me for the physical exam. Thereupon I went to the R.R. station and boarded my B & 0 train for Washington.

Arrival in Washington

As scheduled, I arrived in Washington November 2, 1942 and went directly to the office where I was to report for duty. No time was lost in being sworn in and officially assigned to the proffered job: Assistant Director, Training Branch, Personnel Division, Office of Central Services, Office for Emergency Management, Executive Office of the President. I was now inducted into the Washington bureaucracy and introduced to the organizations with long names.

There were about five layers of superiors between President Franklin D. Roosevelt and myself. My immediate supervisor was Chief of the Training Branch, Dr. Keith C. Harder, a friend and colleague of long standing. It was he who was determined to get me to Washington to fill the assigned position, a G.S. 12 grade position in the Civil Service job classification system, paying slightly less than my position at Iowa State, a difference of little concern to me.

It was Keith Harder who orchestrated the campaign to wean me away from Iowa State and bring me to Washington. Apparently, he succeeded in persuading the appropriate officials to mount the campaign of letters, telegrams, and phone calls that turned the tide for me.

Keith and his wife Myra invited me to stay at their home in Mt. Rainer, Md. until I could find suitable accommodations, facilitating my adjustment to Washington. It was an agreeable and helpful arrangement, much appreciated by me. Wartime Washington was crowded, and the scramble for living quarters was acute. A large front room in a private home on Delafield Place was found in a nice residential section of northwest Washington and I settled in for my initial residence in the capital city.

The World Doubles Back

Keith Harder and I had both started our careers in Iowa as teachers in the early 20s. Both taught vocational agriculture, and while in widely separated portions of the state, we knew each other and our paths crossed often. Later both were in graduate school together at the State University of Iowa in Iowa City. Here a close friendship developed between the two families. After completing his PhD Keith took a training job with the TVA in Knoxville, and lived next door to Sen. Bates Kefauver with whom he often played bridge. TVA was one of the great "New Deal" activities of the FDR administration in the Depression years. When the U.S. entered WW II and the Washington bureaucracy exploded in size to support an all-out war effort, the in-service training requirement for the expanded Federal Agencies also mushroomed. TVA was a first line recruiting ground for the U.S. Office for Emergency Management, and thus Keith Harder was drawn into Washington for these expanded training requirements. Next, I was drawn in too, again in association with Harder. The circle that started in Iowa closed once again, this time in Washington.

The Navy Calls

It must have been less than a week after my arrival in Washington that I received a call from the local Navy Officer Procurement Office. My "papers" having been sent from Chicago, I was asked to come in for my physical exam. Even though I was not ready to "sign-up" for the duration, curiosity led me to follow through. Besides, a free medical examination was an attraction. I responded, took the exam, and was offered a Lt. Commander's Commission in the Training Film production job for which I was earmarked. The offer was attractive and had some advantages. However, some obstacles turned up. The first was the report of the physical exam. Some few days later, there were three minor disqualifications, a record of asthma, astigmatism, flat feet. The recruiting officer in charge said these would disqualify me for regular Navy duty, and I responded then that would end the matter. "Indeed not," the officer replied, and referring to a notation on my papers, he said, "that note means take this guy if he can stand without being held up." The decision was now up to me again. After serious consideration, I decided against the offer. This was due in part to my current involvement in the OEM program, and in part to my belief that, while I had made training films, there must be others with more filmmaking experience than I had had and that the job was not very broad in scope. Result, I settled more firmly in my Office of Emergency Management duties.

Washington In Transition

Washington in the Depression Years

I had spent a summer (1937) in Washington serving on the staff of the President's Advisory Committee on Education. This Commission was charged with making a general assessment of Education in the United States and the relationship of the Federal Government in the whole process. My job was to investigate and write portions of the report on the Land Grant Colleges in collaboration with Dr. Barton Morgan, also of the Vocational Education Department of Iowa State College. At that time, Washington was a rather typical Southern city. Some would call it a sleepy southern city. Life was slow paced. Little activity was visible in the city. These conditions were more evident in the hot summer months, before the period of air conditioning. It was also before the period of traffic congestion. Fast, quiet streetcars served the transportation needs of the local population. There were some automobiles to be seen on the streets, but rarely more than three or four moving within sight at a time. A scattering of tourists was to be found near the Capital, the Lincoln Memorial, and on Constitution and Pennsylvania Avenues. Even the White House seemed to be "on vacation." Nevertheless, it was then the domain of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and his Brain Trust, for those were the Depression years and the heroic efforts of Roosevelt's New Deal.

Impressions of Washington in the Thirties

I, fresh from a small college town in the mid-west, found Washington impressive. Government buildings were large, spreading, and dignified. Their architecture was classical in the Greek and Roman tradition. The streets were tree shaded, some with large old elms arching overhead. Residential and business areas were on the fringe of the complex of government buildings surrounding the mall. Three story brick row houses, thousands of them, also rather attractive architecturally, filled the northern spread of the city. Walter Reed Army Hospital and its spacious grounds, about three miles north of the White House marked the northern rim of this row-house residential area. The city was as a whole, at least what the visitor saw of it, clean and attractive. There were pockets of older, less affluent neighborhoods, mostly of two-story, narrow brick row houses. Some areas were run down and approached slum conditions.

The central city was majestically dominated by the symbols of historic significance and governmental prestige and power. The layout of streets, circles, and parks gave a charm and spaciousness uncommon to other U.S. cities such as New York, St. Louis, Los Angeles, or Des Moines. The new U.S. Supreme Court building, recently completed in 1936 at the astonishingly low depression era cost of three million dollars, stood on Capitol Hill as a stately and inspiring monument in its gleaming white marble.

Among the large government office buildings at that time were two which when completed were the largest office buildings in the U.S., The Department of Agriculture's South Building in 1930, and the Department of Commerce Building in 1932.

Local Business Areas

Interspersed through the residential area were blocks of local business establishments. In fact, local business shops and stores seemed to dominate the commercial activity of the city. I remember well my first impressions of these local business blocks.

I was struck by the mix and yet the consistency of certain types of establishments. There seemed to be a pattern that repeated itself block after block. That pattern typically consisted of (1) a drug store (really a sort of general store) (2) a laundry and dry cleaning shop, (3) a liquor store, (4) an ice-cream parlor and (5) one other store or shop which would not belong in one of the first four categories such as an eating place, a clothing or hardware store, or a Mom and Pop Grocery store or even a movie theater.

As a national capital, Washington was well represented with Embassies, their staffs, and their lavish receptions and entertainment. They must have contributed a substantial demand for liquor, and perhaps for aspirin.

These were the Great Depression Years and industry and business were stagnated throughout the country. Washington, as the seat of government with its large population of civil service employees, enjoyed relative affluence with job stability and standard wages. So local business in Washington prospered during those years.

Washington in the War Years

When the U.S. prepared for, contributed to the Allies war material requirements, and finally entered World War II in late 1941, Washington began a transformation which would soon lift it into one of the principal cities of the world, and earn the unofficial designation as Capital of the Free World.

An early photo of the Mall in the District of Columbia. The Washington Monument is at the center top and the Lincoln Memorial in the Ellipse. The Navy and Munitions buildings are on the left. Built as "Temporary" Buildings during WW I, they were expanded during WW II. They were finally demolished in 1970 and the Vietnam Memorial occupies this space.

Some remnants of the building surge of World War I remained in the form of large reinforced concrete "temporary" buildings in the mall area, particularly the Navy and Munitions buildings, now gone but then on Constitution Avenue between 17th and 19th streets. Now in W.W. II, these were extended with top floors added and a whole crop of new temporary plasterboard buildings were constructed. Some of these filled in spaces on the Mall and along Constitution Avenue and Independence Avenue from 3rd to 20th Streets. These too are now gone, replaced in part by extended park areas, and new additions to the Smithsonian Institution, the Museum of History and Technology, the Hirschhorn and the new triangular East building of the National Art Gallery, and the new Air and Space Museum.

Among the permanent buildings added for support of WW II effort were the Pentagon, a new record size for large office buildings and the extension of Navy buildings in the Shirley Highway vicinity,

Washington was now a busy, bustling city with a heavy influx of additional military and civilian personnel. Housing was now a high priority problem. Large complexes of garden-type apartments were constructed, primarily for the influx of new government workers. McLean Gardens with some 3000 apartments, Fairlington of equal or larger size, Greenbelt and many less extensive developments were constructed at Suitland, Silver Spring, Carroltown, and others, among these public and privately financed projects. Closer in, vacant lots were filled in with temporary or permanent housing, and home building expanded into the suburban area like McViers Mill housing project. Thus, Washington became a metropolitan area. Population jumped at least threefold from about a half million to almost 2 million. Such were the outward visible signs of change.

Big Government Comes of Age

Some of the changes registered on me in my own work associations. Among my memorable early impressions were several related to size, scope, and organization. As Chief of the Departmental Branch of the Training Division, and later of the Clerical Branch I was a personnel director. In the latter capacity I was a participating member of the Federal Personnel Council that met once or twice weekly in its special building on K Street. Some of the accouterments which became common in wartime Washington were oversized conference tables. The Personnel Council had one — the largest I had ever seen up to that time. It must have been almost 30 feet long, and accommodated the two or three dozen Personnel Officers who assembled to work out common problems.

Another of the new necessities included motor transportation pools with probably hundreds of chauffeur-driven cars to shuttle officials and their assistants from building to building spread over the entire metropolitan area wherever official business required.

Still another was telephones. I was astonished at the number of telephones in government offices, coming from my college office that I shared with another professor, J.A. Starrak. The two professors shared one telephone instrument and felt privileged — most staff members had no telephone at all in their own offices. In Washington, large office spaces were crowded with desks: scores, even a hundred or more in some office complexes — but typically every desk had a telephone instrument on it. Only some machine operators, such as typists or bookkeeper machine operators might not have individual telephones. No wonder Washington set a world record (Guinness take note) by having more telephones in service than it had population. Lest one visualize one person trying to carry on a telephone conversation over two or more phone lines at the same time, it must be remembered that the Washington office staff drew large numbers from outside the city limits of the District of Columbia.

CHAPTER 18

To Washington to Win the War

Personal Transition Problems

Having decided, I now was committed to service in wartime Washington "for the duration" of the war. Next, I was faced with a number of personal problems. Among these were economic and family plans. Naturally, first priority concerned the family.

A House and Farm to Sell

With the prospect of a long war, the family decided on an early move to Washington. Son Al was continuing in his first year of engineering at Iowa State while awaiting a call into the Army Air Corps. Son Dean was in his junior year in Ames High School, and son Don was a third grader. The family could be moved to Washington only after housing had been found. I would search for that. The family home in Ames could be rented or sold. Selling was decided upon and Mary would undertake that job, along with the disposal of excess accumulated furniture, toys and equipment that had built up over the 14 years of residence in Ames.

There was the farm too. As an investment, Mary and I had purchased an 80-acre piece of farmland a year earlier in Hamilton County, just north of Ames. It was fenced, tile drained, all tillable and as rich soil as Iowa offered. Its only structure was a corncrib for crop storage. This meant there was practically no upkeep expense. It cost $100 an acre. There was no problem about renting it to farmers for cultivation on a crop-share basis. The uncertainties of the war, absentee ownership, and hired farm managers clouded the issue of trying to operate it as owners. So it was decided to sell it. An even more compelling reason to sell was that the capital Mary and I had tied up in it was needed for a house purchase in Washington. It was soon sold to a nearby farmer at $115 an acre. In the longer perspective of hindsight, it was a mistake to sell, but who could foresee the future as it turned out. At least we did not. Such land in 1976-1977 was bringing in excess of $2000 an acre.

The house sale moved more slowly. There was more exodus than emigration in wartime Ames. After some months, one offer was received from a local businessman. Mary and I had bought the house, a well-built roomy 3-bedroom bungalow with a full basement, a full walk-up attic, and an attached garage for $5,250 in 1928. Now in late 1942 shortly after the Depression Years and the great uncertainties of the real estate market in Ames, the offer of $4,750 was accepted. Most of that went to pay off the mortgage balance leaving little in pocket cash. The settlement date was at our convenience, a real advantage.

Wartime Housing in Washington

Washington was crowded. Housing was scarce. Rented quarters even if they could be found, would be insecure. Owners' plans were also in flux. A house rented today, may be sold tomorrow, with displacement of tenants. Rented quarters were to be avoided. However, homes to buy were also scarce. Few were on the market and these were snapped up by insiders. Some resorted to doubling up, but that too was undesirable. Builders were anxious to capitalize on the demand for housing, and there was a great surge in new housing developments. Builders were intent on building new homes as rapidly as possible before war priorities and the scarcity of building materials could be felt.

In order to provide suitable housing quickly and at the least cost in labor and materials some limiting regulations soon were established. The most important put a ceiling of $6000 on the price at which any new single family could be marketed. This ruling resulted in minimum cost construction of the authorized two or three bedroom houses that had to meet building codes so that houses thus authorized would not deteriorate into substandard housing in a few years. Housing in the low price bracket was stimulated. Many large-scale government subsidized developments, like Greenbelt Maryland were initiated, and these were little more than barracks-type apartments or frankly temporary shelters (to be torn down after the war) all to be rented to government workers and military personal.

Some other large-scale apartment ("garden apartment type") projects were undertaken by private capital like McLean Gardens in Washington and Fairlington Village in Arlington, Va. Insurance companies financed some of these.

Independent builders rushed ahead with their own designs of economical two and three bedroom houses. Some were Northern Colonial box-type houses such as at Green Meadows that sold for $4500, and small two bedroom bungalows in the same price class, as in Veirs Mill Village. Other builders had planned developments of somewhat more spacious 3-bedroom houses of colonial or Cape Cod type. No unfinished house could be sold for more than $6,000. A small number of builders had begun developments of scores of single-family homes within this price range. This, then, was the most promising hunting ground for possible housing in the Washington area.

Another House to Find and Buy

We had decided to buy a house rather than rent, and with Mary and the family in Ames (selling the house there and preparing to move) it was my duty to find a house in the capital area. Sunday was the only non-work day in the week, and thus Sunday was the primary house-hunting day. With guidance and help from

Raymond Watt, who knew the area, and I set out to track down new housing developments in the Silver Spring area. Several were examined. Sample or display houses were inspected and the neighborhood checked. A high percentage were already sold. Toward the end of a long and disappointing Sunday, Raymond and I came upon a large new development in Long Branch Village where some 75 houses were to be erected and only two or three were completed and on display. This was it. The 3-bedroom house with one bath, full basement, fairly spacious rooms, good size lots, a good neighborhood, and convenient location, was as good as or better than any others seen. Most of the available houses in this development were already sold, and there was a line-up at the sales desk to buy the remaining houses to be built, all of which were uniformly priced at $6000. I picked out a yet-unsold lot, signed a purchase agreement, and made the down payment. Now the house was mine even before it existed. The date was mid-November and the house was scheduled for construction and completion by March 1, 1943. That time period was acceptable because it tied in with the Ames sale and moving schedule.

Quick Inflation

Because no newly constructed house could be sold .for more than $6,000 under wartime price controls, these houses were offered at that price. It turned out that the builder and development company had designed the houses to sell for $7,500, and had ordered materials and obtained building permits for the houses so planned. The builder had only two options. He could wait to build until post-war and removal of price restriction — a long time prospect with taxes and other expenses piling up. Alternatively, he could complete the houses as planned but sell at the $6000 price. He chose the latter.

The price ceiling applied only to the first sale of a newly built house. The re-sales were not price controlled. Therefore, once purchased, at $6,000, a house could be resold at any price buyer and seller could agree upon. The builder knew the demand for housing would continue to outstrip the supply. Accordingly, the builder made a standing offer to any purchaser, to repurchase the house for $7500 even one day after he signed the purchase contract for $6000. One day's appreciation equaled $1500, not a bad offer. To my knowledge, no one chose to take that offer.

A Paper House and a Hole in the Ground

My family and I now owned a paper house, the lot was staked out, as were the streets, and excavation had begun for the foundation and basement. At least I now owned a hole in the ground that Mary had not even seen. Although all houses were alike in size, design and arrangements, alternate houses were mirror images, with living rooms and porches facing on one side and bedrooms on the other. However, Mary had some options. She could choose the color of the shutters, window boxes, and roofing. She did.

Supervising Construction

Now that construction was underway, I used public transportation to inspect progress at least every other Sunday — the one day none of the construction crew was at the site. No matter, I carried a piece of chalk on each trip and when he saw anything that seemed amiss, he would make a chalk note on that part of the construction. One problem required close watching: green lumber. The tremendous demand for lumber for various war-related activities such as barracks and temporary buildings, overtaxed the normal facilities for air or kiln drying and much unseasoned lumber reached the market. On several occasions, I would spot a 2 x 4 stud of green lumber already nailed in place. Whereupon he would write on the stud or piece of lumber "out." The next trip to the house I would check, and in each case, the green lumber had been replaced with a fully seasoned piece. It appears the builders thought these chalk marks were made by the Federal Housing Authority inspector who had to pass on these houses.

The pay-off of my inspection trips was that our house was well constructed and presented no problems later, as did a number of others. Among neighbors whose houses had some green lumber in the walls, their walls bowed and buckled after several months of occupancy. Moreover, the builder had long since removed himself from any further responsibility after settlement was completed on the house ownership. Result, some unhappy owners, and a builder who felt he had already lost all the money he could afford.

In the weeks that followed the houses neared completion. Finally, plastering of ceilings and walls began and only kitchen fixtures, doors, wallpapering and a few other details remained to be done. The prospect of early occupancy seemed imminent.

The Move to Washington

With assurance from the builder that the house would be ready to move in by the end of March, and with settlement scheduled on the sale of the Ames residence, I left for Iowa to move the family to Washington. Everything went well at Ames. Furniture was loaded for the move, and the family took off in the family car, the 1939 Chevy sedan. However, surprises were in store.

Murphy's Law Proved True

Murphy's s law, which states, "if anything can go wrong, it will" was not formulated until some years later. It proved true in 1943 in the family move to Washington.

The first adversity struck en route. A blizzard! Extreme cold, high wind and heavy snowfall caught up with the us in Illinois as it headed eastward. It was a nasty but too friendly blizzard. It stuck with the family en route through Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, and Maryland

In the mountains of West Virginia, the deep and blowing snow turned to freezing sleet, laying a thick crust of ice over everything. The roads were hazardous but the landscape was beautiful when the sun finally peeked through, and everything was covered with a glistening white surface. The Chevy plowed on, and finally the family reached Washington. By prearrangement, the family was put up in the private home where I had been rooming.

Murphy's Law Struck Again

The next order of activity was to check on our new house, due to be completed while I was in Iowa. Alas, no progress had been made, none whatsoever. Bad weather and extreme cold was the excuse. Only finishing touches remained to be done: Wallpapering, floor finishing, and kitchen appliances to be installed. Household furniture en route from Iowa had to be consigned to storage. More suitable temporary family living quarters had to be found. The latter problem was solved by the hospitality of Bernice and Raymond Watt in their house on Willow Avenue in Takoma Park. The boys had to be entered in local schools. Dean, a junior, went to Coolidge High School in the District of Columbia, while Don, in third grade, went to Four Corners elementary in Maryland. Dean could use public transportation. Don was a special problem. Neither public nor school bus transportation was available between his temporary residence in the "District" and the school in the Maryland suburbs where he would attend after occupancy of the new house. Mary would have to take Don in the family car. More problems. Gas was rationed. A special allowance would have to be obtained — with attendant application at the ration board, and some delay. Before the extra gas coupons could be obtained, the tank became precariously low. This necessitated taking Don one way to school, and having him return as near as possible on the afternoon school bus. Don was instructed to get off the school bus at the "B and 0" (Baltimore and Ohio Railroad) Station in Silver Spring, where Mary would meet him with the car to stretch out our meager supply of gas. However, Don was unfamiliar with railroad stations, and to him the "B and 0 Station" meant an oil station. Accordingly, he alighted at a Silver Spring Oil Station where he awaited pickup but to no avail. After a time Don decided to walk and try to find the Watt's residence, which proved elusive in his new strange surroundings. In the meantime, Mary drove to the B and 0 Station, but no Don was there. After a brief wait, Mary telephoned the school; found that Don had left on the school bus, which by that time had completed its run.

A Lost Child

Don was missing. After a limited search, the police in the District and in Montgomery County were notified, and Mary, Raymond Watt, and I continued to search, while Bernice stayed close to the home phone. Along about 7 pm the phone rang. It was the District Police, 6th Precinct, at Nickelson and 13th Streets. They reported a "lost" boy by the name of Don Hausrath turned up at their station. He had walked and walked and walked — perhaps six miles and then showed up at their precinct. In short order the family was reunited and all were thoroughly relieved. This little experience illustrated how in the confusion of unexpected developments and a series of frustrations, a family could overlook normal precautions and full instructions to younger family members.

A Third Whammy of Murphy's Law

With the family housed, albeit on an interim basis, my next responsibility was to check in with my office and notify my supervisor that I had arrived in town and would report for work Monday morning. A phone call would do the trick. However, I was in for a surprise. When I reached my supervisor, the latter said he had been trying to reach me for a week but could not locate me en route from Iowa.

The message that awaited him: "The office had been abolished!" Now, like all the others in the office, I was without a job; Perfect timing. Having sold the Ames residence, bought another in the Washington area (unready for occupancy as yet), moved the family to the new area, and now, no job. Termination would be in one more week to provide time to liquidate, dismantle the office, dispose of equipment, and try to help employees find other jobs.

An Unsought Honor

Termination of the office could be construed as a singular honor. The office had performed its mission so effectively that it was no longer needed. Like a construction project — a bridge or building — when the project is completed the workers are no longer needed. This process was a bit unusual in government. Rarely had a government office been abolished. Nevertheless, it was encouraging that in this case government was not stretching out the life of an activity no longer needed.

Murphy Wasn't Finished

For me there was a complication shared with only a small number of others. Transfers to other jobs were relatively easy for the majority of employees. There were vacancies in other agencies for the types of skills possessed by almost all of the lower and middle level employees, and even for some of the higher-level ones in the classified series. However, the more unique or most highly specialized one's qualifications, and the higher the grade level of the job, the more scarce vacancies were. I fell in this class. The mass centralized staffing, induction and training of new employees in the war agencies had been largely achieved. Now those functions could be performed on a continuing basis within each agency by its own staff of specialists already on their jobs. There was one other complicating factor. Civil Service regulations required that "Career service" employees be given preference in any vacant job. I was a "war service" appointee. As long as a career service applicant was available, that applicant would be placed in the vacant job. Only if no qualified career service employee could be found could a "war service" employee be offered the job. That was the milieu in which the job search by me had to be conducted. It all added up to a very limited field in which I could continue to serve in the war effort. In the meantime, there were other transition problems, and old man Murphy stayed on the job.

A Police Ambush

A day or two after missed connections with Don due to lack of gasoline, Mary was able to get a ration allowance for enough gas for essential driving. This included the mileage for transporting Don to school, but little beyond that. I was using public transportation to and from work. It was still necessary to drive Don to school at Four Corners, Maryland, each school day. The car still had Iowa license plates on. As such, it was conspicuously "out of state," yet Don was being transported to a Maryland school. The Montgomery County police spotted the car on its daily school runs and apparently were intent on seeing that it was properly licensed in Maryland.

One morning after lying in wait at an intersection a police car gave chase with siren blaring, pulled ahead, and cut in sharply ahead of Mary, surprising and alarming her with the sudden attack. With both cars stopped, the policeman approached Mary's car and asked, "Where's your *Teigs?*

"Teigs .What teigs?" Mary asked. Then it dawned. "Teigs" was the local term for what Midwesterners call license plates, more literally translated "tags."

I had ordered the tags, received them and they were in the car trunk. In the rush of the series of misadventures and the many routine chores, I had delayed putting them on during the legal period of grace. Besides the cold was bitter and the weather foul, not a favorable time to attach new license plates. The police officer was obviously disappointed that he had not apprehended a culprit, only a citizen within her rights. His face saving retort was "don't drive another day without your new "teigs" on.

The Pieces Fall Together

The month of March 1943 had been rugged. Family moving, blizzard, cold, unfinished house, furniture in storage, temporary living quarters, sons in different schools, transportation difficulties, gas rationing, job termination, these were some of the difficulties. Then warm welcome April dawned. Sunshine and spring awakened nature's beauty to a new cycle. Grass and trees turned green and blossoms burst open in all their glory. Everything took on a new lease in life. Now work resumed on the unfinished house, and in short order it was ready for occupancy. The family moved in. Don now rode the school bus from a nearby corner, and Dean had good public transportation to his school. Mary quickly converted the new house into a comfortable and convenient home. The four-year old Chevy purred along on its rationed gas. And soon I was to be ensconced in a new job in support of the war effort. The transition to wartime Washington was now complete.

CHAPTER 19

Winning the War in Washington

1942-1943 War Emergency Agencies

All of the regular Departments and Agencies of the Federal government had increased requirements levied on them due to stepped up war needs. Among the added war requirements were a number that did not belong or could not be serviced from the regular departments such as Treasury, Agriculture, War, Interior, Justice, etc. To provide for these added requirements on government a completely new family of 16 or more agencies was created. These agencies were established under the authority and responsibilities directly emanating from the President. That grouping of agencies was designated the Office for Emergency Management (OEM) and set up in the Executive Office of the President.

The Office for Emergency Management

All of the OEM agencies had to be staffed — numbering in the scores of thousands of new employees — and almost all these employees had to be trained in new duties and procedures, and in many cases in new skills. It was a massive training job. In each agency, a training staff had to be established- usually in the Personnel Division and these staff had to develop, organize, and conduct the required training programs. These OEM agencies had a large part of their staff in Washington, and additional officers throughout the country. To facilitate the massive and diverse support services needed by these new agencies, a central coordinating and servicing organization for OEM was set up in Washington: The Central Administrative Service (CAS)

A Central Training Service

Among the many services to be provided by the CAS was the whole field of in-service or on-the-job-training. That was where I fit in. The training Branch headed by Dr. Keith Harder was composed of two divisions with a Deputy Chief in each: one to serve the Headquarters Agencies in Washington headed by Al, and another to serve the field offices of these agencies.

Here was an urgent job in the war effort that required the kind of specialized experience I possessed. It appeared to be a worthy challenge to me, even though I might have had some lingering suspicion that my effectiveness on that job could be bogged down in bureaucracy. That fear proved insignificant however since the urgency of support for the war effort overshadowed all else. The job called for utilization of educational principles in vocational applications, exactly what fit Ws preparation and experience.

Immediately upon arrival in Washington I was set up in an office in "Tempo U" on Constitution Avenue between 12th and 14th Streets. Many war temporary buildings were erected throughout Washington to provide office space for the expanded work force. Almost all these buildings have been torn down and replaced by now. In fact, the site of my first Washington office is now occupied by the large Smithsonian Institution Museum of History and Technology,

No time was lost in putting me to work. The first priority was to recruit and complete the staffing of Training Officers in the OEM agencies and to induct and introduce them to their new duties. Official working hours covered a six-day schedule of 48 hours per week. However, lights burned in a great many offices well beyond the regular closing hours, since the prevailing attitude was to get on with the job as rapidly as possible. The Office for Emergency Management provided the centralized administrative support for the 16 agencies that had to be established to perform the special, added civilian functions of government arising from the War. OEM, itself, was a part of the Executive Office of the President, and became the augmented complement of the cabinet departments. Together, the long established cabinet departments along with OEM and some special boards and commissions constitute the Executive Branch of the Federal Government, under the President. The two other branches- Legislative (Congress) and Judicial (Supreme Court and Federal Court System)- functioned separately, as originally provided by the U.S. Constitution.

Among the newly created or vastly expanded OEM agencies were: The War Production Board, Office of Price Administration, Office of Defense Transportation, Reconstruction Finance Corp., War Labor Board, Office of War Information, Office of Civilian Defense, Alien Property Custodian, War Manpower Commission, Office of Scientific Research and Development, War Labor Board, Lend Lease Administration, Office of War Mobilization, Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, War Shipping Administration, and some other lesser commissions, 16 new major emergency agencies in all.

A Priority One Problem

Soon after I was established in OEM, a serious problem became evident in almost every emergency agency: competent personnel. One would expect that the higher the level of skill and experience required the more difficult it would be to fill the jobs. Not so. Business, industry, and universities yielded a substantial number of their most expert persons to take on government assignments. Patriotic motivation helped. Organizations and many of their key officials and specialists wanted to make a maximum contribution to the war effort. In some cases, the demands of the war extensively changed the activities and requirements of these organizations. For example, the automobile industry was switched from building private passenger automobiles to producing trucks, tanks, and munitions. The engineers and factory workers continued on an expanded work schedule. However, since no more automobiles were being built for the public the whole sales and distribution, advertising and associated phases of the industry were suspended, displacing those employees. So many young men were being drawn into military service that fewer faculty and other staff members of colleges and universities were needed on their campuses. Many of them shifted to war related employment.

The skilled trades — such as the building trades were also in heavy demand to build barracks at mushrooming military camps, new ammunition factories, and extra housing for workers. Skilled mechanics were needed in the war industries, as were large numbers of women who filled less skilled jobs on assembly lines and as machine operators.

What became evident in the Washington area early in 1943 was a very serious shortage of skilled clerical office workers, principally typists and stenographers. In fact, high-level public officials in the war agencies had to try to get along without typists and stenographers. For example, Wm. L. Batt, Deputy Director of the War Production Board had to write in longhand the directives, correspondence and memos he originated. He had come into government from his position as President of SKF Industries. This situation permeated the emergency (OEM) agencies. One of the most acute needs therefore was to fill these hundreds of vacancies for typists and stenographers. This, then, was recognized as the Priority One Problem of OEM. As such, it was the responsibility of the Central Administrative Services of OEM, to solve that problem and supply the needed personnel as quickly as possible.

It was decided to establish a special branch to deal exclusively with this problem, and to place someone in charge who could draw upon any personnel and resources needed. It was authorized as the Clerical Branch. All OEM agencies pledged to provide any support required. The person chosen to head it would have a free hand.

The Clerical Branch of OEM

I was chosen to head this new, high priority organization, and he set about the job immediately. The fifth floor of the Bond Building at 14th Street and New York Avenue, a private business building, was rented and offices set up. An immediate program was launched throughout the 16 war emergency agencies. It was called the "Do you know a steno program." Each employee — at all levels — was asked to submit the name and address of any typist or stenographer of whom they knew, locally or back home, who might be footloose enough to take a war effort job in Washington. While this survey was underway plans were formulated, and staff assembled, for other approaches to solve the problem.

Within a few days, certainly during the first week after the decision was made to establish a clerical Branch, names of potential skilled clerical personnel started to trickle in.

The "Do-you-Know a Steno" Program

Each name submitted as a possible employee was followed up by telephone, telegraph, and letters. Both the Clerical Branch and the person who suggested the name were involved in direct communication with the prospect. A modest number responded, and -were employed and were assigned to the Agency from which their nomination had originated. The nominator served as a personal contact and as a sponsor for the new employee in her new job, and in the 'Washington area. This program continued and provided a modest number of typists and stenographers during the weeks that followed.

The Principal Campaign – A Systems Approach

During the first two or three weeks of the Clerical Branch (CB, henceforth) plans shaped up for a major recruiting, employment training and placement drive. The problem was broken down into several separate activities. An early analysis was made to verify if already skilled but unemployed or underemployed typists and stenographers were available anywhere in the country. It was quickly ascertained that high schools in some states were training more typists and stenographers than were employed in such jobs. Among the states with such personnel resources were some in the Middle West:

Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa, etc. and in the middle South particularly North Carolina. Recruiters would be sent to those states. They would be backed up with a coordinated program to make their recruiting effective and to insure that employees so recruited would be housed in wholesome homes, effectively employed, and satisfied in their Washington jobs.

The Coordinated Program

The whole program included (1) arranging a favorable environment, (2) identification of states with trained but unemployed clerical personnel, (3) grass roots recruiting in those states, (4) community support and pre-selection in home towns, (5) local sponsorship of selected candidates, (6) travel subsidies by local organizations, (7) reception and welcoming of candidates in Washington and settlement in pre-selected hospitable and protective housing, (8) guided induction to employing agency and transportation thereto, (9) a training course to orient employee to government and its procedures, (10) guided orientation to Washington, (11) participation in social activities of peers, (12) reports and news stories fed back to home communities, (13) big Sister sponsors in own agencies, and (14) "graduation" as a settled employee. Some details of these steps call for explanation.

Target States for Recruiting

In the late 30s and early 40s, high school graduation was the norm in the mid-western and some southern states. This was particularly true for the population in the farm states, ranging from Missouri to Minnesota. There were thousands of small cities and towns, each with its high school in those states. Girls comprised a full half of the high school graduates, but employment opportunities for them were limited. One of their best employment possibilities was as clerical assistants in local business establishments and professional offices. Because of this most girls took both typing and shorthand in high school. However, there were too few jobs in their home communities to absorb the number trained in those skills. Here, then, was a supply of unemployed or under-utilized already trained and skilled typists and stenographers. The trick was to attract them to fill the vacancies in the expanding war agencies in Washington. However, obstacles existed.

For one thing these farm states were known as "The Bible Belt" and to them large cities had the reputation of being dens of iniquity, and hence no place for young girls raised in communities with strong moral values. If young girls from these communities were to be attracted to Washington, parents and local residents would have to be persuaded that their girls would be in a wholesome environment. This challenge was the key to successful recruiting. Therefore, a program was developed (1) to assure such a wholesome environment and (2) to persuade the local "Bible Belt" people of that circumstance. First, suitable housing was pre-arranged in a favorable Washington environment.

Pre-arranged Housing in a Wholesome Environment

Obviously, no control could be exerted on the whole city. However, there were people, homes, neighborhoods, and institutions in Washington that held to the same moral standards as were common in the communities of the Bible Belt States. First, the cooperation of the churches in Washington was obtained, principally in selected close-in residential areas where good transportation to the government agencies and where favorable housing could be found. Upper 16th Street was one such area. Ministers were informed of the whole program and then they were asked to designate their church members who might have spare rooms for selected "paying guests." These people were visited and persuaded — as a patriotic duty — to take in carefully screened girls who would work in government offices. It was explained that the girls would come recommended by the minister of their hometown church (same denomination) and their high school principal. The local householder was also asked to escort their paying guest to their own local church services and introduce her to other activities until the girl would be acquainted and on her own.

The response was most favorable and many suitable home-type residences were located for these newly arriving young women employees. Photographs were taken of the front exterior of the selected houses, and of the interiors of the room to be occupied by the new "paying guest." In some cases, photos were taken also of the couple who owned the house and would be host to the new employee. The room rent was also agreed upon between host and the Housing supervisor. Although some hosts offered free rent to the new guest, the supervisor always insisted that the girl would pay a regular rental, an agreed upon fair but modest rate. The photographs were carried by the Field Recruiters to show in the local communities to cooperating officials, parents and recommended employees, as examples of the prearranged housing in Washington

Upper 16th Street was an area of large homes, occupied by successful upper middle class families, many of whose children had since grown up and left the parental homes. Most of these houses had spare bedrooms, nicely furnished, and available for occupancy. However, few had rented rooms previously. For the most part these families did not need this source of supplementary income. This phase of the coordinated recruiting program was assigned to a personable young matron, Mrs. St. Cyr, as the Employee Housing Supervisor of the Clerical Branch. She was most effective. Some of her other duties will be mentioned later.

An Orientation and Training Center in Washington

It was recognized that new clerical employees, newly arrived in Washington, had a number of new procedures to learn, could use some refresher training in their clerical skills, and they would feel better adjusted to their new city if they were introduced to the local points of interest, transportation, cultural and recreational facilities. Accordingly, a training center was set up to accommodate 40 to 50 employees at a time. An upper floor of the Bond Building at 14th and New York Avenue in downtown Washington was rented and furnished with desks, typewriters and other appropriate equipment. Here, too, the staff of the Clerical Branch was officed. With a staff selected largely from OEM agencies and with the training center provided, the staff itself was trained in their duties and the Field Recruiting teams were ready for dispatch to the local communities in the target states.

Recruiting: Pre-selection in Home Towns

A mature, dynamic and resourceful Field Recruiting Supervisor was employed, a Mrs. Miller. A program was developed with her to use in the communities to be visited. It consisted of the following steps.

(1) On arrival contacts were made first with the Superintendent of Schools and high school principal, and next with the teacher(s) of commercial subjects to win their cooperation and active participation and to nominate capable seniors and previous graduates through the school officials. Local leaders also were identified and contacts made. These leaders included the mayor of the town, the head of the local Chamber of Commerce or Rotary, Lions or Kiwanis Clubs, the principal ministers of local churches, and the editor of the local newspaper. Urgent needs in the far effort and patriotic duty were stressed.

(2) These local leaders were invited to a meeting in which the whole program was described and their cooperation enlisted. This effort was directed at making the program a community project.

(3) Next, a meeting was scheduled at the high school to explain the employment opportunity to the senior and junior students in order to awaken their interest. However, firm requirements and qualifications were emphasized. None but High School graduates could be accepted. Each must meet certain standards of skills in typing (and in shorthand for stenographers). Each must be personally recommended by the commercial teacher, the high school principal and her own minister as possessing sufficient maturity and moral character to make a success away from home in Washington, and each must have the approval of her parents. In effect, selection for such employment was made to appeal as an honor and a patriotic service in the War effort. Selection also had an aura of distinction somewhat like election to an honor society. Arrangements were also made for news stories and personal mention in the local newspapers. Graduates would be accepted immediately while those currently in school were signed up to report shortly after graduation. Conferences were scheduled with parents of each nominated student. Selections were reported in the local newspaper.

Local Sponsorship and Travel Subsidies

The local Chamber of Commerce, a Service Club, a local bank or business establishment was urged to provide train fare to 'Washington and advance loans, if needed, for wardrobe and initial expenses in Washington:

Welcoming in Washington and Housing

Arrangements were preplanned and made to schedule arrival in Washington so that the new employee would be met at the railroad station and escorted to her new residence. Each girl's travel schedule was set, including time of arrival on a particular train at Union Station. Each girl was presented a red ribbon bow to wear on her left lapel (for identification on arrival). Mrs. St. Cyr, who would be wearing an identical ribbon bow, would meet the train, contact the young woman, and introduce herself. In case of slip-up, the girl had been instructed to contact the Traveler's Aid attendant at the Station, who would be alerted to get her in contact with her welcoming host.

Guided Induction

Mrs. St. Cyr would then escort the girl by taxi to her new residence, and introduce her to her rooming host as pre-arranged. Mrs. St. Cyr would then escort the girl to her new employing agency to sign up and be inducted as a new employee. That was done by Public Transportation (Street car or bus as best suited her need). Next the girl would be escorted to the Training Center where she would spend the first two weeks of paid employment. That too was done via public transportation. Use of the public transportation system between her residence and place of employment was to acquaint her with the proper streetcar or bus, boarding places and approximate schedule. A transit map, with her route marked would also be presented and the fare schedule explained. At that time weekly passes, good for as many rides as desired were available on the Capitol Transit System at a cost of one dollar per week.

Orientation to Government

The first full working day after arrival, the new employee would report to the Training Center in the Bond Building at New York Avenue and 14th Street. Here for the first two weeks the new employee would be oriented to government procedures and typing formats, as well as given a typing and shorthand refresher course using the kind of equipment she would find in her own agency, and acquainted with the government style communications manual.

Orientation to Washington and Social Acclimatization

A regular orientation program was given at the Training Center. It included the organization, operation, and interrelations of the various government agencies, the location of these headquarters buildings in Washington, and the principal points of interest in the city and area, as well as special events, entertainment, eating places, sports and other facilities.

Built into the Orientation program at the Training Center was an organized social program. One of the Training Center instructors (a typing instructor under whom all new employees would receive their typing refresher training) was also the organizer and leader of a special program called *Club Seventeen*. It worked like this. A newly arrived employee would automatically be received into Club 17 membership, limited to 17 members. She remained a member until displaced by the 17th new employee who arrived after she did, usually the full two weeks of her Training Center assignment. Additional units of Club 17 were set up as needed, but each unit continued in a full sequence of activities for the two-week period.

Club 17 excursions were scheduled each weekend. These consisted of visits to the Capitol, the Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials, the Washington Monument, the Museums, Art Galleries, Libraries, Concerts, other public buildings, parks and points o& special interest. The weekly public transportation passes facilitated these excursions. Occasionally a trip to Mt. Vernon, the Zoo, a parade, picnic, sports event or some other special attraction would be scheduled.

Both through Club 17 activities and association with other new employees in the Training Center, friendships would form and the girls would begin to feel a functioning part of their new environment.

The girl's residence family also had a part in this acclimatization process. As agreed in advance, the hosts would invite the girl to accompany them to church where the girl would be introduced to other young people and the range of activities sponsored by that church. Thus, she would become a functioning participant in the neighborhood in which she roomed, and in effect be accepted almost as a member of her host's family.

A Case in Point

At the Training Center, the staff also functioned as counselors to the new employees, ever ready to be helpful. One case will illustrate this informal but rather effective and meaningful activity.

On the Training Center Staff was a mature and kindly Black employee, a handyman at the center handling supplies, furniture, equipment, security, and what not. He also had an outside job. He was a minister to a small church in the city.

One day the Director of the Center observed one of the recently arrived new employees, a young Black girl from North Carolina, crying in a hallway. The Black handyman was speaking to the girl in comforting and reassuring terms. Overhead, as the Director passed by, was the older man's counsel to the girl, "You gotta remember! You're just as good as they are, and yet you ain't." That statement aroused the Director's curiosity, and later he asked the older man what the problem was, and this story unfolded.

At that time (1943), Washington was still a Southern City as it had been through the years. Segregation was very much the practice of the day — not in Government Agencies but in private business and community life. The Training Center was in the heart of the business area, surrounded by stores and business establishments and restaurants all privately operated, although the Bond Building was only two blocks from the White House.

Government cafeterias were operated in most of the larger government buildings, but the nearest one was several blocks away. Many of the white girls at the Training Center would go across the street at lunchtime to get a sandwich and coke or some such light refreshment at a local drug store. The Black girl had tried this too, only to be refused service at the lunch counter. She was embarrassed and devastated.

The older Black man had tried to sooth the girl's feelings, and at the same time direct her to a nearby Government Cafeteria where she would be treated courteously and equally. Alternatively, he pointed out to her, even at the offending drug store counter she could get take-out refreshments at the end of the counter and bring them to the Training Center to consume.

The upshot of the incident was that the orientation program stressed the nearby government cafeterias, and passes were issued to all Clerical Branch Trainees, admitting them to those facilities. It must be remembered that this local form of discrimination and segregation, as repugnant as it was, was the standard practice in the Southern States at that time. That practice was not broken until, first in the military services in 1951, and later by Supreme Court decision on school desegregation in 1954.

We return our thoughts now to the Orientation and Social Acclimatization of new employees in the Clerical Branch of the Office of Emergency Management.

In addition to the typing instructor who also was leader of Club 17 Reception Hostess, Mrs. St. Cyr would look in on the girls in the Training Center each day and check with the new arrivals in particular concerning any adjustment problems she encountered and help her solve the problem. Mrs. Miller, the Field Recruiting Supervisor, when in Washington for about one week each month, also would greet and check up on the girls she had recruited. In these ways, a close personal tie was established with each girl who had been recruited, and a general atmosphere of cordiality and hospitality created in some measure.

Finally, the two-week orientation and training program for each girl would end at the Training Center. Then Mrs. St. Cyr would escort the girl to her regular employing agency, introduce her to the Personnel officials who in turn would take over the girl's adjustment in their new, regular job.

Feedback to Home Communities

While in the Training Center, after the first week each girl was requested to write a letter to the editor of her hometown paper telling about her reception in Washington, her orientation, and what she found interesting and challenging in her new surroundings and employment. In their typing practice the girls were encouraged to write letters to their parents, friends and to their high schoolmates telling of their experiences.

Big Sisters in Own Agencies

Each of the cooperating OEM Agencies had been asked to establish a Big Sister program. As each girl reported to work on her regular job in her own agency, an experienced employee with an aptitude for friendliness and helpfulness would be assigned as a Big Sister to the new employee. The Big Sister then took over the peer relationship to the new girl and aided her in whatever way would contribute to making her feel comfortable and welcome in her new job environment. Of course the new employee's own job supervisor would also help in this adjustment process, but the Big Sister was a friend and co-worker who knew the ropes, helped get the girl acquainted and served in many little other ways to be a friend in need.

On Their Own

Usually, within the first month of employment, first in the orientation and training program at the Training Center, followed with the next few weeks in friendly reception in her own agency, and all accompanied with the interest and cooperation with the girl's own residence host family, the new employee usually made a smooth and favorable transition from her home town to the work-a-day world in her new government job and to the City of Washington itself, alive and bustling with the business of supporting the war effort. Each girl could feel she was doing a patriotic duty and filling a niche for which her talents suited her. Above all, she was embarked on a career on her own and having fun and interesting experiences in her new world. Very few were unable to make a smooth transition, despite a natural feeling of homesickness in the first few weeks.

Quotas Filled, Problem Solved

Within the first few months of operation of the Clerical Branch, the severe shortages of typists and stenographers for the star Emergency Agencies alleviated, and a continuing supply of recruits signed up for later reporting dates as the work of the agencies expanded.

By now too, the individual OEM agencies were now staffed and each agency now had its own personnel staff that had been cooperating with the Central Clerical Branch. Each agency also had developed many of its own internal support functions — those which the Agency could conveniently operate on its own. Through these developments, the services performed by the Central Administrative Services could now be progressively assumed by the individual agencies, and the corresponding CAS units curtailed. The Clerical Branch was one such.

Unusual Contemporaries

A Personal Hall of Fame

The twentieth century has had its share of famous people. In the course of human events and individual careers one encounters many persons among whom some have already achieved prominence or will do so in the years beyond. Such meetings may be direct and face-to-face, frequent or occasional or even only once, and some may be indirect or through associates or family members. Through a lifetime, these contacts may add up to be many and varied, memorable or casual, and a few may be significant. There are also those who through the turn of fate, opportunity or chance never become prominent or widely known although their quiet achievements deserve a high place in the memory of society. These lesser-known pillars of progress, I feel, deserve special recognition. All of the above types were within my span of experiences. Persons so encountered ranged from presidents, chiefs of state, leaders in different fields, Nobel Prize winners, unpublicized geniuses, and on to modest and humble persons in the common walks of life, who by their character and selfless service to others deserve a place in a personal Hall of Fame.

Because they are so many and represent quite different fields of activity, they will be mentioned under several distinct groupings or categories in the pages that follow. Only those will be mentioned who, through some quirk of chance had some connection, either close or remote, with me.

Presidents

Franklin Delano Roosevelt (1933-April 12, 1945)

Longest in office of all U.S. presidents, FDR was selected in the landslide election of 1933 as the people's desperate hope for a change that would lift the U.S. out of its Great Depression. He took hold with vigor and bold leadership, acting decisively from his first day in office, declaring a Bank Moratorium that stemmed a Bank panic and gave an immediate breathing spell in which to follow with the many innovative agencies and regulations of his first 100 days in office. Together with his ability to appeal directly to the masses via radio and his Fireside chats: and with his executive orders and requests to Congress for authorizing emergency legislation, he breathed new hope and life into the despondent population.

There were many far-reaching and fundamental changes, and a plethora of lesser supporting activities. One of the latter was the creation of a national program to put the hundreds of thousand unemployed young men to work, provide them wholesome meals and constructive work of value to society. It was called "The Civilian Conservation Corps." Camps were established under the management of the Army (for housing, feeding, pay and coordination) but as a civilian activity engaged principally in improvement of parks, national forests, roads, etc. A requirement was that a major portion of each man's modest pay of $30 per month was sent back home to his family, who also were mostly unemployed, or underemployed, to assist in their financial needs. With the announcement of the initiation of the CCC, it occurred to me that the program filled a number of urgent needs, but it neglected an important opportunity, namely a training and educational program. I wrote to President Roosevelt suggesting that such an educational and training program be made a regular part of the CCC.

The White House responded, accepting the suggestion and indicating that such an addition would be included in the CCC program. Louis Howe, one of FDR's long time aides, wrote a personal letter to me saying that FDR agreed and would implement the program immediately. He did. This was my first contact with FDR, and a gratifying one. The CCC functioned through the Depression years and provided employment, supervised work experience and training and education to enrollees, improving their educational qualifications, skills and future employability and advancement.

The CCC earned the plaudits of the public, and historians gave it strong endorsement in their evaluation of "New Deal" programs.

Some years later I joined the FDR administration after the U.S. entered World War II, arriving in Washington to assist in training the expanded work force for the government emergency agencies. While I had no direct contacts with FDR in this connection, I did fit into the organizational hierarchy with an organizational chain of six persons (and layers or levels of responsibility) between myself and the President, an effective and jealous insulation of bureaucracy which I had no occasion to attempt to penetrate.

Other contacts with FDR were less direct. In fact, some were direct contacts with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, who served effectively as an emissary and representative of FDR himself. Three incidents illustrate this relationship.

The first occurred when I was in charge of a government-wide organization of personnel training and operating officials, which I had originated. It was called the Interagency Conference or Orientation. This was at the time I was an Advisor at Large (to all government Agencies) as a staff member of the Personnel Management Advisory Service established within the U S. Civil Service Commission, the central personnel agency of the Federal Government. World War II was being prosecuted with all the energy that the U.S. could muster. The prevailing atmosphere was that all agencies and all officials would do everything in their power to advance the war effort.

The Orientation Conference assembled some 200 or more officials each month for a program directed at some prevalent problem of common concern, particularly as it related to the newer employees in government. Housing of new employees was one such problem. Mrs. Roosevelt was ever ready and active to do what she could to help solve such problems as housing, and other problems of families and of women employees, who were among her special interests. I decided that if Mrs. Roosevelt could be persuaded to speak to the Conference on the subject of housing, the publicity and push she could give to movements being developed would go a long way to expedite and insure serious attention.

Therefore I thought an invitation to Mrs. Roosevelt to speak would be most appropriately extended (through my superior) by the Executive Commissioner of the CSC. When the idea was broached to the Commissioner's Office, the reply was strongly negative. "One doesn't make such a request to the White House!" However, I was not that easily discouraged. Instead, I responded "Then I will invite her myself." This is what followed. I telephoned the White House, got an immediate connection, and asked to speak with Mrs. Roosevelt's secretary. She answered promptly. I introduced himself and said that I had a message I would like to get to Mrs. Roosevelt. The Secretary responded "Then I'll connect you with Mrs. Roosevelt herself."

Mrs. Roosevelt came on the phone, and asked, "What can I do for you, Mr. Hausrath?" I told her of the meeting, its purpose, and my request for her to speak to the group. Mrs. Roosevelt said, "I'll be glad to if I can schedule it." The time could be fit in between two other already scheduled appearances, if she could get away from the meeting by 2:15 pm. That could be assured. Next, Mrs. Roosevelt asked if I would jot down some of the main points I would like her to discuss, and send the list to her. I agreed, and the whole matter was settled without fuss, protocol and preliminaries, and all within ten minutes.

I did prepare a list of about a dozen topics, adding that if four or five of these were acceptable to Mrs. Roosevelt that would meet the situation nicely, and dispatched it to the White House.

The day of the program arrived. I asked my wife Mary to be co-host with me to receive Mrs. Roosevelt at the speaker's room in the Departmental Auditorium on Constitution Avenue where the meeting was to be held. Mrs. Roosevelt arrived on time in a car driven by a Secret Service Agent and was met by Mary and me, escorted to the speaker's platform, and introduced by me.

I was curious about which points, if any, on the list I had submitted, would be discussed by Mrs. Roosevelt. So I followed her remarks with my own copy of the list before me. Surprise! Mrs. Roosevelt made enthusiastic comments on every item on the list, and did so in a smoothly connected, strongly endorsed coherent speech. At the end of the meeting, Mrs. Roosevelt, Mary, and I retired to the speaker's room. I assisted Mrs. Roosevelt in slipping her fur stole over her shoulders, thanked her, and escorted her to her waiting car that drove off to her next appointment. The program was a strong boost to the concepts proffered.

Another connection with the Roosevelt administration occurred when I served for a short time on the staff of the National Headquarters of the Office of Civil Defense. The headquarter's staff was housed in the Dupont Building at Dupont Circle. It was a small staff primarily concerned with formulating, promulgating, and coordinating the State and Local Civil Defense operating programs.

My job was related to the Training and the Public Educational aspects. The office was headed by former Mayor of New York City, Fiorello LaGuardia, with Mrs. Roosevelt and Major General Ulysses S. Grant III (grandson of the Civil War General and former President) as coordinate directors. Only General Grant spent much time at headquarters but LaGuardia and Mrs. Roosevelt participated regularly in planning sessions. One of my responsibilities was to coordinate a Civil Defense traveling team (much as a circus travels) staffed by the U.S. Army. Its purpose was to stage spectacular open-air demonstrations called *Fire from the Sky*. These demonstrations illustrated the threat and effect of air raids and bombings on cities, and consisted of a program that ended with a first class fireworks exhibit in which fires from incendiary bombs engulfed and consumed the buildings of a simulated city. The field team was furnished and trained by the Chemical Corps of the U.S. Army. (Little did I think at that time that years later the retired Chief Chemical Officer, a Major General, would be a participating staff member of a military gaming operation that I headed). The "Show" was staged all over the United States.

A sidelight on this activity was that the Mexican Government requested the "show" be staged in Mexico. So the Road Show was dispatched all the way to Mexico City. It struck me as a bit ridiculous to send the show to Mexico where all buildings are adobe or stone, with nothing to burn. Earthquakes, yes; fire storms, no.

Another incident connected with Civil Defense provided a surprising reaction from Nature. I had volunteered to be a neighborhood Air Raid Warden. Wardens were to patrol their neighborhoods to provide such aid as was required whenever the Air Raid Alarm Sirens sounded. One summer evening after dark the sirens sounded. I turned out in my home neighborhood bordering on the heavily wooded stream-bed along Long Branch. When the sirens sounded with their prolonged wail, all the trees in the woods came alive with lights - millions of lights like a great Christmas tree lighting. The sirens, somehow, triggered a reaction in the fireflies and they all flashed on their own lights. They continued to shine as long as the sirens sounded. With that digression, let us return now to one other contact with the White House occupants during the FDR administration.

It was in early December 1943, that FDR was at the Tehran Conference with Churchill and Stalin planning the final actions of the war in Europe and the Pacific. By then FDR was a worn man but decisively in command and carrying on through the tenth year of his tumultuous administration. At home, here in the U.S. people were trying to lead normal lives while supporting the war effort. One activity was a program of Nature Study conducted by the National Capital Park Service. Rangers McHenry and Chick conducted Saturday study-hikes in Rock Creek Park for regularly enrolled students.

Our youngest son, then about ten years old, was one of the enthusiastic members of the group. At the end of the course, an awards and honors program was scheduled in the Interior Department Auditorium. Of course, Mary and I were there with other parents to see our youngsters receive their awards.

On the stage, and scheduled as a speaker was Mrs. Roosevelt. However, before she was scheduled to speak, some one delivered a message to her, and she left, explaining to the presiding official that she would be back to give her little talk at the scheduled time. In a half hour or so Mrs. Roosevelt returned and taking the podium explained to the presiding official that she had been called out to welcome FDR on his return from the Tehran Conference, and then continued with her talk, after which the awards were distributed. Don Hausrath was one so honored. Once again, the Hausrath family had this little exposure to the White House family in the person of the ubiquitous and public-spirited Eleanor Roosevelt.

Harry S. Truman (1945-1963)

When FDR died at Warm Springs, Georgia, on April 12, 1945, Vice-President Harry S. Truman had the mantel of the presidency fall upon him. The war was still raging although victory was in sight for the Allied Powers. Nevertheless, there were significant actions yet ahead! The Potsdam Conference, Alamogordo-a new weapon, the decision to drop the A Bomb, the Marshall Plan.

Perhaps more than any other recent president, Harry Truman was more truly a man of the people, a former Missouri farmer and authentic "mule skinner," and the first president in 50 years who never attended college. Yet he was probably the most widely read and best informed on history; ancient, modern, European and U.S. Moreover, he was decisive without being arrogant, uncompromisingly honest, and faithful to his responsibilities. In perspective, some historians are beginning to classify him among the three or four best presidents the U.S. has had. My first contact with Truman was on June 24, 1946, and it was a family affair. I, Mary and Don attended the swearing-in-ceremony for Chief Justice Fred Vinson. The principals were on the South Portico and the guests were on the White House grounds facing the portico. Truman conducted the official ceremony. The sun was high and it was hot. One of the guards noticed that Don's face had turned white and asked if he felt ill. He did. In fact, he almost toppled over. Result, the guard took Don and his mother into the air-conditioned Diplomatic Reception Rooms to recover, an unexpected special attention. By the time the ceremony ended about an hour later, Don had recovered sufficiently to return outside and the family departed for home.

Another face-to-face contact with President Truman occurred somewhat later. At the time, I was Director of Scientific Personnel in the Navy Department. One of my assistants and colleagues, Hugh Jackson, was a long time press representative and had a press pass to the White House. Hugh asked me if I would like to attend one of the President's press conferences. I said yes. Whereupon Hugh phoned the White House and simply asked that my name be added to the admission list. It was just that simple. No hassle about security clearances or credentials. (I did have security clearances of the highest levels.) A few days later Hugh and I walked over to the White House from our office in the Navy Department. The guard at the gate checked off both names on his list and both were soon in the Oval Office with about twenty "reporters." Truman stepped in and answered reporters' questions for 30 or 40 minutes in his usual affable and straightforward manner. Only one attendant looked apprehensive. He was Major General Harry Vaughn, the President's Military aide. It seems that Truman had been a bit too frank and direct in answering a reporter's question in the previous press conference, and the newspaper reports caused some embarrassment to some of the officials involved. It was obvious that someone had persuaded the President that he did not have to give his views on every question presented to him. There were one or two follow-up questions from this earlier press conference. When the President hesitated a moment and then responded with "no comment" to each of those questions, it was evident the President did not enjoy such self-imposed restraint on himself, but his staff assistants relaxed in approval.

I was astonished that access to the President was available without more obvious restraints and clearances, that the White House press reporters numbered so few, and that the press conference was held in the President's own office. One of the greatest wars in history had just ended and demobilization was in full swing, but tight security was still appropriate. One must remember that on November 1, 1950 there was an assassination attempt on Truman while he was President.

Another connection with Truman came in 1951 although it was not evident at first. I had just joined the Johns Hopkins University Operations Research Office, a Washington based "think tank." A study request had just been received, and because I had had some appropriate qualification, I was assigned to direct that study.

It was code-named Project Clear, and was to come up with guidance for the U.S. Army on the subject of "Utilization of Negro Manpower in the U.S. Army." The Korean War was in full swing and black soldiers were filling the replacement centers in Korea but commanders chose not to accept them for replacements in their combat units, preferring to fight their units grossly under strength rather than use these untried replacements to fill vacancies from casualties. The study had highest priority and an almost impossible early deadline.

The study was conducted with personnel loaned or recruited from universities and other research organizations to augment the ORO staff assigned to the study, about 8O senior level researchers spread over some 28 sub-studies in the U.S. and in Korea and Japan. It soon became clear (but that was not the reason for the Project Clear code name) that the study had been prompted by the Secretary of-Defense George C. Marshall at the request of President Truman. Details of the study are too voluminous to report here, but the deadline was met and results were reported to, and promptly acted upon, by the top officials of the Army, civilian and military. One result was the policy of integration of black personnel in all units of the Army, and of the other services soon after. It was reported back to me that President Truman himself read the study report, an extensive document, with the comment that this study was probably the only one a President had reviewed fully and personally. Three years later the U.S. Supreme Court issued its famous 1954 decision outlawing discrimination against blacks in the public schools and all other public facilities. I learned that the Project Clear report was one of the principal documents submitted to the Supreme Court for its deliberations. I did not consider the Army and the schools situations directly comparable, but there were some aspects with common elements.

Dwight D. Eisenhower as General of the Army, and later as U.S. President (1953-1961)

I had no close-up face-to-face meeting with Ike. I did have some indirect contacts through family members. Mrs. Eisenhower, Mamie, had been born and raised in Boone, Iowa, a close neighboring town to Ames, where my family lived for many years. Boone and Ames were archrivals in High School sports, and each town took its teams seriously. I remember one championship play-off basketball game between Boone and Ames High Schools at Ames. The game was hard fought, and only decided in an overtime period, with Ames winning by one point. The stage was set for the Boone High School fans to resort to their fallback tactic that was: If Boone did not win the game, at least they could win the fight afterwards. The tension was ominous.

As the teams trotted off the floor, the Ames team passed in front of Boone's section of the bleachers. Catcalls and insults were shouted, increasing in intensity. One Ames player who had given his all in the game shuffled along, well behind the other Ames players who had already disappeared behind the dressing room door. This player was tall, big-boned, and very black, not a star player but good enough to play the whole game. His name was Jack Smith. He was the eldest son of one of the two black families resident in Ames at that time. Jack was friendly, diligent, and always ready to do his bit, qualities which endeared him to his classmates, so much so that he had been elected as Senior Class President.

As Jack passed in front of the Boone section of the bleachers, time was running out for the over-zealous Boone fans who were spoiling for a fight. They had to do something to strike the spark to initiate the conflict. One Boone fan with a voice that carried a mile shouted out, as Jack passed in front, "You're yellow." Jack turned his sweat dripping black face toward the heckler and said in a voice heard throughout the gymnasium, but a voice free from malice, "You're color-blind."

The unexpected retort caught everyone by surprise, was followed by a fleeting moment of silence, and then as the full impact struck home, the whole crowd burst into laughter. The intended altercation was avoided and a wave of good will swept through the crowd, turning the tense situation into a climax of mirth and pleasure.

I was in Korea during the Korean War, where I was gathering data for several research studies. Some of these studies necessitated visits to combat divisions engaged in active combat along the front lines. These divisions included Korean, U.S., United Kingdom, Canadian, and brigades from several others of the 16 participating countries in the United Nations command. I usually reported first to the Command Headquarters from which contacts were made with subordinate commands. In one field tent at the 3rd U.S. Division Headquarters, I observed the usual "field desks" (actually small folding tables about 24 x 30 inches in size). On one was a sign in extra large letters: Major Eisenhower, G-3. The sign itself was at least 3 feet long and about 5 inches high. It was obvious that some of the Major's associates were inordinately conscious that he was the son of the five star general and recent Supreme Commander of Allied Powers in Europe through the final stages of World War II, as well as the new U.S. President nominee, and they did not let Major Eisenhower shrug off the relationship as he must have wished. However, being a good sport and resigned to the inescapable and embarrassing fact, young Eisenhower ignored the over-emphasis the sign implied. Soon Major John Eisenhower appeared in the tent to facilitate my mission and visits to other units and the collection of data. (Instead of the advantage the name Eisenhower night be assumed to carry, it was actually a serious handicap to son John's being recognized for his own talents. For one thing, advancement and opportunities did not come to him when due because superiors wished to avoid any charge of playing favorite.

Ike was surprised to find that his son John had been ordered to Washington from Korea to attend Ike's inauguration as President. Truman, as Commander-in-Chief, and then pre-inauguration incumbent, had done so. Again, no one else would have risked charges of favoritism by doing so.

Later, and after additional delayed promotions, John resigned from the Army, first to assist his father in writing his post-presidency book, which made a fortune for Ike and resulted in a new law restricting tax-favored income from such presidential memoirs. Later, John published two or more books, good books, on his own.

While General Eisenhower was Commander in Chief, Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers, Europe, he had been called to Washington, D.C. for some official Conference. As he emerged, unaccompanied, from a K Street building, several passers-by recognized him and stopped to greet and shake hands with him. Among the persons who happened to be passing at that moment was my second-born son, Dean, then in uniform as a new recruit in the U.S. Naval Reserve. He, too, approached the five star General and asked if he could greet him, to which Ike responded, "Sure, son" and shook hands with Dean, then in the lowest rank of active duty in the Navy.

Although I was to see Ike in public ceremonies during the war and during his presidency, these were my only face-to-face meetings. However, I was closely associated with many high-ranking army officers in later years. In scores of luncheon conversations in such small groups, many of their personal anecdotes and experiences involving Ike were recounted. So much so, that Ike took on a sense of reality almost akin to my own firsthand experience.

Then too, I was casually acquainted with Ike's brother Milton, whom Ike regarded as one of his principal advisers. Milton Eisenhower, in sequence had been president of 1) Kansas State College (later University) at Manhattan, 2) Pennsylvania State University at State College, Pa, and 3) the Johns Hopkins University. In all three connections, I had had some contacts with Milton: first, to invite him to join an Advisory Committee I was constituting in the Office of Naval Research, and most recently as a faculty member of the Johns Hopkins University,

President John F. Kennedy. (1961–November 12, 1963)

JFK brought charisma and style, without pomposity, to the Presidency along with the ability to appeal to a broad spectrum of Americans. Politics was his forte. TV was his ally, Vietnam was his nemesis. He will be remembered vividly and personally by millions who never saw him except via television. I am among that horde. Yet, like so many others, I feel that I almost knew him personally. The connection was remote but it confirmed impressions.

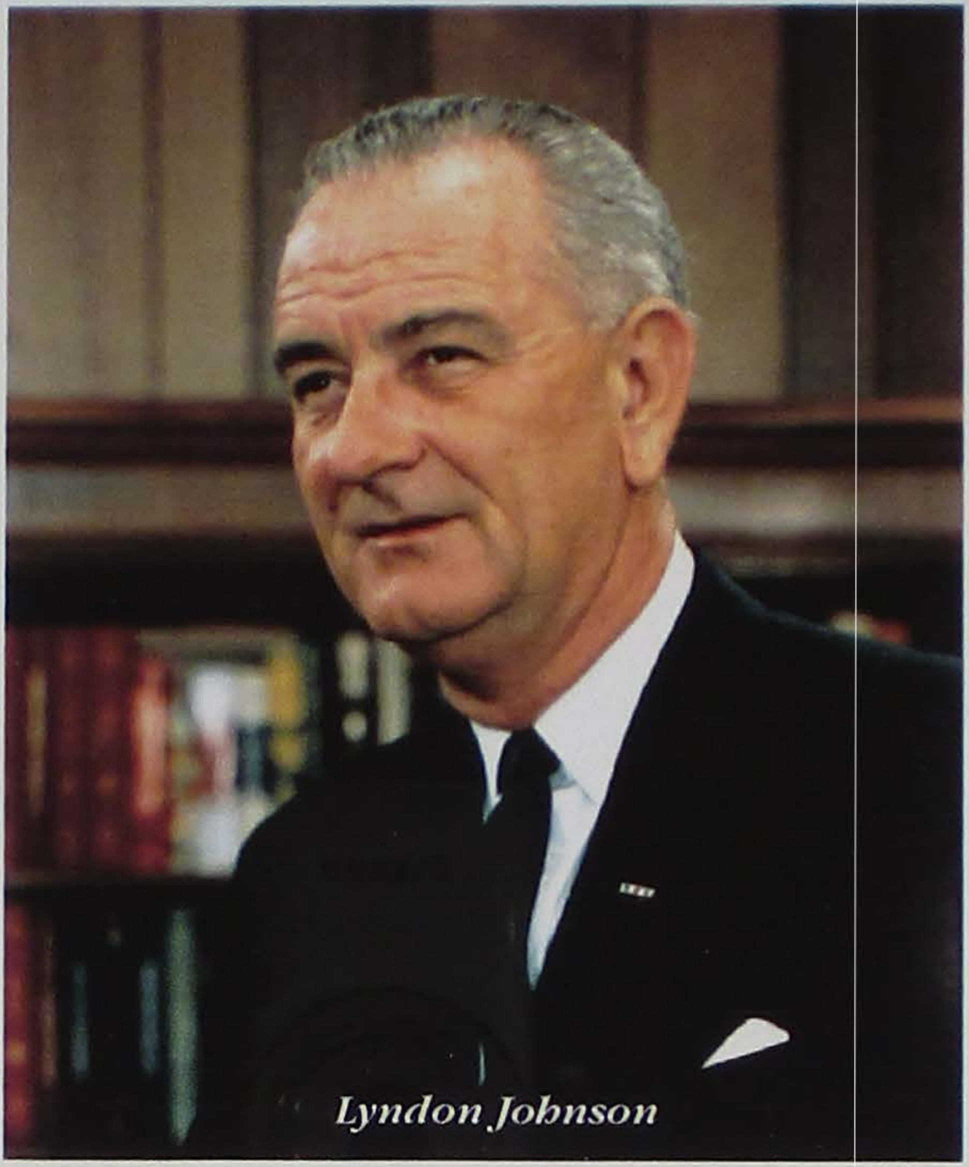
I had a colleague and friend in the Operations Research Office of Johns Hopkins University whose name was Robert (Bob) Sorenson. Sorenson and I had worked shoulder to shoulder in the U.S. and in Korea and Japan, and frequently had dinner together in the two latter countries while on assignments. Bob Sorenson was from Nebraska where his father and his two brothers were active in state politics. I came to know vicariously one of these brothers, "Ted" (Theodore). Ted was a journalist, a writer. Ted became a speechwriter for President Kennedy, and later wrote one of the most comprehensive books under the title *Kennedy*, recounting the significant events in JFK's life.

Other indirect associations were with the Kennedy family, through Robert Kennedy, JFK's younger brother and Attorney General in the JFK administration. "Bobby" Kennedy and his large family lived on the acreage Hickory Hill on Chain Bridge Road in McLean, Virginia, just across the road from my college roommate Raymond D. Watt. Another friend, a young man by the name of Joe Hart (now president of Forman College in southwest Virginia) was a member of my staff in the Strategic Division of ORO. On the side, Joe had a moonlight business, a franchise for Fried Chicken. He made frequent deliveries to Hickory Hill, and often become a participant in some of the always active sports underway there, very frequently touch football.

These associations somehow established a feeling of real personal impressions to bridge the distance most people sense between themselves and prominent people.

President Lyndon Baines Johnson, (1963-1969)

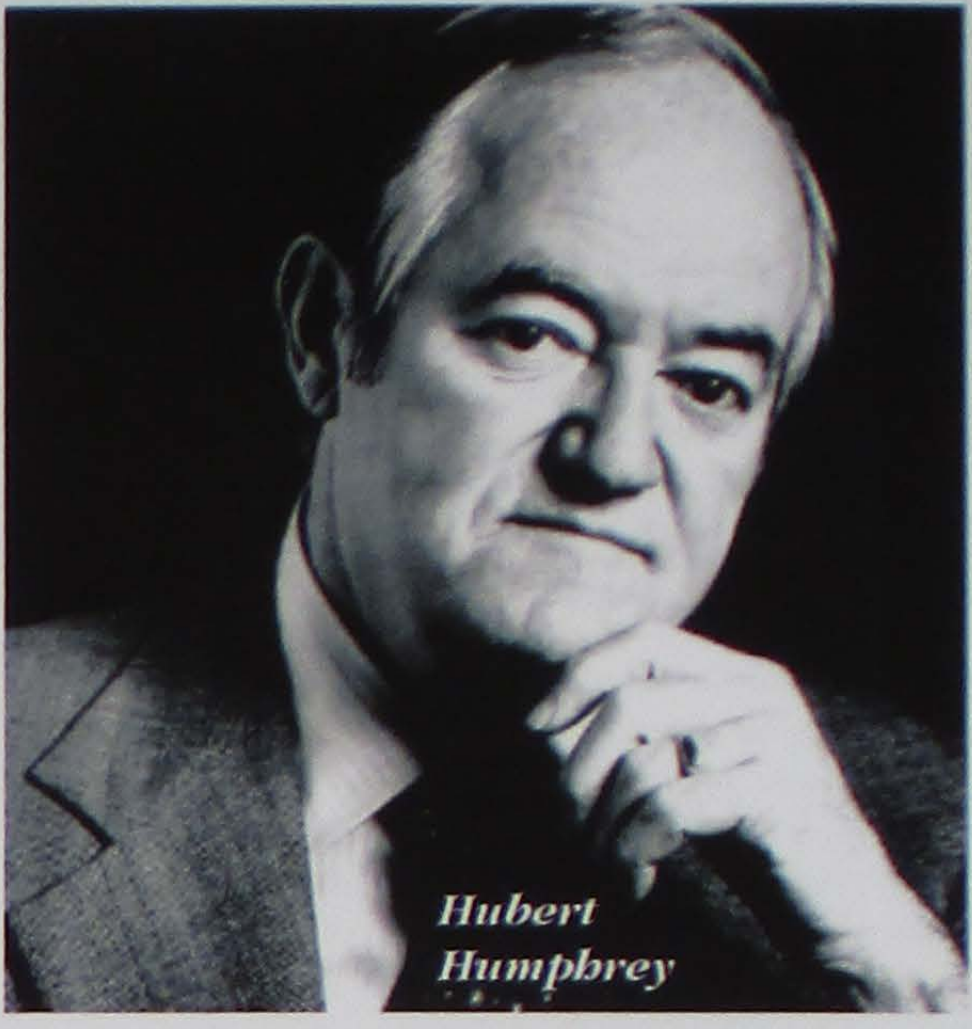
Vice President Hubert Horatio Humphrey, (1965-1969)



Lyndon Johnson

LBJ became president when John F. Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas, Texas, November 22, 1963, moving up from Kennedy's vice-president. Senator H. H. Humphrey of Minnesota was chosen by LBJ to fill the vice-presidential vacancy. LBJ inherited the war in Vietnam and all the political, economic, and social turmoil resulting there from. Other assassinations, riots, and civil rights conflicts also plagued his administration. Not withstanding the many major social and economic laws LBJ was able to get Congress to pass, dissent overshadowed these advances and resulted in LBJ's announcement that he would not seek nor accept his party's nomination for a second term. This aura of opposition spread by association to HHH, one of the most popular and highly regarded senators, and led to the election of Richard M. Nixon as the new president in November 1968.

My only face-to-face contacts with LBJ, HHH and First Lady "Lady Bird" Johnson were in March 1969 at a White House ceremony honoring a group of outstanding U.S. scientists and awarding each the Presidential Science Medal. Among those so honored were Jay Lush, Animal Geneticist of Iowa State University, B.F. Skinner, psychologist, educator of Harvard University, Detlev V. Bronk, Biologist and widely acclaimed leader in science and education as former president of the Johns Hopkins University, the American Academy of Science and then currently of the Rockefeller Institution. All of those persons were in some way a professional colleague or associate of mine. Lady Bird Johnson, and Herbert H. Humphrey were also present, and the latter was the featured speaker at the official recognition dinner after the awards, the dinner being served in the Franklin Room of the New State Deportment building, with all medalists and their guests present.



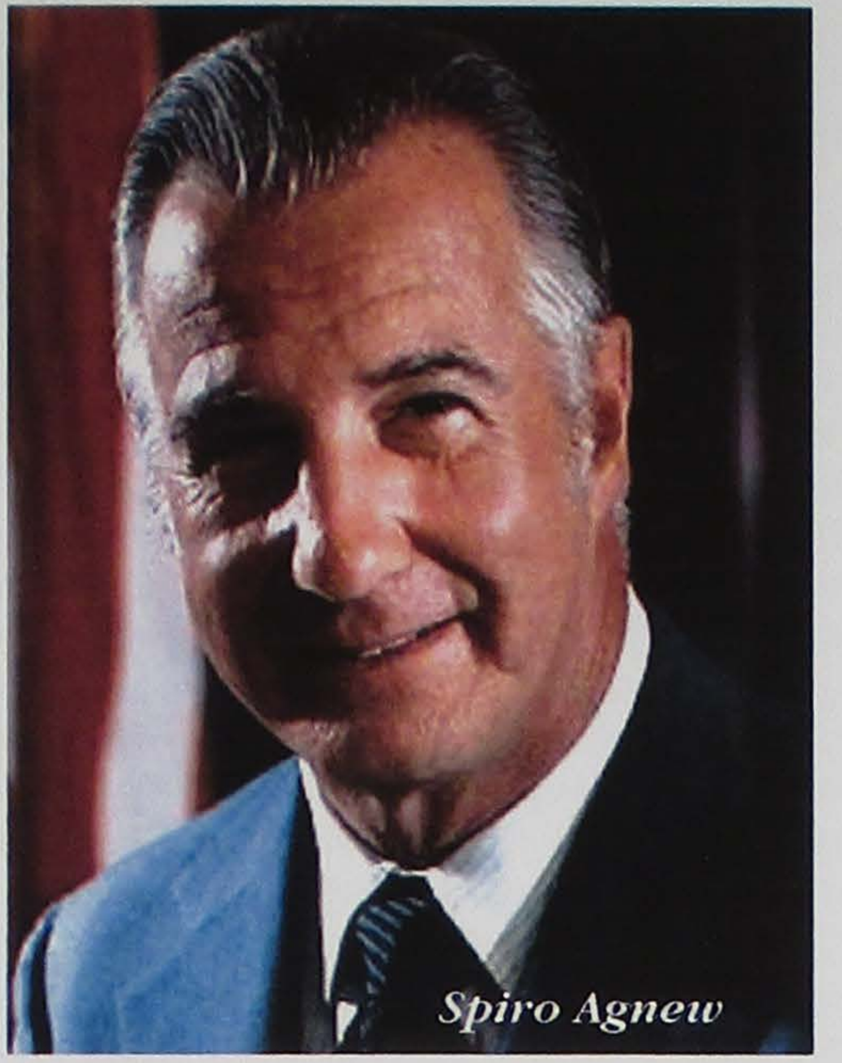
Hubert Humphrey

President Richard M. Nixon (1969-August 9, 1974)

Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew (1969-October 10, 1973)

Richard NIxon

When Nixon was elected by a narrow margin over Humphrey in November 1968, I had been retired for more than two years, and was no longer in any position with official connections. Hence, my contacts with RMN were no more than the average American citizen. A slightly closer identification with Agnew grew out of his earlier political campaign and incumbency as Governor of Maryland. But the most direct association was really only perfunctory, when I obtained a White House pass (for family visitors) which was signed by both Nixon and Agnew, the only two elected White House officials to leave office in disgrace and by resignation before their terms expired. The remoteness of my association with RMN and STA reminded me (with some satisfaction) of a story set in a courtroom. A culprit charged with some crime was asked if he had anyone who could speak in his favor. The culprit responded, "Yes, the Sheriff over there." Whereupon the Sheriff testified that he had never seen the defendant before in all his life. The defendant responded, "You see!"


Spiro Agnew

Scientists

Albert Einstein (1879-1955)

Einstein has been widely cited as the greatest scientist of the Twentieth Century, perhaps of all time, an honor generally attributed to Isaac Newton. Nevertheless, Einstein was a humble and unpretentious man, a fact illustrated by a note Einstein wrote in his own handwriting on an official professional survey in 1945.

World War II had demonstrated the urgent need for a national roster of scientific and specialized personnel, a need recognized by many. As Director of Scientific Personnel for the Navy Department (and Chief of the Scientific Personnel Division of the Office of Naval Research) I cooperated with the National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences, the Engineers Joint Council, the American Council on Education, and a group of the Professional Societies to develop such a roster. Separate survey forms (questionnaires) were sent to the Office of Naval Research for processing. Einstein's response came in as a member of the American Physical Society. In addition to the specific fields of specialized physics a question was asked: In what other fields of knowledge do you have some special talent or competence? To that, Einstein had written in "I also know a little about mathematics." Such was the modesty of the man whose mind had formulated his Theory of Relativity (later substantiated by astronomic observations) his earthshaking formula $E=MC^2$ (which was the mathematical base for atomic fission and release of energy in the Atom Bomb) and his search for the quantification and interrelation of gravity and electro-magnetism, which he called the Unified Field Theory. The first won him a Nobel Prize; the second changed the world. Thus, my first contact with Einstein was through the latter's questionnaire response which came into my hands for processing.

My next contacts with Einstein came a few years later, in 1949 thru 1951 at Princeton, New Jersey, where both of us lived at that time. Einstein as a refugee from Hitler's Germany had accepted appointment to the Institute for Advanced Study, a super "Think Tank" for outstanding scholars to pursue their own independent research. It had been endowed by the Bambergers and established in Princeton, adjacent to the Princeton University Campus. Einstein bought a 120-year-old modest house at 112 Mercer Street, bordering the Campus. He walked to and from the Institute daily during the remaining years of his career. Einstein's privacy was respected in Princeton, but he was a common sight walking across the campus, clad in his usual attire of a shirt, baggy seersucker pants, sockless shoes, and either a sweater or a leather jacket and a scarf in winter, with his long disheveled white hair surrounding his head, almost like a halo. My youngest son, Don, was then a student in Princeton High School. His part-time job as a Western Union messenger often took him to the Einstein residence to deliver frequent telegrams.

At that time, I was Director of the Cooperative Test Division of the Educational Testing Service, whose office building faced the campus across Nassau Street, affording a campus view. Senior personnel at ETS were also extended certain University courtesies, and thus I attended some of the rare occasions when Einstein was persuaded to give a lecture to faculty and graduate students of the University.

George Gamow
(1904-1968)

George Gamow (pronounced Gam-ov) was one of the most unusual, talented, personable, and creative scientists I had known. Although he and I were both involved at the same time with some of the same scientific community in Washington, it was not until both were fellow professional staff members of the Johns Hopkins University Operations Research Office in 1951-1952, that we got to know each other personally.

Gamow had been a close associate and coworker with many of the leading scientists of Europe - Einstein, the Curies, Rutherford, Crick (DNA Spiral Helix Molecule) Hans Bethe, Niels Bohr, John von Neumann, Edward Teller, Enrico Fermi and others, several of whom migrated to and became prominent in the U.S. and contributed heavily to developing the atomic bomb. Gamow was widely recognized in Europe as an outstanding physicist, cosmologist, and biologist. After joining the George Washington University as a professor of theoretical physics he was active and instrumental in advancing the early stages of nuclear physics and later was the regular go-between Washington scientists and Einstein at Princeton.

Only one fact deterred his personal and direct involvement in the Manhattan Project's Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory where his colleagues created the atomic bomb. That fact was the bar to necessary security clearance for the project because Gamow had been born in Russia, educated there, and in fact had been a colonel in the Red Army before coming to the U.S. And thereon hangs one of the numerous fantastic circumstances of his professional life.

Gamow had been born in Odessa on the Black Sea in Russia. He earned his doctorate at the University of Leningrad but while a young graduate student there he became an officer in the Red Army. It happened like this: Gamow got a job as a lecturer in Physics at the Red Army Artillery School. This job carried automatic appointment as a Colonel in the Red Army, with uniform, a horse, and the privileges of that rank, all at Gamow's tender age of 20.

Once Gamow had to take charge of an artillery firing exercise (summer of 1925) when the regular officer was sick. Six church steeples were erected as targets and the artillery pieces lined up to fire on them. In checking the cannoneers' sighting (from concealed positions), a supervisor on the division commander's staff noted that there were seven targets. The command "Hold Fire" was issued just in time to prevent one artillery piece from firing on the Saint Nicholas Church, filled with peasants attending morning mass at the time. Gamow's "Red Army Career" terminated at the end of the year with the return of the regular officer whose place Gamow had filled on the instructional staff at the Artillery School.

Gamow served as a consultant in the U.S. Navy's Bureau of Ordnance while on the George Washington University staff. This was at the time I was Director of Scientific Personnel for the Navy (1945-1949) Both Gamow and I were invited to participate in the large Atomic tests on naval ships and equipment on Bikini atoll in the Pacific. Gamow went; I declined, releasing my space to a practicing nuclear physicist. Prior to that time Gamow had organized an international conference on nuclear physics at George Washington University, a conference at which the theoretical foundation was announced and the possibility of sustained nuclear reactions was confirmed. The age of atomic fission as a practical source of tremendous energy (and hence ultimately atomic weapons) was now acknowledged. Later Gamow was to participate in the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory development leading to the Hydrogen Bomb, the nuclear fusion process, in contrast with the fission process used in the Atom bombs employed on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945.

During the 1951-1952 period while Gamow was on the ORO staff, he did some pioneering work on practical war games. John von Neumann and Morgenstern at Princeton and many others had worked on the mathematical concepts of Game Theory, but Game Theory does not meet the infinitely variable set of circumstances nor the commanders' decisions as encountered on the battlefield. At ORO Gamow developed an ingeniously simple but realistic tank warfare game he called *Tin Soldier*. This game was a forerunner of a plethora of more complex war games at ORO employing the largest and most sophisticated computers then available. This latter development led to the elaborate War Gaming Program at ORO during the ensuing fifteen years. In 1961, I was placed in charge of these principal war games, as chief of the Military Gaming Division. The games were used to test tactical and strategic doctrine and application in various contingency plans worldwide. The concept, equipment and force structure, as well as tactical employment in Vietnam of the new Air Mobile Force applied in the First Cavalry Division (Airmobile) was tested and evaluated in one such series of games in 1961-1963. At its peak, the Military Gaming Division comprised more than 60 scientists, military officers, analysts, and support personnel.

Another little incident involving Gamow occurred about 1967 when I was working on my book *Venture Simulation in War, Business, and Politics*. I had some detail to verify with Gamow about his "Tin Soldier" game, which is reported in the book. Gamow was then on the staff of the University of Colorado, at Boulder, having retired from his Washington connections. When I telephoned the University, the voice at the other end of the line said, "This is George Gamow." I did not think the voice sounded like that of my former colleague. I asked further, "Dr. George Gamow, the Physicist?" "No," came back the answer, "This is Dr. George Gamow, the Biologist. You want my Dad."

Gamow had a real talent for explaining the complexities of science in clear and brief descriptions, understandable by laymen. Like Isaac Asimov, he was facile in writing and authored 25 books and more than 150 professional papers, advanced monographs, college texts and popularized science articles, mostly in the English language, but some in German and French.

One batch of Gamow's books was known as the *Mr. Tompkins Series*. Mr. Tompkins, a bank clerk, observes many strange things which an old professor explains to him. The series was a result of an urging in 1938 by Sir Charles Darwin and a desire by the Cambridge University Press to publish these stories in book form for circulation in England and the United States. This led to meetings with Miss Barbara Perkins, the New York representative of the Press, and their meetings in turn resulted twenty years later in Barbara becoming the second Mrs. George Gamow in 1958. On their honeymoon in Colorado, George was driving a bit too fast, was stopped by a State Highway Patrolman who asked to see George's license. Whereupon Gamow pulled out of his pocket, and proudly showed the patrolman, his marriage license. The new couple was speeded on their way.

Among George Gamow's many books, I regard one as a very special classic. Its title is *One, Two, Three, Infinity, Facts and Speculations of Science*. Perhaps its special appeal to me is its broad scope, from the infinite reaches of the Universe to the infinitesimal workings within atoms and biological cells. Mixed with it all are interesting mathematical, chemical, electrical/magnetic and biological/genetic relationships. And, of course, there are Gamow's own delightfully whimsical drawings. As Gamow says in his preface, "The book originated as an attempt to collect the most interesting facts and theories of modern science in order to give the reader a general picture of the universe, the subjects selected so as to survey briefly the entire field of basic scientific knowledge, leaving no corner untouched."

The flyleaf of this book carries a little poem, characteristic of Gamow:

There was a young fellow from Trinity
Who took up the study of Math
But the number of digits
Gave him the fidgets
He dropped Math and took up Divinity.

During the time Gamow was at ORO a little essay circulated among the staff. It carried a title something like *New Source of Energy Evaluated.* It was dated 2052, a hundred years in the future. This "new source of energy" was based on the discovery of vast deposits of a mineral that had been shown to release great quantities of heat energy. However, it had some problems. It released a poisonous gas – carbon monoxide, it left a residue that required special procedures to remove, it required special transportation, huge stockpiles and much space for storage before use, and a number of other disadvantages. These were weighed against the then-prevalent and eminently successful and universally used energy source from the fusion process of nuclear reactors. The conclusion of the essay was that this new fuel was much too dangerous to use and should not be developed. The name of that fuel was coal. Oh, yes, Gamow wrote it — and at a time when fears and opposition to use of nuclear reactors was at a high pitch.

Foreign Chiefs of State

King Michael of Rumania (1927, 1930, 1940-1947)

King Michael, the off-and-on king bridging the political turmoil of the Balkans, World War II, and the Communist struggle for power, visited the U.S. in 1947 and spoke at the National Press Club in Washington. I was a guest on this occasion, but the young erstwhile-deposed king impressed me less than the elderly black hat-checker at the club. The hat-checker had quite a reputation. He never gave checks to redeem hats and coats. He remembered what each person left with him, and reputedly was infallible in returning the right belonging to each person. However, when King Michael was scheduled there were many guests, swelling the attendance from the usual 150 to 200 to between 400 and 500. It would be unfair to test the checker's phenomenal memory on such an occasion.

As I stood in line awaiting my turn to retrieve my hat, I recognized the hat on a high shelf to the left. When my turn came, I attempted to assist the hat checker by pointing to my hat visible on the shelf. The hat checker looked at me and then at the hat, then said, "That's not your hat," and reached around out of my sight, handed me a hat that looked like an exact duplicate, and said "This is your hat". To verify that the retrieved hat was not my own and not to make a scene or delay the line, I turned the sweatband in order to show a void where my initials were supposed to be. That would be indisputable proof, and I could thereby convince the hat checker that my hat was still on the shelf to the left. And proof it was. There, in the exact place where my highly visible initials would have been impressed on the sweatband were — AHH. The old black had proven his infallibility, and he had done so under the most severe test conditions. Moreover every one else appeared to have been given his own hat. I was most impressed, and thought such a remarkable memory talent should be put to much more valuable use, but could not think what that use might be.

Ramon Magsaysay (1907-1957) Philippines President 1953-1957

I met Magsaysay in 1956 in Manila at the Presidential Palace, Malacanang, when Magsaysay was President of the Philippine Republic. Magsaysay was a big man (6 foot plus tall), robust, friendly, an outgoing personality, a dedicated and incorruptible patriot, popular with his countrymen, and probably the best friend the United States had in Asia. The meeting came about unexpectedly, but resulted in a long person-to-person conference between Magsaysay and myself. It happened as follows:

I was then on an assignment with the Michigan State University Advisory Group to the Republic of South Vietnam. My duties included the development of educational and in-service training programs for Vietnamese functionaries (as officials and civil service employees were called) in the new government of South Vietnam under President Ngo Dinh Diem. I was leading a group of Vietnamese officials and students on a study tour to the Philippines where they were learning how that country's custom service and export-import shipments were managed. At the time, the Philippine Public Administration Association was holding its annual convention in Manila. President Magsaysay invited the senior officials of the PPAA and the group I was leading, to a reception and dinner at the Presidential Palace. As the senior American present, I was accorded special attention by the strongly pro-American Magsaysay. In an hour long conversation, Magsaysay told me about some of his earlier activities working with U.S. Army units and the Philippine guerrillas against the Japanese Army units in World War II, and most particularly, about his plans and programs for development of the Philippines. Among other things, he was deeply concerned about improving the civilian government of his country. Some of the highlights of his career are worthy of note in these pages.

First, recall the country's history.

Magellan, the Portuguese navigator in 1519, sailing under Spanish commission on his voyage of circumnavigation was the first European to reach the Philippines (in 1521) where he was killed by the natives. One of his five ships completed the journey, returning to Spain in 1522. Spanish conquest began in 1564 and the Islands came under complete Spanish domination for more then three centuries. The Catholic Church and large landholders controlled the country and held dictatorial power over the people. In no other area in Asia had so large a population been converted to lasting Christianity. The peace settlement of the Spanish American War in 1898 transferred the Philippines to U.S. Jurisdiction. The U.S. then set about establishing schools and setting up local government under Filipinos, improving agriculture, creating industries and commerce. These developments were in preparation to granting full independence to the Philippines promised for 1946. World War II intervened. The Philippines were overrun by the Japanese in 1941 who remained in harsh control until U.S. victory in 1945. Independence followed as scheduled on July 4, 1946.

Ramon Magsaysay's father was a blacksmith, his mother a schoolteacher. They lived at Iba, the capital of Zambales Province north west of Manila. They belonged to the great mass of the landless lower middle class of farmers and tradesmen, a seriously disadvantaged group for centuries.

Ramon worked as a chauffeur and mechanic to pay for his studies in Mechanical Engineering at the University of the Philippines, earned his baccalaureate degree. During the war, Magsaysay joined the Filipino guerrilla forces to fight the Japanese Army then in control of the country. By war's end, he had an army of 10,000 guerrillas in active harassment against the Japanese and aiding in the recapture of the country by U.S. Forces under MacArthur. The latter was himself a long-standing hero to the Filipinos. (MacArthur had been the invited Commander of the Philippine Army and Constabulary during and following the American jurisdiction.)

After defeat of the Japanese Army in the Philippines, Magsaysay was appointed Military governor of Zambales Province, advancing from the rank of Captain to Major in the U.S. Army. He was very proud of having been commissioned in the U.S. Army as recognition for his anti-Japanese guerrilla activity. As soon as the Philippine government was reestablished, Magsaysay was elected representative from Zambales, his native Province. In the commonwealth Congress he was appointed chairman of the House Committee on National Defense. By 1950, he had been appointed Secretary of Defense and immediately began a tireless campaign of ridding the Army of ineffective, self-seeking and dishonest officers, improving the lot and treatment of enlisted men, and of crushing the Communist-led Hukbalahap guerrillas. His popularity soared, the Filipino masses rallied behind him resulting in his nomination and election as President in 1953. As president he immediately opened the doors of the Presidential Palace to every citizen, invited them to report their grievances to him, and took action to alleviate all unjust and exploitive measures. He also initiated and activated a nationwide community development program, EDCOR.

EDCOR was something like the Agricultural Extension Service and County Agent movement in the U.S. and also established and operated schools where none existed before. He continued to root out dishonest or lazy local officials. Above all, he broke the stranglehold of the large landowners, distributed land, assisted home construction for the long exploited farmers, and exploited lower economic classes. In short, he awakened, inspired and led the Filipino masses to achieve their full potential. To get around his domain of 7000 islands and 21,000,000 population, he traveled by air, as a time saver. It was on one such mission that his plane crashed in a violent thunderstorm on March 17, 1957, killing all aboard. Time Magazine reporting Magsaysay's death in its issue of March 25, under the heading "Death of a Friend" recalled Magsaysay's acceptance speech at the convention that nominated him. He simply said, "I am a man of action. Therefore I am not a speech maker," and then he sat down. Time closed its obituary with the words: "There was no one like him — a man in whom Filipinos saw their best, just as he always saw the best in them."

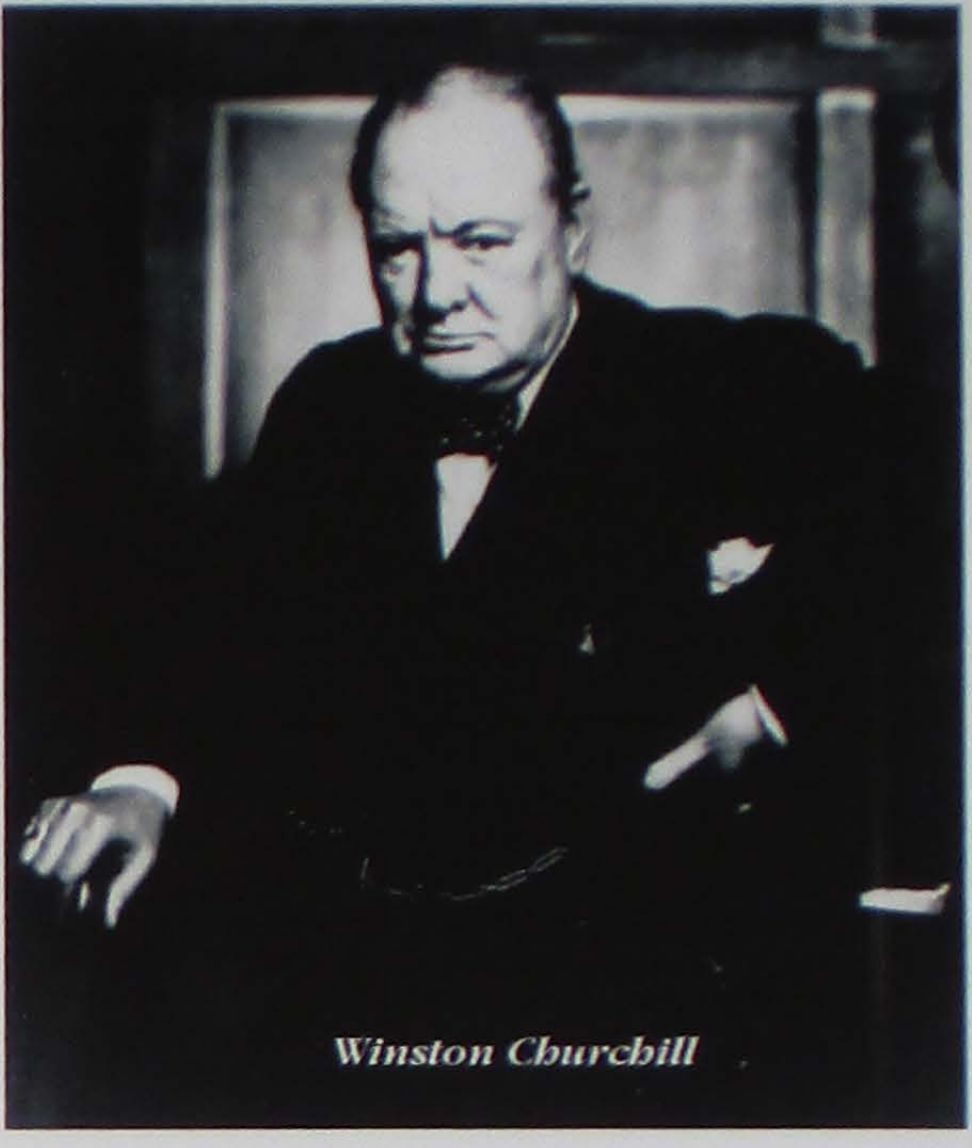
It is in the memory of President Ramon Magsaysay that I recall this friend and cherish the portrait presented to him in the Malacanan Palace and inscribed on the spot "To Mr. Hausrath with Best wishes," signed Magsaysay.

Crossed Paths with Other Foreign Leaders

Washington D.C. is a crossroads for world leaders. Many of them pay state visits to the White House, perhaps a dozen or two a year. On such occasions in past years, the principal parade-route streets were decorated with the national flag of the foreign visitor and of the United States. A dedicated parade-watcher could see many of the world leaders en route between airport and White House.

For a few years in the late forties I occupied offices fronting on Constitution Avenue and thereby had built-in grandstand views of all parades during the workaday week. So many prominent officials passed in review in this period I find it impossible to list them here; and it would be pointless to do so. There were other occasions when I was a closer and more casual chance observer of some leaders, either in the Washington area or on the home turf of those dignitaries. Some of these persons are worth noting because of their place in history. One example will suffice: Churchill.

During the War years Winston Churchill, the irrepressible British Prime Minister, made repeated trips to Washington. On one such occasion, Churchill was due to arrive at National Airport when my son Don and I were there. A large black Rolls Royce was drawn up at the gate in front of the main airport building. Standing next to the car was a very tall man, six foot 5 inch Lord Halifax, the British Ambassador, obviously awaiting the arrival of the Prime Minister. Don and I decided to see the PM's reception. In a few minutes, his plane arrived, taxied close to the gate, and the PM alighted, surrounded by dignitaries and reporters. Although the day was dark with heavy clouds, I thought it a long gamble but decided to try to get a picture with my little 35 mm Retina camera. I set the camera at the slowest possible exposure for a hand-held shot, and pressed the release. The press photographers were crowded around the PM with their flash bulbs popping. Later when my film was developed, I was agreeably surprised to find that at the one-fifteenth of a second during which my camera's shutter was open, a press photographer's flash illuminated the PM, and I had a good picture of Churchill just by a very fortuitous chance.


Winston Churchill

It may not be remembered by future readers that there had been a wave of assassinations of prominent Americans between 1963 and at this writing (1978): President John F. Kennedy 1963, Senator and Presidential candidate Robert F. Kennedy 1968, Martin Luther King Jr. 1968; and some attempted assassinations: Governor and presidential candidate George Wallace 1972, President Gerald Ford 1975. Earlier attempts had been made against President Harry S. Truman 1950s, President Franklin D. Roosevelt 1933, President Theodore Roosevelt 1912. Foreign leaders who were assassinated during this period were several times as numerous. Unfortunately, security has become a much more urgent requirement in the latter half of the 20th Century. Kidnappings and associated assassinations have become extreme among business officials, particularly abroad. Argentina had some 273 such in one recent year (1974); other countries in Latin America, The Middle East, Africa, and Europe all have had an inordinate number.

One interesting event illustrates the shift to greater protection for leaders. It occurred at the Quebec, Canada Wartime Conference between Winston Churchill and President Franklin Roosevelt. Each arrived at the Chateau Frontenac with their entourage. The two chief Security Officers of Britain and the U.S. got together to coordinate security provisions. The U.S. Security contingent consisted of some 100 Secret Service and Military agents. When the British Security Chief was asked about his contingent he replied, "There are no other security agents but myself. After all we are in a friendly country."

Lesser Contacts Abroad

The memories of a lifetime are too numerous and too voluminous to report in detail even if they should merit fuller treatment. Therefore selected notes will be included here of some of the other interesting, foreign leaders among whom my path crossed principally in their own countries. Many of them may not be remembered by name alone. Therefore, each will be discussed under the country or area he represented.

Portuguese Macao

This colony is an enclave of only six square miles on the coast of China, some 40 miles from Hong Kong and at the mouth of the Canton River. Its significance is much greater than its size. A grateful Chinese emperor, more than 100 years ago, granted this area to Portugal in appreciation of the Portuguese merchant Man-of-War explorers whose ships and crews sought out and decimated the Chinese pirates who had plied their devastating trade along the China coast. Macao remained under Portuguese control continuously since that time; is accorded status as a Province of Portugal, and is ruled by a Governor General and a cabinet, albeit used by the Chinese Government to serve some of its own purposes. In 1958, I was in Hong Kong studying refugees and displaced persons from China. Communist China had just recently expelled white residents whose origins were non-Chinese and whose forebears came to China from non-oriental countries. Among them was the large colony of "white Russians" who settled in Harbin, China, as an escape from Russia after their defeat in the Russian revolution of 1917. For three generations this group lived, worked, and prospered in Harbin, owned their homes and businesses. Now the entire population, all descendants, was being expelled and their accumulated wealth confiscated. Most of them left China via Hong Kong, and several thousand were there at that time, awaiting reception in other countries such as Brazil, Canada and the United States. I interviewed a number through interpreters made available by the U.S. consulate in Hong Kong.

U.S. Consular Officers in Hong Kong informed me of a similar exodus of former Portuguese expatriates who also had been expelled and were then in Macao awaiting migration to Angola, Mozambique, or Portugal itself. It was suggested that I go to Macao and interview some of them. Accordingly, with arrangements facilitated by the Consulate, I embarked on a Chinese steamship at midnight, for an overnight voyage to Macao. My accommodation consisted of one bunk in a four-bunk cabin, shared with three Chinese travelers. By prior arrangements I was to contact the Governor General's office at 9 a.m. Upon arrival, I went to the Macao government headquarters, where I found Governor da Silva awaiting me. He offered me a personally escorted tour of "whatever Al wanted to see." This tour included most of the principal points in Macao and visits to a Portuguese vocational school, hospital, and several of the refugee barracks, where some interviews were conducted. However, two other significant places were visited. The first was the old (Chinese) Temple, carefully preserved including the stone table on which the original enclave treaty was signed 400 years before. The second was a commemorative park and grave honoring the revered poet, Luís Vaz de Camões (Portugal's Shakespeare) whose well-known works included the sonnet *Ode to the Portuguese*. Adjoining the park were two cemeteries: One Catholic, the other protestant, where many of Macao's honored were buried. One grave was of special interest. It was of an English sea captain who was killed in a battle with Chinese Pirates back in the 17th Century. The Captain was Herbert Spencer Churchill, a forebear of Winston Churchill. The Governor General had taken a full day to show me what both thought worthwhile. Returning to the Governor's office for a final conversation, I asked him how he would explain Portugal's success in retaining its principal overseas possessions, like Angola and Mozambique, while almost all other European powers had lost their foreign empires. His reply was a bit of an evasion, "You must remember that we lost our biggest of all, Brazil, more than a hundred years ago." My own opinion was that the Portuguese did not practice racial and ethnic discrimination, freely intermarrying and not segregating.

Also by pre-arrangement I was to spend the next day with the local leader of the Catholic Relief Organization. Thus, I would approach my refugee contacts through the two separate and independent refugee-serving agencies. Again, as scheduled, the Catholic Refugee Relief coordinator, Father Lancelot, met me at 9 am to devote the day to my wishes. His responsibilities included supervision of relief and housing of the refugees from China. There were two principal groups: 1) Chinese who escaped from China because they did not wish to remain under the Chinese Communist system, and 2) people of Portuguese descent who were being expelled from China. The first group was like the Chinese refugees in Hong Kong. The second group was displaced persons under similar circumstances to the white Russians in Hong Kong. Both groups arrived with only those possessions they could carry. Some of the Chinese refugees escaped by swimming, others by small unseaworthy boats, all under cover of darkness. Both groups were destitute, having had to abandon whatever they had acquired in tangible property in China.

The displaced Portuguese had been in China for generations dating back hundreds of years. Their ancestors had migrated inland in China from Macao, spreading out from nearby Canton (on the Pearl River) into wider areas. Nevertheless, they had retained their traditional culture and customs. The Portuguese government felt a direct responsibility for them and had built scores of large two story concrete buildings, barracks style, housing hundreds in each. There were about 2000 of these displaced persons in Macao when I visited them. They were awaiting visas and transportation when available, to resettle in Portugal or Portuguese colonies or in Brazil. They had maintained their allegiance to the Catholic Church through the long period of their settlement in China. Hence, the Catholic Relief organization attempted to serve their religious needs and such other needs beyond governmental relief.

International Specialists And Statesmen

Henry A. Kissinger (1923-)

I knew Kissinger as a colleague before he famous. That was in the early 1950s when both were on the staff of the Operations Research Office (ORO) of the Johns Hopkins University. This is how it came about. Kissinger at age 27 had earned his A.B. degree summa cum laude at Harvard in 1950. He had already attracted attention as an outstanding student, and was working on his Master's degree in Government. Moreover, he had had unusually noteworthy experience in the U.S. Army in the field of Military Government in Germany after the defeat of Hitler's Nazi regime.

The Korean War erupted in June 1951. Kissinger was employed by ORO as a consultant to work on some related studies on the Korean situation, while continuing his graduate study. In this capacity from 1951 to 1954 or 1955, he spent periods at ORO in the Washington area, and with ORO research teams in Japan and Korea. During this employment, he delivered creditably on his assignments but was unobtrusive, inconspicuous, and somewhat seclusive. In fact, there was nothing to distinguish him from the other productive members of the professional staff. He did his job quietly and conscientiously. Such were his characteristics and performance when I became aware of him personally on an ORO mission in 1953.

In the spring of 1953, I was in Korea with several teams participating in their respective studies. An ORO office and facility was set up in Seoul to provide a base for ORO teams operating near combat units (of the United Nations Command), along the front extending across Korea north of Seoul. This office had been a classroom in the Korean National University. It served as a workroom for ORO personnel while in Seoul. Usually 6 to 15 analysts might be there at a time, but there was much coming and going.

An ORO residence house was also provided in a small building on the grounds of the Severance Hospital compound in Seoul. Before the compound was taken over this house had been used as the residence quarters for the nurses of the Presbyterian supported hospital. Here, ORO analysts were billeted. It was used principally for overnight accommodations, and for evening - often late evening - discussion sessions.

It was during a period of a few weeks that Kissinger and I were billeted there and participated in those discussions. There were three or four teams, or parts of teams, present there. One team was studying "Government" problems. Bob Sorenson and Kissinger, among others, were on that team. Another team, under Thornton L. Page, was studying artillery problems. Still another was studying the role of U.S. Combat Advisers to Korean Divisions, the training of the Korean Army, and the use of Korean soldiers to flesh out U.S. Army units to bring units to effective operating strength and efficiency. I was involved in all of this third family of studies. Almost nightly, while resident in Seoul, these nighttime discussions developed. It was in these sessions that Kissinger and I were inevitable participants. These discussions provided the chance to become acquainted with all of the ORO personnel present, irrespective of the particular teams and studies on which each was working. Each man, including Kissinger, left a set of impressions on the others in the group.

Kissinger's impact on other group members was unique. My reactions were confirmed (later) by several of the other ORO analysts who had work-related experiences with Kissinger at that time. What was most unique about Kissinger, considering his later rise to prominence and fame, was his lack of vocal participation in these group sessions, his quietness verging on almost complete silence. It was not that he acted as a recluse. He listened, was attentive, and apparently interested. However, he had little to say in open discussion. This same characteristic was noted in his earlier Army experience. A fellow GI recalled that "Kissinger was a lonely soldier who would not naturally talk to people and not naturally establish human contact." I was unable to assess or to attribute this non-involvement on Kissinger's part other than as a natural tendency.

One must recognize, however, that Kissinger at that early stage in his career was still a student acquiring information, searching for meanings, and building up his own bank of experience. He was probably restrained by an innate shyness, a characteristic that he himself has admitted, and therefore held back in the presence of others who seemingly were more advanced in their careers. In short, Kissinger's group participation gave little evidence of his already outstanding achievements in the Army (more on this will follow), nor of his potential for stellar performances later.

Kissinger's oral reticence in these early ORO contacts was in contrast with his written reports as an ORO consultant. The latter were significant. All of these staff reports that I remember seeing, and there were a number, were under Kissinger's sole authorship. Was he a loner? Perhaps. Or could it be ascribed to the nature of his assignments and his status as our ORO consultant. After all, as a consultant he was expected to contribute his own thoughts.

To fit the above pieces into the whole Kissinger jig-saw puzzle, one needs to consider Kissinger's earlier background and experiences as a youth, a draftee in the U.S. Army, his discovery by Fritz Kraemer, and his remarkable performance, as a private in the U.S. Army in Germany in the World War II period.

Kissinger's Background

Heinz Alfred Kissinger was born May 27, 1923 in Furth, Germany. Furth was a city of about 80,000 in the state of Bavaria, and had a Jewish population of some 3000. His father was a teacher. In the year of Heinz' birth Hitler started his rise to dominate Germany in his "Beer Hall Putsch" in Munich, but that effort failed and Hitler was imprisoned. Nevertheless, 10 years later, Hitler and his Nazi Party were in complete control in Germany and began his campaign of suppression, persecution, and genocide of the Jews.

Because he was a Jew, Heinz's father was dismissed from his teaching post in 1938. Soon thereafter, the Kissinger family fled, and managed to get to New York as refugees. Heinz was then 15 years old. He changed his name to Henry, and the family settled in a Jewish refugee neighborhood at Washington Heights in Northern Manhattan where Henry entered George Washington High School. (This large high school building stood on a high point and was in conspicuous view from the porch and front of my early residence across Harlem River in the West Bronx. Although Heinz had not impressed his teachers in the Furth school, here in a well regarded New York City high school he began to excel in his class, particularly in mathematics, and was a straight A student. Then and there Henry decided to become an accountant, influenced in part by the conviction that it was a profession that a refugee could get into without difficulty.

After High School graduation in 1942, Henry entered the City College of New York, 23d street division, where accounting was taught. He commuted from his home by subway, taking the train at the 181st station, and alighting at the 23rd St. Station. (I commuted to high school from that same 181st station to the next lower Manhattan Station at 14th Street.)

In February 1943 just before Henry's 20th birthday he was drafted into the U.S. Army, sent to South Carolina for basic training, became a U.S. citizen June 19, 1943, and then because of his high rank on the Armed Forces Qualification test, was selected for the Student Army Training Corps (SATC) and sent to Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. However, SATC soon was discontinued, and Henry was transferred to the 84th Infantry Division at Camp Clairborne, La. in preparation for service in combat in Europe. Camp Clairborne proved to provide a significant turning point in Henry Kissinger's life and career. Moreover, it was due to another soldier in the 84th Division, a most unusual man, a German expatriate, Private Fritz Kraemer. (I also had later contacts with Kraemer. See the following section reporting Kraemer and his career.)

Private Kraemer at that time was a 35 year old with two Ph D degrees (Law and Political Science) earned in Frankfurt and in Rome respectively. Private Kraemer had persuaded the commanding general of the 84th Division to allow him (Kraemer) to lecture to the soldiers on "why they were fighting Nazi Germany." Pvt. Kissinger heard one of Kraemer's lectures and wrote a note of appreciation and asked if he could help Kraemer in any way in his mission. Thus Kissinger came to the attention of Kraemer, who took an immediate interest in Kissinger, and became the latter's self-appointed mentor. That relationship guided Kissinger's further development and opened important doors of opportunity for the young private.

Kraemer, Kissinger, and the rest of the 84th Infantry Division were sent to Europe. Kraemer had beseeched the division commander to select Pvt. Kissinger as his German-speaking interpreter, and Kissinger got that assignment when the division moved into Germany in the closing months of the war. When the 84th occupied Krefeld, a devastated German City of 200,000 population, the 21-year-old Pvt. Kissinger was placed in charge of the city and given responsibility for getting it functioning again. In three days time Kissinger got a working municipal government established and running effectively, where previously everything had been run by the Nazis who abandoned the city in chaos two days before the 84th Division arrived.

Kissinger did such an outstanding job in the military government of Krefeld, without rancor or favoritism, that within a year he was promoted to run the District of Bergstrasse in the German State of Hesse, and again he did a masterful job. After that, Kraemer (now Lt. Kraemer) again suggested to appropriate authorities a further utilization of Kissinger's talents. Kissinger was now a sergeant, and his new assignment was to the European Command Intelligence School at Oberammergau, not far from Furth, Kissinger's birthplace. At the school, Kissinger's assignment included instructing field grade officers (Majors through Colonels) "in the art of rooting out Nazis who preferred to remain anonymous" quoting from one of Kissinger's later biographers. He had won a medal for his proficiency in this task, accomplished with speed and with the Nazis unwitting "cooperation." Much could have been made of this reverse switch, a persecuted Jew and refugee, now getting the Gestapo members unknowingly but voluntarily to turn themselves in from their undercover hiding. However, Kissinger did the job without any sense of retribution, and showed himself a paragon of fairness.

Kissinger was so effective in the classroom, one biographer reports, "that after his discharge from the Army in May 1946, he was retained by the command school as a civilian instructor," and this with a Reserve commission as Captain in the Army's Military Intelligence Corps, and at a salary of $10,000 a year. (That was the same salary at that time, as was paid to U.S. Senators and Representatives and Henry Kissinger was then only 23 years old.)

Again, the long shadow of Fritz Kraemer fell upon Kissinger. The older man had urged Henry to return to the U.S., enter one of the best universities, and work toward his bachelor's and advanced degrees. Thus, it was that Henry Kissinger resigned from his prestigious lucrative job and returned "home" to enter college. Although admission quotas had been filled, Harvard University had the good sense to make an exception and admit the talented Kissinger as a freshman in the fall of 1947. Three years later Henry was awarded an A.B. degree, summa cum laude, an M.S. degree in 1952 and a PhD in 1954.

It was during the interval between 1951 and 1957 that Henry Kissinger was employed in several special intellectual quasi-governmental academic jobs, including that of consultant in the Operations Research Office where I knew him. In the summer of 1957, Kissinger returned to Harvard, was named a Lecturer in the Department of Government, granted tenure, promoted to Associate Professor in 1959 and full Professor in 1962.

The John F. Kennedy Administration (1961-1963) drew heavily from the Harvard staff, and Kissinger became a consultant to the National Security Council and to the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. However, Kissinger disagreed with Kennedy's policies, and espoused his own views, leading to a parting of the ways. Later, however, Nelson Rockefeller called Richard Nixon's attention to Kissinger and once again, Henry was in Washington in an ascending role leading finally to Secretary of State. Henry Kissinger has been acclaimed as the greatest Secretary of State the U.S. has ever had. Certainly, his name and personality was better known throughout the world than all but a few other Americans. Moreover, he was the only high official of all the Nixon White House associates to survive Watergate unscathed.

A flock of biographies of Kissinger have been

Don Hausrath
Tel/Fax (520) 615-6042

November 5, 2007

Kathy Svec
Ames Historical Society
PO Box 821
Ames, Iowa 50010

Dear Ms. Svec,

I recently came across your website and was delighted to find a clear shot of my first home on Marston as well as a mention of my mother in the Emanon Club notes. I was born in Ames in 1934. Enclosed is a memoir by my father that includes a section on Ames. If you can use it, please keep it. If not, please return it.

Sincerely,

Donald C Hausrath
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published, a few being tainted by jealousy or self-anointed Brahman superiority that emanated from some of his fellow graduate students and faculty colleagues at Harvard. Most have chronicled Henry Kissinger's amazing career with objectivity. One of the most complete and least biased accounts appeared in 1974 under the title "Kissinger" by Marvin and Bernard Kalb. Other enlightening books I have read were Graubard's "Kissinger, Portrait of a Mind" (favorable) and Landau's "Kissinger: The Uses of Power" (a Jaundiced view).

Fritz Kraemer (1908 - 2003)

Fritz Kraemer is one of the most unusual and memorable personages I have ever known. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wanted to make a movie of his life but Kraemer refused to permit it. He discovered, guided, and counseled Henry Kissinger in his rise from an obscure young private in the U.S. Army to the highest pinnacles of power in the White House and international diplomacy. Kraemer is absolutely unique. Born into an affluent family in pre-World War I Germany, he became an aggressive idealist, a self-motivated exile and bombastic enemy of Hitler's Nazi regime as well as of Communism and other forms of totalitarianism. He has made a career as a self-appointed tutor of generals, diplomats, and government officials, and they hold him in high esteem. For 27 years, he has been a special advisor to the Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army, and occupies a small unpretentious office and a high civil service rating as a civilian in the Pentagon. He refused promotion, lives simply, and has chosen a Spartan life style.

Unusual? Yes. Unique? Yes. A character? Yes. Unforgettable? Yes. Self-Assured? Yes. Eccentric? Yes. Scholarly? Yes. Self-seeking? No.

It must have been in 1961 that I invited Kraemer to address my ORO division staff in global and selected area geopolitics and strategy, as background information for political inputs into military gaming scenarios. Kraemer arrived with his accustomed monocle and riding crop — two of his standard companions. Affectations? Not really. Just pragmatic solutions to personal needs. Why wear a lens on each eye, if only one eye needs correction? More about the riding crop later. His usual 80-decibel voice was in fine fettle.

Kraemer always spoke extemporaneously at length and in great detail, revealing an extraordinary depth of knowledge and analytical interpretation. In response to questions, he told of his first meeting with Kissinger and of some of the turning points in Kissinger's later career, modestly disclaiming his substantive influence on Kissinger's opportunities and decisions.

Kraemer ventured little information on his earlier personal life in his public talks. However, in informal conversations his natural modesty yielded to frank responses when asked about his background experiences. Some of the following facts came to light over the luncheon table. Other information was revealed in a rare article on Kraemer written by Nick Timmesch, a Washington based columnist with the Los Angeles Times Syndicate, and published March 2, 1975 in the Washington Post weekly magazine *Potomac* under the title, *The Iron Mentor of the Pentagon*. Henry Kissinger is quoted as saying "Kraemer was one of the most significant and profound influences on me." In the Kalb brothers' book "Kissinger" much of Kraemer's influence on Kissinger is recited, from data obtained in interviews of Kissinger himself.

Kraemer is such a unique personage one seeks to find elements in his formative years that channeled him into the patterns that firmly set in his mature years. His parents and home environment provide some of those elements. They were self-made aristocrats, a life style they achieved without titled birth. His father, a lawyer who served as a state prosecutor in the Prussian civil service, was deeply loyal to Kaiser Wilhelm. His ability and commitment to the monarchy won him a commission as Colonel in World War I.

Kraemer's mother came from an upper-class German family which prospered in the chemical industry, a devoted Christian (Lutheran), educated in England. She was intelligent, cultured, well traveled with friends in several countries. The Kraemer family had a large house and estate near Wiesbaden, in which she ran a children's home and accepted Christian and Jewish children alike, even during the Nazi regime, despite the devastation of the war and the ruinous inflation afterward.

After his parents' divorce when Kraemer was only six years old, and because of his father's long absence in the war, Kraemer came under the dominant influence of his mother. He was privately tutored in his early years, but at age 16 Kraemer was sent to Swiss and English boarding schools and continued on at the London School of Economics. Later Kraemer returned to Germany and in 1933 won a Doctor of Laws degree at the University of Frankfurt. He believed and lived by the Christian ethic.

In the early 1930s, Hitler had risen in power although despised by the Prussians in general and by Kraemer in particular who was never intimidated into silence either by personal risks or by a laissez-faire attitude. By 1933 Kraemer saw no future for himself or for Germany and gave up his earlier goal of aspiring to a post in the upper levels of the German Civil Service, and left Germany. Instead, he went to work for the Comparative International Law Institute, a League of Nations Agency in Rome. There he married a Swedish girl who was studying at the University of Rome, where Kraemer himself took a second Doctoral degree, this in Political Science in 1934. Foreseeing the eruption of WW II and the ominous alliance of Hitler and Mussolini, the Kraemers migrated to England, partly to insure their children would be born as citizens of a free country. However, before the war erupted he sent his wife, born a Swedish Citizen, and their son back to Kraemer's home in Wiesbaden for a visit with his mother and to obtain from her funds to escape Europe. Their timing was not quite good enough. While his family was in Germany, war erupted and exit visas could not be obtained. His wife and young son were caught in Germany for the duration of the war.

In the meantime, the climate in wartime and war-torn London was less than cordial to an enemy German who spoke with a Prussian accent and wore a monocle. Accordingly, Fritz Kraemer migrated to America on his German passport consuming the last of his meager funds. Arriving in New York, he found his only employment opportunity as a farm hand in New England, working in the potato fields in summer and cutting wood in winter. Here a gentleman farmer discovered the well-educated Kraemer, befriended him, and sent him to Washington, D.C. to do some assigned research for him at the Library of Congress.

Kraemer and Washington developed an immediate love affair. His talents were soon recognized and he obtained a job at $50 a month at the library, and then a proctor's job at American University. Soon thereafter in 1943 Fritz Kraemer, as an alien, was drafted into the U.S. Army, a private, at age 34. After basic training, he was assigned to the 84th Infantry Division. That was where Kraemer and Kissinger met, two German aliens, one older and highly educated, the other young, intelligent but insecure and only recently out of high school; two buck privates. Their finest hours, or days and years were to come.

During the history-making Battle of the Budge, both Fritz and Henry were quickly assigned to interrogate captured Nazi troops posing as American soldiers. Soon afterward Kissinger proved highly effective in rooting out Nazi and Gestapo officers. Kraemer, true to form, as the only American soldier in a German city, ordered the city officials to surrender. They capitulated to his authoritative manner-a whole city surrendered to a lone private in the U.S. Army, but what a private!

Kraemer, about this time, won a battlefield promotion, from private to a commissioned officer, a Lieutenant, in acknowledgement of his initiative, leadership, and resourcefulness. While the 84th waited in place for ten days to allow the Russians to take Berlin, as higher command had ordered, Kraemer sent a request to Gen. Patton, Third Army Commander, asking that his wife and son be sought, if they had survived the war.

Permission was granted. Lt. Kraemer, in an American officer's uniform, appeared at the family home, knocked on the door, and asked the lad who answered in German "Where is Frau Kraemer?" The boy, fearful and cautious, asked, "Who are you?" Whereupon Kraemer replied simply and with unaccustomed softness "I am your father." Thus, Kraemer was reunited after the long years of the war, with his wife Britta, and their 11-year-old son, Sven.

Thereafter Kraemer was assigned to the Intelligence School at Oberammergau, with Kissinger again, and eventually arrived as a permanent civilian advisor to the high brass in the Pentagon where he functioned for 27 more years. It was during this period that Kraemer accepted my invitation to speak to my Conflict Analysis Division, doing research studies for the Defense Establishment. Kraemer retained many of his earlier mannerisms: his bombastic manner of speaking, his up-to-date, worldwide knowledge of geopolitical and economic affairs, his monocle, and his swagger stick or riding crop. A multilinguist, fluent in a half dozen languages, he had sublimated his native German accent, something Kissinger has not done.

Before closing this account about Kraemer, a word should be added about his ever-present riding crop. He always seemed to have it with him, a leather-bound wand about 18 inches long. What was not generally known is that the wand concealed a long, lethal rapier type sword or stiletto some 16" in length. One can only wonder why he carried this weapon. Perhaps his outspoken, usually shouted untempered antagonism to all ruthless regimes made him realize he might be the target of attack and assassination. In any event, he would be prepared to defend himself, and all who know him would expect him to respond with aggressive self-defense.

At the time of his required retirement from his Civil Service position in the Pentagon, his star-studded military and civilian friends and "students" presented the inimitable Kraemer with a Wilkinson sword, signifying his sense of valor and concern for American security, and political freedom, inscribed: *Strategist, Scholar, Counselor, Patriot*. No one deserved the honor more than Fritz Kraemer did.

One thought could have been added: His selflessness, and underlying personal modesty behind his outward assurance and positiveness. He refused the amenities of his position, would not allow carpet or rug on the floor of his small, simple, and unadorned office, and refused to be ensconced in a larger "more fitting" office. He also refused urged promotions to super-grade levels in the Civil Service, and would not allow aids or assistants to be assigned - only a secretary. He lives in a modest home (without a TV) in a quiet section of Northwest Washington and owns an old used $900 Cadillac Convertible, which he says will last "until I die" - the last statement is not questioned. He prefers to take a daily walk in the evening, with his monocle in place and the riding crop in his hand.

If there is reincarnation, one can envision that Kraemer is a modern Spartan of the stripe of Leonidas and his firm and determined stand at Thermopylae, combined with the genes of the sages of old.

[Editor's note: Fritz Kraemer died in 2003 at the age of 95. The status of his Cadillac Convertible is unknown.]

Bernard Fall 1926-1967

The War in Vietnam had brought Fall and me together because of overlapping experiences; and concerns. Each had worked in Vietnam in both civilian (political) and military contracts, I on research and planning studies and Fall as a widely recognized free lance Journalist and specialist on the political history of the divided and turbulent country.

Fall was killed by a Communist booby-trap on Feb. 19, 1967 while north of the old Vietnamese capital of Hue participating as an observer correspondent in field operations with a U.S. Marine unit. He had crowded much in his 40 years. His experience and achievements were so unique as to merit a place in contemporary history. I had seen him last in the Fall of 1960 when Fall at my invitation had addressed a seminar for the professional staff of Johns Hopkins University's Operations Research Office, many of whom had been or were then engaged in studies on the war in Vietnam. Fall was true to his reputation: brash, blunt, self-assured (some would say arrogant), outspoken and unrestrained in criticism of how the war was being fought, speaking in a machine-gun delivery style entwined by personal viewpoints and spiced with anecdotes. As a French citizen, Fall had earlier access to North and South Vietnam. As a former young partisan and guerrilla with the Free French in World War II, Fall also had an entrée to the Vietcong. Being an opportunist and a fast talker, he maneuvered and elbowed his way into the sanctuaries of the opposing belligerents and interviewed leaders (among them Ho Chi Minh) who saw in Fall an opportunity to work their propaganda through this outspoken and influential journalist who also had the mantel of scholastic specialization and authoritative knowledge of Vietnam. His charisma, personal attractiveness and physique (6' 2" and about 200 lbs.) as well as his academic and publication credentials made him an impressive personality.

Fall had published scores of significant articles in respected scholarly journals and a spate of widely read books on Vietnam. Among the latter were *Street without Joy*, *The Two Vietnams*, *Viet Witness: 1953-66*, and *Hell in a Very Small Place: the Siege of Dienbienphu*. He had lived in Hanoi (1953-54) and accompanied French forces on combat missions against Ho Chi Min Communist forces, was back in Vietnam again in 1959, again also in Laos and Cambodia in 1961-62, again in 1965, and once more in his final visit in 1967.

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He was a fascinating lecturer and was frequently scheduled as a speaker before U.S. military, diplomatic and government officials. He made his views seem plausible even though his "French connection" engendered latent and often strong suspicions of pro-French bias, a reaction shared by me. He also lectured at the U.S. National War College, The Foreign Service Institute, the U.S. Military Academies, and many other groups seriously concerned about the Vietnam War. He was a strident voice all through the Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson administrations. He held consistently to his views that a U.S. Victory in Vietnam was hopeless, probably reflecting the experience of the French Army in Indo-China ending in defeat at Dien Bien Phu in 1954.

After his later visits to Vietnam in 1965 and 1966, he modified his views, deciding then that U.S. firepower and air strength gave U.S. and South Vietnamese forces a decisive edge. He then wrote, "I think the war is unlosable, considering the magnitude of U.S. Military power, but I don't think it is winnable." His death in 1967 removed him from the scene eight years before the U.S. withdrew its military forces from Vietnam March 29, 1925, yielding to anti-war sentiment in the U.S. that the war was not worth its continued cost. South Vietnam surrendered to the North Korean Communist Forces a few days later, ending that unhappy period of U.S. involvement in Indo-China.

A brief review of Barnard B. Fall's life will illustrate his extra-ordinary career. He was born in Vienna of French parents on Nov. 19, 1926. Later his family operated a bookstore on the left bank in Paris. During World War II at age 16, he joined the French resistance operating in occupied France. At age 18, he was wounded twice in guerrilla fighting in the French Alps. At age 20, he assisted the French prosecution team at Nuremberg War Crimes trials. By now, he was fluent in German and French.

At age 23, he started to study English. By age 25, he had won a Fulbright Scholarship to the U.S., enrolled in Syracuse University from which he earned a Master's degree and a PhD in International Affairs, doing field work in Vietnam in 1953 and 1954 for his dissertation on the history of the French-Vietnam War, and gathering material used in his later books. By then he had become fluent in three languages.

In 1957, he was appointed professor of international relations at Howard University, a post he continued to fill until his death. He had married an American girl, had three daughters, and made their home in Northwest Washington. Although he lived in the U.S. for almost half his life, almost all of his professional career, he retained his French citizenship. A Washington newspaper report of his death in Vietnam concluded a review of his life with these words: "A tall amiable man with a great gusto for life, Fall could discourse for hours on the Vietnam tragedy, interspersing his dialogue with personal reminiscence, humorous asides with pithy observations, all delivered in booming French accents."